June 2, 1934

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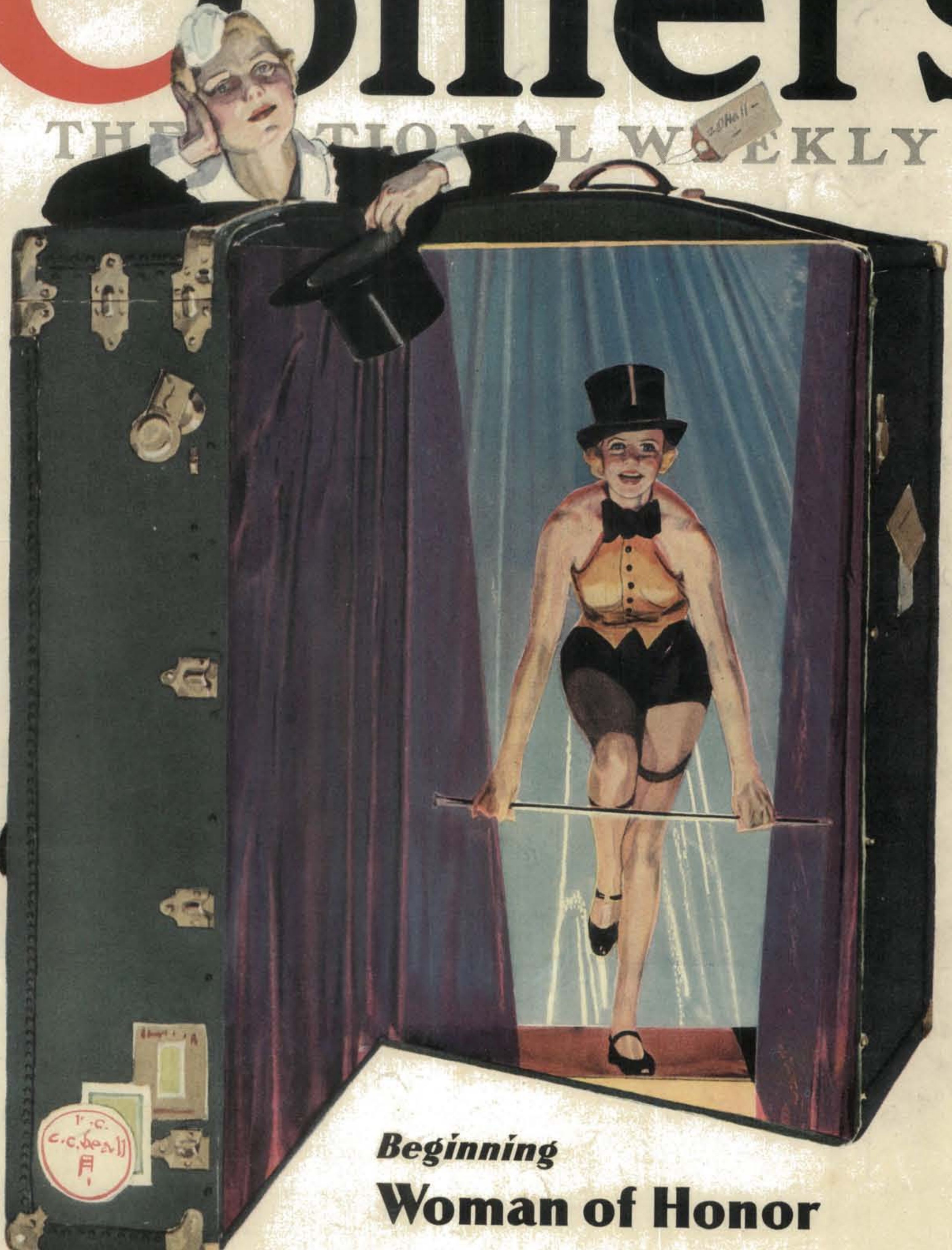
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Beginning

Woman of Honor

a short novel

By James Warner Bellah

JUNE 2, 1934

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I tried every kind of treatment but still my head and scalp itched and burned something fierce.

Next my hair began to fall out. I got worried thinking what a funny-looking fellow I would be, bald.

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The Doc's advice is usually pretty good so I took it; everything to gain, nothing to lose. Out came the Listerine.

I let the old bean have it—full strength—and then put the scalp through a tough massage for about 15 minutes.

Did that Listerine go to work! I'll say. You could almost hear the dandruff flakes as they hit the floor. My scalp felt marvelously clean.

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If you have any evidence of loose dandruff, if your scalp feels hot and itchy, try Listerine now. Don't wait. Literally thousands of men have demonstrated to their satisfaction how quickly Listerine attacks ordinary cases of loose dandruff. It has often triumphed even against stubborn cases, but usually such cases are best treated by dermatologists.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MUREL STANDISH'S first husband was a naval officer. She divorced him. Her second was a marine. She divorced him, too. Her third, Captain Herrick, was killed in an airplane crash, thus automatically eliminating himself. After that, for the first time, Murel fell in love.

She was more beautiful then than ever, but she had earned a reputation for herself. Her record was against her. Nobody believed that she would make a good wife, and when Bill Brogden, the ace polo player on the Army team, fell for her, and fell hard, everyone felt sorry for him. You could confidently foresee the result of such a match, especially with Bill on a bleak border post exposed to the constant menace of bandit raids.

Amid the chattering of rifle fire Charles L. Clifford tells the story of a "Soldier Woman."

IT HAS been a long, long time since anyone got excited over the question of whether or not the Constitution follows the flag. The Constitution has been staying at home recently and keeping very quiet for fear someone else will take a swat at it. And now the flag, too, is coming home—from the Philippine Islands. The Islands are going to be independent; they're going to have a constitution of their own.

If you were surprised by our sudden big-hearted gesture in giving them independence you will find the essential reasons for it set forth by Walter Davenport. It's an instructive study of the interests masquerading "In Freedom's Name."

HOW would you like to have a mind reader in the family? The situation suggests embarrassing possibilities. For Sheila Lambert it was worse than embarrassing: she was married to one, and he read inconstancy in her thoughts. In a brilliant short story Harlan Ware describes the consequences.

EVERY once in a while we read about someone who has gone to the South Seas and, bewitched by the romantic setting, has married a native and settled down to live there permanently. And we have always wondered how he felt about it—two or three years later. Now we have the answer. Frank Buck, from first-hand observation, shows you just how, in one instance, the man felt about it.

EVERETT RHODES CASTLE tells the story of a man who fell in love with an advertisement. Frank Condon writes the Short Short. James Warner Bellah, Quentin Reynolds, Sax Rohmer, T. R. Ybarra and others perform with customary brilliance. Get ready to clap.

This Week

●

June 2, 1934

Cover by C. C. Beall

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Woman of Honor. Beginning a brilliant novel of Paris intrigue and romance. Page 7

RICHARD CONNELL
You've Got to Get Glamour. Prescription for a baseball player. Page 10

W. B. COURTNEY
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HAROLD LAMB
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ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON
Doctors Should Never Marry. What's wrong with that rule? Page 16

OWEN P. WHITE
When the Public Needs a Friend. Senator Robert F. Wagner, friend of the people. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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SAX ROHMER
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RAY TUCKER
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RUTH CHANDLER MOORE
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Mental provender. Page 55

EDITORIAL
Stop Encouraging Bandits! Page 70

●

Any Week

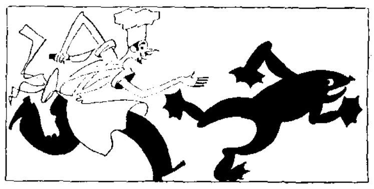
WE ARE advised by Mr. E. V. Blackman of Parma, Missouri, that the government is quite right in assuming that "there is still a large percentage of Americans who patronize bootleggers." In support, Mr. Blackman says: "A friend of mine who operates a beer parlor and who may be slightly prejudiced was recently discussing the situation with me. 'Ed,' he said, 'a man who drinks home brew is not a good citizen. I don't care if he drinks a whole barrel of it a day; I still say he ain't a good citizen.' "

"ONCE upon a time," writes Mr. Victor Vernon of Huntsville, Alabama, "there lived a remarkable young man whose only vice was hard work. While on a health cruise to the East Indies his ship was wrecked on an obscure but charming island. He, the only survivor, was found by a physically perfect tribe of islanders. He instantly made a favorable impression on the chief and the chief's indescribably beautiful daughter. The chief first offered him food. He refused. Then sleep. He refused. Then the daughter. He refused. 'What manner of man are you?' demanded the chief. 'What's your name?' And the young man proudly replied: 'I am none other than Sam Kernochan of "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," by Arthur Somers Roche.' And now," concludes Mr. Vernon, "you tell one. Or better, have Mr. Roche tell another."

AND Mr. Patrick V. Sully of Los Angeles, California, wants it understood that articles such as W. B. Courtney's "Duluth Smells Ocean Breezes" make him pretty tired. He says: "Whatever happens to Duluth, Buffalo, Albany, Emporia, New York, Boston, Baltimore and the rest of those tank towns is as unimportant as a burned match. The only worth-while section of the United States is the Pacific Coast. Ninety per cent of the people who don't live in California wish they did. And you can't blame them. So cut out the nonsense about those hitching-post burgs and write California."

WHEN Mr. Sully calms down a bit he ought to drop in on Mrs. Katherine S. Bone, who lives in Los Angeles too. "The din of the California booster," says she, "is not born wholly of local pride. Some of it—and I know!—is to drown out the squawks of the real estate victims."

AND if that doesn't interest you, you may find solace in a bit of information we have here from Mr. Martin Stern of New York City. Mr. Stern tells us that we are now well into the "frog-legs season." The legs of swamp frogs are not so good, he warns us, because of their "bloated and watery condition." More than fifty per cent of the frog-legs business is on the shores of Lake Ontario because, for some reason known only to the frogs, they like it there. "As soon as the cold weather sets in," says Mr. Stern, who has spent months sitting on the shores of Lake Ontario observing his frogs, "they come (the frogs, of course) from many miles around and prepare to deflate themselves preparatory to plunging into the water and burying themselves in the mud to the depth of as much as eighteen inches. Quite a little ceremony attends the hibernation. The frogs collect in huge numbers—and sing a queer dirge-like chorus. Come on up some time. There is one old-timer (again a frog) whom I've named Lloyd George. You'd like him. He has been coming here for years."



"MAYBE," sighs Mr. J. H. Rhys of Lake Andes, South Dakota, "my I. Q. needs patching or something. But I want to know why, in overcoming this overproduction, farmers around here are being furnished by the government with grasshopper poison to prevent the grasshoppers from doing their part in destroying the surplus. The same farmers, at the same time and by the same government, are being paid to keep their land out of production. Maybe it's all right and maybe, as I say, I'm dumb. But I need help figuring this one out."

MR. LOUIS A. HANSEN of Merriam, Kansas, reports that he "nearly fell out of my chair when I read your editorial 'The Sheep and the Goats.' " Says he: "You are exactly one hundred per cent wrong about Secretary Wallace. Mr. Wallace (and possibly this whole Administration, before the thing is over) will be the most discredited of any we've had in the memory of living man. Mr. Roosevelt is getting more bad advice than I thought possible for anyone to get and act upon. Let's you and I form a partnership to plow under every other row of politicians."

AND get AAA bonuses?

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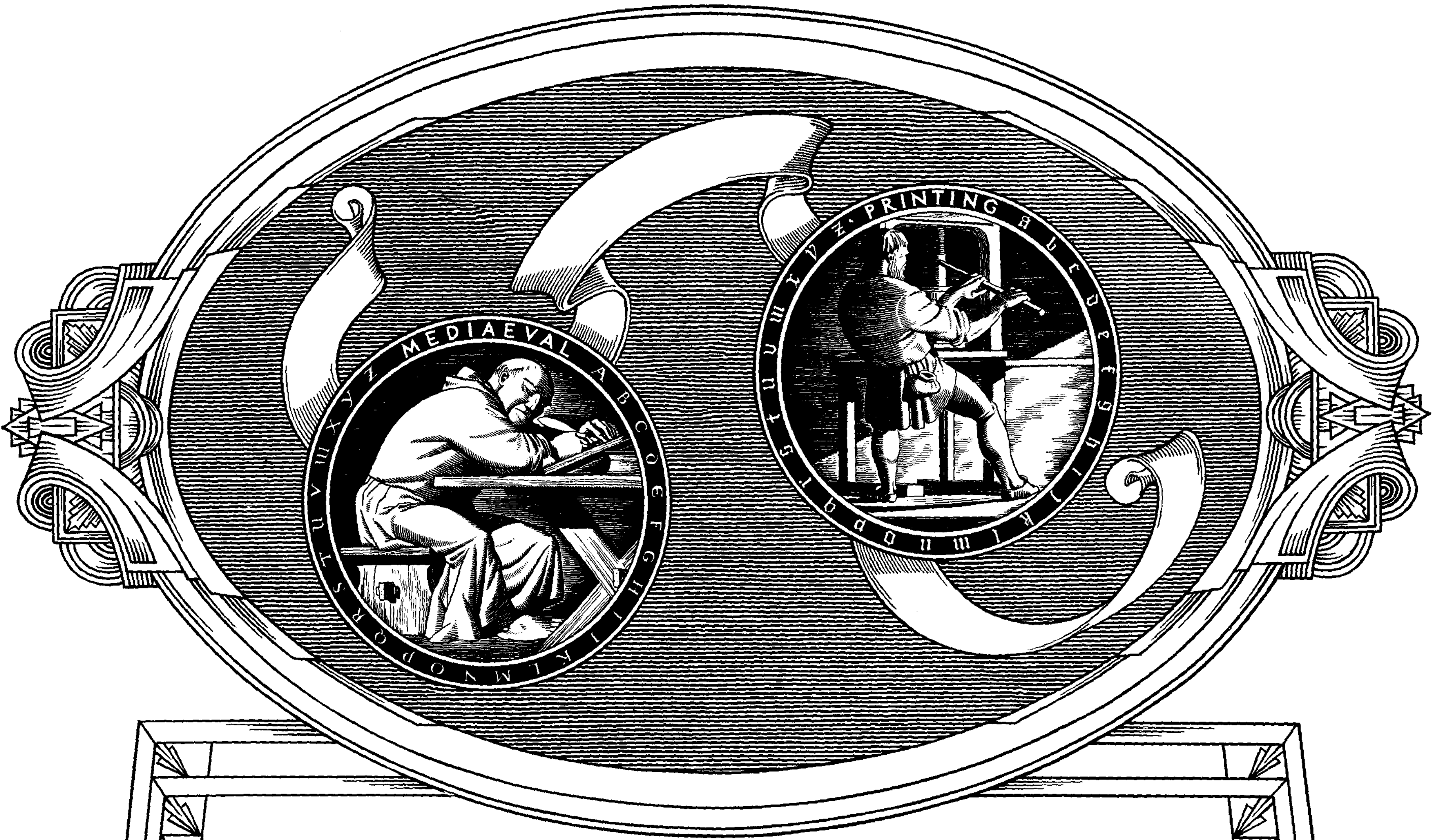

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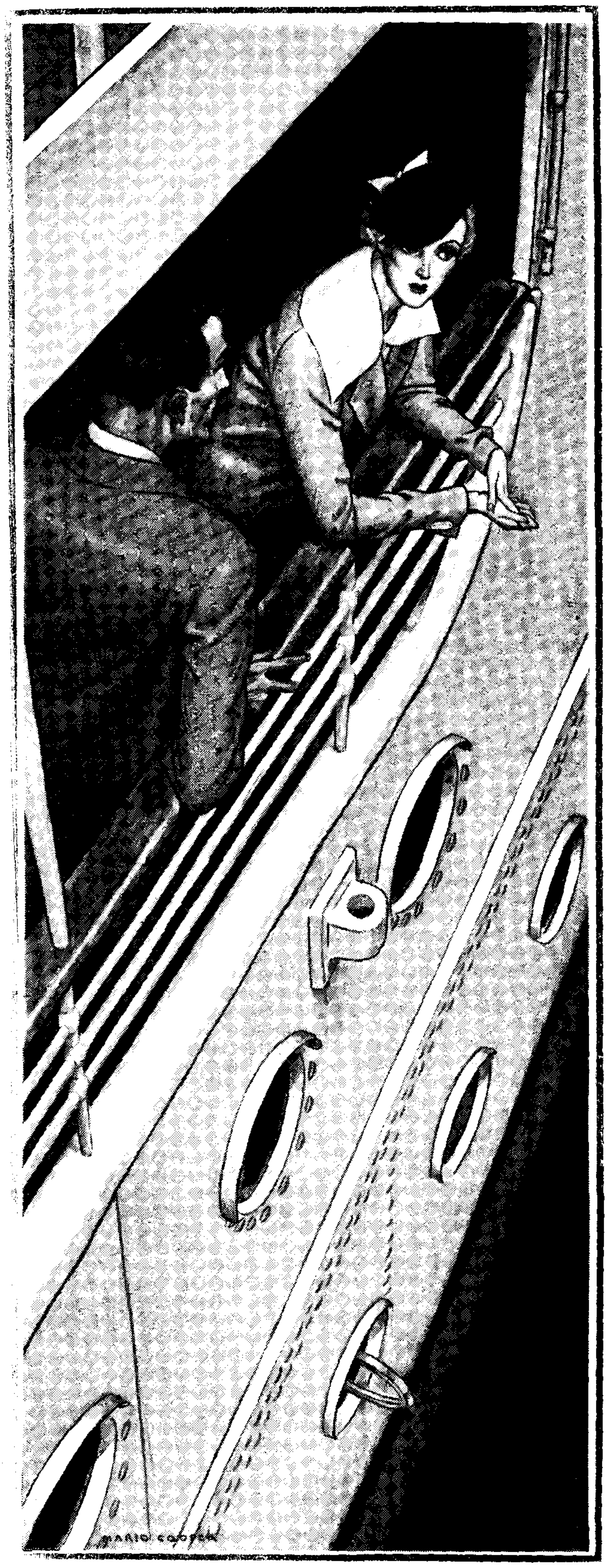
The National Weekly for June 2, 1934



"You have fooled most people gloriously," he said

Woman of Honor

BY JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Beginning a brilliant new serial, with restless modern Paris as its setting: The story of Sandra Cleed, American, who strove to find love in a vortex of strange adventure and intrigue

A HUSH of expectancy trembled through the liner. The gray shadow that was France deepened into purple substance and approached through the white morning haze of the Channel. There were land smells in the air and a feeling of suppressed excitement. Luggage stood strapped and ready in the gangways. Forward, on the well deck, an electric crane hummed softly above the funnel murmur and brought trunks from the baggage-room to the waiting hands of stewards in blue denim jackets. On the after deck, men were unlashing the tarpaulins from motor cars and knocking the chocks from in front of their wheels.

A feeling of impending battle hung in the air. That was Sandra's thought as she bathed. The liner was a sleek, gray menace, clearing for action, steaming slowly inshore, picking her way through mine fields, a raiding cruiser crawling into Cherbourg with her tampions out, her steam gauges throbbing with suppressed power and her surgeons below, laying out glittering instruments beside white tables of cold agony, waiting to pick and probe and sear the twitching flesh of the wounded.

There was the assistant purser, presently to frank her forty-five franc French Poll Tax Receipt. There was the stewardess to strap up her hand luggage.

Sandra dressed as an athlete dresses in the locker-room, with a quick surety and a confidence in clothing itself. There was never a pother about the seams of stockings. There didn't have to be. If they were rolled on straight, they *were* straight. Only women with doubtful legs fuss. Sandra's were long, healthy columns rising firm and straight from the lacquered heels of her tiny mules. She whipped a crisp little skirt of tan linen about her, snugged it at the waist and drew on the absurd double-breasted jacket of the suit, buttoning its two large white buttons with steady fingers.

She laughed, slammed her hat down so, and went on deck. There was a laugh always to Sandra. Men who loved her remembered it. Women who hated her remembered it, and remembered that other women had said that Sandra's figure was divine, which is a way that women have of saying that they do not quite like another woman.

That is the snapshot—the visual impression of Sandra Cleed at one given moment. "Call her Sandra," Sandra's father said. "I don't like her nose." You have people like that, and they must be considered. They vote and pay taxes just as boarding-house keepers and real estate dealers do. "Call her Sandra—she's got immoral eyelashes." And he went back to the Maryland Club and dropped dead—ten years later. What's wrong with that? Is that any cheaper drama than a farmer dropping dead in the soil he has tilled for fifty years—just because it suggests clean underclothing and no smell of perspiration?

PHILIP HARDEN was at the rail on "B" Deck. An exquisite—Harden. Consider the word as a noun. It implies fine shirtmakers and tailors. Taste and a severe discretion with life. Cleanliness and long, sensitive fingers. It takes nothing from masculinity. It merely gives it the quintessential benefits of civilization.

He said, "You are lovely, Sandra.

Good morning. Stand close to me. I have had a desperate feeling ever since I came on deck that we are living the last few months before chaos again. And it isn't pleasant—before breakfast. There is something distinctly pre-war about the air this morning. The arms limitation fiasco—the Stavisky case—Mussolini on passive expansion—Japan on Japan. I need a beautiful woman near me to make the morning seem tangible. To give it reality. There are hobnailed feet marching in my mind and there are guns roaring down on Paris again. And the smell of infantry is in the air."

She looked at him and smiled and she touched the back of his hand lightly with her fingers—touched it in friendship and moved her hand away.

"I've had the same thought. Paris had changed subtly even before I left, three months ago. It's as if the few of us who have to stay have been left behind to face whatever is going to happen—the rear guard, if you will—against a Europe that is at it once more, rattling her spurs and clanking her great tin saber."

Harden nodded.

"But I don't suppose it ought to interfere with our breakfast, ought it?"

"A few moments longer here," Sandra said. "The air is so clean and the morning so young."

There has to be a trifle more in that picture of Harden. A definite feeling of something solid underneath. Something accomplished in the joust with life. He was not the sort of man who allows youth to divert him from the business of living with the result that at thirty-five youth leaves him in disgust at carrying the burden alone. Rather, he had amused youth and guided it by the hand so that it still stayed with him, a pleasant companion. That is a most difficult accomplishment for a man who does not work hard.

HE SAID: "Sandra—I've known you for so many years that knowing you is a distinct part of all my memory of things. You are a devilishly honorable woman—a trifle too honorable for the world as it is today perhaps. Do you know what happens to honorable women?"

"Yes, dear." She smiled. "They get themselves very terribly sold out for their pains, I expect. Why?"

He nodded slightly toward the distant shore. "That's all I wanted to know."

"Are you and I going to be low before breakfast?"

"Of course not." He smiled. "But it has been perfect—this crossing."

"Cheer up—perhaps we'll cross on the same boat again—sometime."

"No, Sandra." He shook his head, and a faint sadness crept into the pale blue of his eyes. "No. We won't."

"Come—why not?"

"Oh—no dramatic reasons," he said, "but just because this has been too perfect to try again."

"I see." She had been looking at the tight wave of his black hair. She liked his hair. It was clean and firmly brushed always, and the scalp at the part was pink and healthy. She turned from him. The shore of France was closer now, and you could see the smoke standing straight in the quiet air above the little white fishing villages.

He said: "I'm afraid you don't see, darling. You have fooled most people gloriously for several years, but I couldn't be fooled. I wouldn't be the friend I am if I could be."

Bells tinkled in the bowels of the liner as the bridge rang down half. The white, soapy wake curved shoreward in a wide arc toward still distant Cherbourg. Sandra leaned her elbows on the rail and watched the pilot boat cut in like a fussy little bug.

"You see," Harden said, "I know what your life has been, and I might be tempted to change it for the better if we ever crossed together again."

"And what has my life been?"

He smiled.

"We shall just have to understand that mutually, Sandra. It would never do to put it into words."

THEY went below to breakfast. The starboard tables were already cleared, ready for the immigration men and the port doctor. Passengers who had eaten were waiting restlessly in the entrance hall outside. They went to their table.

He leaned toward her, continuing where he had left off.

"Somehow I know things about you, Sandra. You don't mind my knowing things about you?"

"I rather like it, Philip—go on."

"Well, you see, Sandra, Eric is a strange card. I think he loves you. I think he really calls it that, too."

"Can you tell me, Philip, why I have come back to France?"

"I think Eric asked you to."

"He did—but why?"

"His career, perhaps. You are to return to be his cloak of respectability."

"And do you think I will do it?"

"Of course you will."

"And why should I?"

"Because you recognize that as your duty to him. Besides, you *are* going back, aren't you? Isn't that the best argument of all?"

"I expect so," she nodded. "It is rather ghastly, though, when one has had ideals. I've never talked about these things before, but there doesn't seem to be any reason not to talk about them now. And I suppose that you and everyone else know so much more than I know that the little I can contribute won't make the slightest difference."

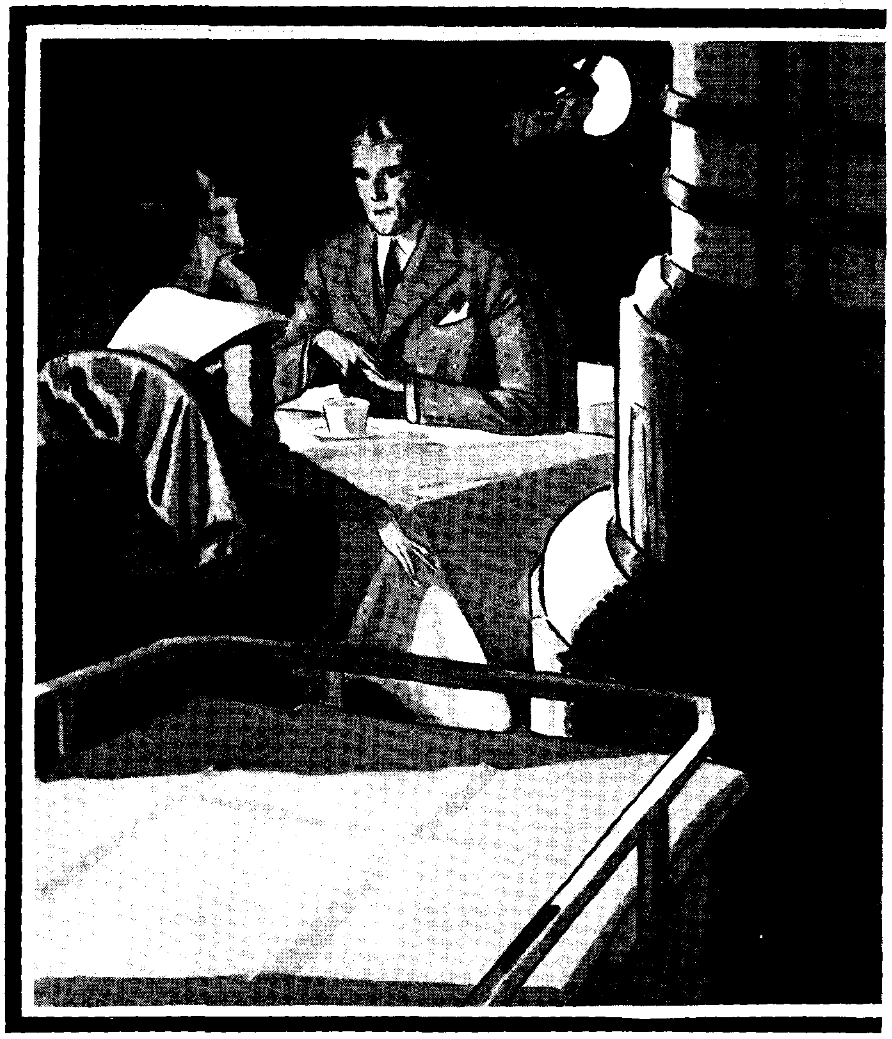
"Then suppose we don't talk," Philip said.

"No," she said, "I'd rather like to. It's all so impersonal now—Eric's other women. They are sort of a nebulous chorus in the background of my life. I've never known any of them actually, but I've always known that they existed. I don't mean hairpins and handkerchiefs and telephone calls. His women are never that tangible. They are merely cosmic arpeggios in the melody of our life. Eric is a perfectly charming person when he is in love with somebody temporarily, and he is dreadfully dull between affairs. I am the leavener—that is where my job comes in. I am the stabilizer—the gyroscope. That's how I pay very gratefully for what Eric has made of me."

PHILIP smiled. "My dear young fool," he said, "you have been reading that somewhere in a book. You don't do any of that. Eric dashes into a garden, gets almost caught and comes tearing back to you for safety. It's a very old and a very effective system—but he does it himself—you don't have any active part in it. That's the danger of it—to you. You do nothing but wait for him."

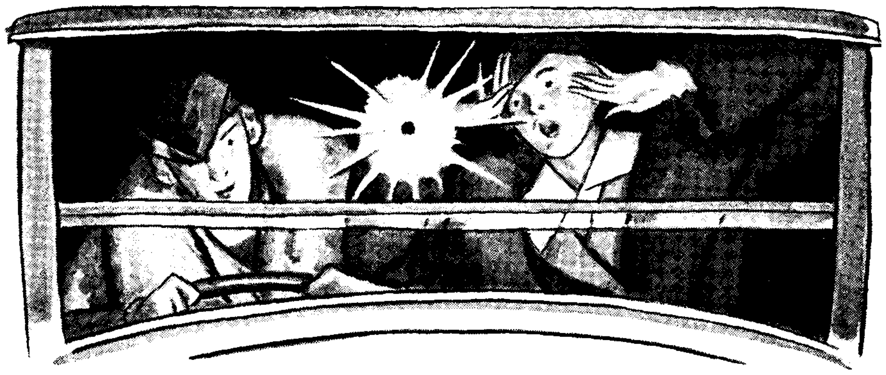
"And that's rather terrible," Sandra said, "when there is nothing left in my part of the job but habit."

"Yes," he nodded, "very terrible. And I've been afraid for you because it is terrible. You are a woman, Sandra—a lovely, healthy woman." He smiled. "Women have been fairly kind to me, Sandra, and I hope I have appreciated their kindness. I expect. subconsciously, I have learned a lot about them as a result. But you are the only one I have ever been able to regard as a personality. The rest have been characters in a play. But because you're real, you'll do what every other woman does who has a husband like yours. Some day—you'll go to someone else. I should like him to be worthy—"



He was looking beyond her at something across the saloon—looking quite startled. "No," she said, "don't. I've known it for quite a few seconds. There is a mirror behind you. I saw them come in"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper



"Will it make any great difference whether he is or not, Philip?"

"I don't want Sandra Cleed wasted," he smiled.

"I'm afraid Sandra Cleed isn't worth very much, Philip. You've placed an inflated value on her that she doesn't deserve. Sandra Cleed's mind doesn't run very nicely any longer. I used to think there was something I was made for—other than inspiring men to run away from their wives. But apparently there isn't. And realizing that doesn't improve one's mind."

"There is something else that you were made for," he said. "I love you."

She patted his hand. "Splendid person," she said. "Splendid person. You've been trying not to say that all the way from New York."

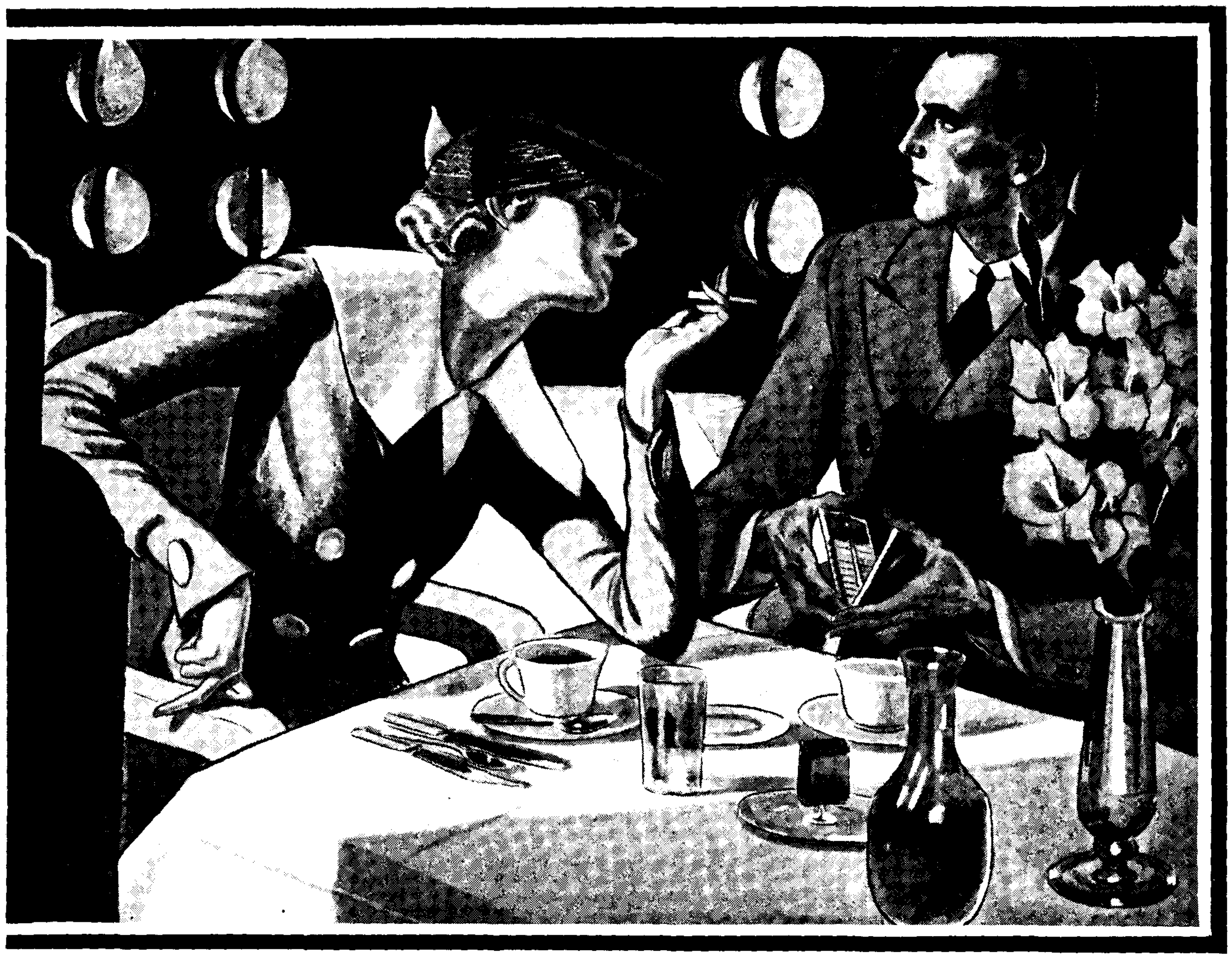
"No," he shook his head, "I don't think you quite understand what it is I've said, Sandra. I should like you to look at me when I say it again. I love you. That is not an emotion within me that is culled from this and that of past experience and concentrated upon you as a focal point in this present. It isn't anything subjective at all. Completely, it is beyond my control—a state of being that has come upon me from the outside because you exist. I have nothing to do with it, except to suffer it. Nor have you any responsibility for it, Sandra, except to recognize it for what it is and to acknowledge it."

SHE waited a long moment before she answered him. Then: "You almost frighten me, Philip."

"No." He smiled slightly and shook his head. "You know me too well to be frightened."

"May I feel very little-girlish then—once more? Very nine-year-old-little-girlish sitting in your catboat as ballast? Very fourteen-year-oldish when you were on leave from the war—and wouldn't wear your uniform? And spoiled all the parties by not going to them?"

"Such a long time ago."



She nodded. "We are rather stupidly grown up, aren't we? Isn't it a frightful thing to be grown up, Philip?"

"I rather like it," he said. "It's rather pleasant at last to know exactly what the rules of life are, how the course is laid, and what the goal is in terms of one's own particular self."

"No." She shook her head. "You are very wrong. It is better not to know those things at all, my dear Philip, when you have to know other things as well."

"What other things?"

"That I love you, too," she said evenly, "deeply—oh, so devilishly sweetly, way underneath. And that I have for so many years. And that it can never mean anything to either of us except just so many words as I have said them. For it is much too late for anything else, and we are much too decent for compromises."

They looked at each other, nor did they notice the steward who brought coffee and placed it before them with some difficulty because their hands lay so close together upon the cloth. Not touching—but close together.

Philip proffered his cigarette case. She took one with steady fingers. His hesitated slightly as he snapped the slender case shut with both his hands, and he was looking beyond her at something across the saloon—looking quite foolishly startled for a brief second.

"No," she said, "don't. Just light my cigarette for me. I've known it for quite a few moments. There is a mirror on the buffet behind you. I saw them come in."

Philip lit the cigarettes and carefully blew out the match.

They have said of Eric Cleed that he is one of the three most handsome men in the foreign service, Stacey Streeter and Milton Jerome Aldrich being the other two. And they have not lied.

Eric sat easily, his elbows on the cloth talking over his coffee to a lady. A pleasant figure of a man—large without weight and beautifully turned to the last fine detail. Sleek, evenly brushed hair and a firmly cut face, chiseled in long, straight planes that the shadows found and made firmer.

He said something, and the woman with him laughed noiselessly. She was in gray with a high white collar that flared to her shoulders and fell over her bosom like the starched linen collar of a Carmelite. Only that is a ridiculous thought, for behind her, thrown off her shoulders, were her sables, and the square emerald upon her third finger would have funded a small debt. And she was quite beautiful—quite unbelievably beautiful.

PHILIP looked away from those two and back at Sandra, and there was something rather helpless in his eyes.

She said, "I don't know what it is all about, Philip—but please don't look at them again. I've been asked not to."

She held a card out to him—a calling card. Scrawled across it was this—"Please ignore me. May I see you in your cabin a moment before you land? Eric."

"Then what?"

"I really don't know, Philip. How should I? I expect they came aboard at Southhampton last night late. The card came with the coffee a few moments ago."

Sandra punched out the cigarette. "Philip—I shan't land." Suddenly there was a desperate panic within her—a cold thing, like a fear that will not be denied. Panic at the thought of what lay ahead. The mahogany and cream and gold of the official life. Cards and calls and crêpes suzette. Bows and balls and Burgundy with the heart of it as empty as a deserted barn in Vermont in winter. "I can't land!"

"But you will," he said gently, "because you've made that the one thing that keeps you going. The point now is to decide just where I can help you."

"You can't." She shook her head.

"Suppose you read your letter," he said, and she picked it up from beside her plate. A letter brought off by the pilot.

"Lila Sashe," she said. "Lila is meeting me in her car. What can she mean by 'Bibescu,' Philip? She says simply, 'Bibescu. I shall be on the quay in a yellow Voisin. You will go down to Paris with me. It's a command. Lila.' "

"She might mean any number of things. Do you happen to know who the lady behind you is? The one across the saloon with Eric?"

"No."

"She is Madame Bibescu."

"I'm afraid—"

"Stories," Philip said. "All I know are the stories. They say this, and they say that, and they say that if they could pry her away from the little man with the mustache, half the machine-gunning in Europe would stop. She's that kind of a person. When she isn't there to divert him, he shoots people down in the streets."

The liner was nosing in slowly, a great beast creeping into the circling trap of the harbor. Words stood out on the leprous sides of waterfront sheds—suddenly quite close to the saloon windows. "Fabrication Anatole (S. A.)," "Vichy Celestins," "Defense de Fumer." And there was tug smoke in the air—a faint breath of it drifting across the liner's decks, cindery and bitter, lacing the moving air with its fumes, soiling the bright work and dusting the deck underfoot with a shadowy smudge that gritted unpleasantly against shoe soles. And presently, while they finished their coffee, they were tied up.

The port doctor with the immigration officials, fat and florid servants of the sovereign dignity of France, came into the saloon and settled heavily at tables on the starboard side.

"If you go over now, Madame Cleed," the table steward said, "you will avoid waiting with the other passengers."

"Goodby, Philip." She held out her hand. He hesitated for a moment before he took it in both of his. "There is no need to say anything," he said.

"No need," she nodded. "And it is better that Lila is here for me than for us to ride down to Paris together."

"I shan't see you again then, Sandra. I shall be at the old address if you want me. Otherwise we shall just be two people—"

"Yes."

She stood up, and he walked with her across the saloon.

The port doctor nodded and smiled as he checked her name on his duplicate lists. The immigration man looked at her diplomatic passport and nodded. "That is all, Madame Cleed." A name on a piece of paper—a picture—a check mark to prove one healthy and one passes through the crowds, an approved animal in the cattle runs of life.

PHILIP still walked beside her as they went out. There was a frantic helplessness within her that wanted to turn to him and clutch his arms at the elbows and beg him to take her out of all thinking and doing and talking to come—that same panic that was like a cold fear. But his hand on her arm steadied her.

"Goodby, Sandra." The pressure of his fingers. "Goodby. Rue Foyot if you want me. Steady on, Lovely Person." And he was gone.

She went through to the lifts and down to her cabin. Her hand luggage lay piled and ready, and her trunk was already gone. There was that dead, stripped feeling to the cabin—the loss of illusion that landing day gives to a ship, when cabins become so many empty cubicles, and the whole crossing fades with the hoax of Line advertising into the stark commercial enterprise that it is, in spite of romantic trimmings.

Eric was almost behind her. She had just closed the door when he knocked.

"Young Fellow," he said, "you might have let me know your boat."

"There is a letter in the Avenue d'Iena for you, Eric—or there should be—and a cable."

"Of course," he jerked his head. "I've been in London for a fortnight on the dear defunct dollar business. Look here—are you all cleared?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you mind going down alone? I've got Madame Bibescu with me. I sent you that card because I don't want people to know it. She is not using her name."

"Are you on official business, Eric?"

"Naturally—or I shouldn't ask you to do this for me. I thought you would understand that. That is why I didn't come to your table—why I sent you the card instead."

"I see. And that is why you didn't fly over or come by Channel boat?"

"Yes. My instructions are to protect her incognito."

"Eric—is there anything at the present moment that I can do for you? I mean you have sent for me to come back, and here I am. Is there anything that you would like me to do for you—anything that no one else can do perhaps?"

HE STARED at her. "I've only got a moment," he said, "but I really don't get it. What do you mean?"

"I mean I should like there to be."

"But why?"

"Sit down—you never can think well on your feet, Eric. I have something to tell you. I've done something pretty ghastly to you. I've always paid you for everything. And I'm going to pay you for this."

"What do you mean—something ghastly?"

"Something pretty ghastly, Eric—something that will hurt you perhaps. But I shall pay you for it—pay you any price you ask."

"No sale—until you tell me." He shook his head. "I can't see you doing anything awfully rotten."

(*Continued on page* 44)

"She's got color, glamour, it, or whatever. Lots of girls can act better, but just acting don't get them where she's got"

You've got to get Glamour

By Richard Connell

Miss Ansie Florry pulls a fast one —a baseball romance that shocked all the players, except one

THEY joined up with us down to the training camp. Kibby come from some alfalfa league out West. Some scout snared York in Texas. They was both outfielders. They looked all right. They looked like ball players.

Rookies come and rookies go. In my twenty years with a big-time club I must of seen a couple of thousand of 'em. I don't even try to learn their names any more. If they stick, I get to know them, anyhow; and if they don't stick, it don't matter.

Be that as it may, the first day I seen this York shagging flies I turned to the Old Man and said:

"Who's that lad?"

"York," said the Old Man. "Hit .340 with Waco last season. Smooth worker, ain't he?"

Just then York muffed a high one he should ought to have caught in his sleep.

"He even drops 'em pretty," said the Old Man.

The next fungo was a mean looper that traveled fast and far. One of the fielders streaked after it, made a dive and picked it off his shoestrings with his bare hand, a regular circus catch.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Some busher," said the Old Man. "I forgot his name. M-m-m-m, lemme see now—"

He called to Mike, who was hitting 'em up:

"Hey, Mike, who is that out in center?"

"Johnny York," said Mike.

"I don't mean him," said the Old Man. "I mean that bow-legged guy."

"I dunno," said Mike.

"It's your job to know," yelled the Old Man.

Mike scratched his catsup-colored neck.

"Well," he said, "I guess it might be Olsen, or mebbe Libby or mebbe—"

"It can't be Olsen," snapped the Old Man. "I shipped him back to Altoona three days ago. So it must be Libby or Tibby or Kibby or whatever the name of the guy is that Paul picked up out West."

I DIDN'T think no more about Kibby; but I did keep an eye on Johnny York. You had to. I don't know why. There was something about him.

To limber up the old souper I done some pitching in batting practice. This York came up and he smacked a couple of my fast ones for man-sized hits. I fed him some slow, wide curves and they fooled him. But, you know, funny thing, even when he was striking out, there was something about the way he did it. I don't know what. He was a good-looking, husky young fella with a mop of black hair and a cocky grin, and a sort of careless, confident air about him. You felt he had something. I couldn't give it a name.

The next hitter up was the lad believed to be Kibby. I saw him for weeks before I could even remember him; and I couldn't describe him now. He stood at the dish like he was made of wood; but when I handed him a sweeping hook he come to life and busted it clear out of the lot. He hit my smoke ball, too, though not so well; but it takes a Chuck Klein or a Bill Terry to do that.

"I'm keeping York," the Old Man told me. "He's green, and he's a sucker for a curve ball, and he likes to make easy ones look hard, but he's got *something . . . color. We need it on this* club. Kibby is every bit as good, but I dunno—"

"Is Kibby still with the club?" I asked.

"Sure," said the Old Man. "That was him that bumped you for a pair of doubles today."

"Oh, was that him?" I said.

THAT evening I was sitting in the lobby feeling homesick for the missus and the kids, when I noticed somebody was sitting in the next chair.

"Mr. Tracey?" I heard him say.

"That's me," I said.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Shoot."

"Know who I am?"

"Sure," I said. "Of course I do. Why, yes. Sure—"

"No, you don't," he said. "Nobody ever does. Anyhow, I'm Joe Kibby. I'm the guy that hit you for two doubles today."

I mumbled something about people looking different in street clothes.

"What's on your mind, son?" I asked.

"Listen," he said; "I know I don't talk so good. I ain't had much schooling. But what has grammar got to do with making good in the big leagues?"

"Grammar never held me back none," I said.

"Read this," said Kibby, pointing at a piece in the paper. It said: "Looks as if the right field job lies between the colorful Johnny York and Joe Kibby. Kibby is a competent gardener and a handy hitter; but he is utterly without glamour."

"Hey," I said, "this ain't 'grammar.' It's 'glamour.'"

"What's the difference?" said Kibby.

"Plenty," I said. "Glamour is—well, it's what the newspaper boys like—"

"A sort of liquor?" asked Kibby.

"No," I said. "It's something they like to write about. Sometimes they call it 'color.' It's what Johnny York has got—"

"I'll out-hit that show-off forty points," said Kibby, "if I get the chanst."

"He's good," I said.

"He looks better than he is," said Kibby. "And I look worse. You been around a lot. Tell me what this glamour stuff is."

I give him a cigar, and we lit up, and I tried to look like I knew what I was talking about.

"Well, son," I opened, "some people have got it and other people ain't. Like freckles. I don't know what causes it. Maybe it's sort of like electricity. You know what it does, but you don't know what it is. Some guys seem born with it; some haven't a drop—"

"Like me," said Kibby, looking like he swallowed a mess of raw cactus. "And what I want to know is: why ain't I?"

"Well," I said, stalling along, "it's like I said. You got freckles. Johnny York ain't got a freckle to his name. He's got glamour, or what they sometimes call 'it.'. . ."

"It?" said Kibby.

"In the movies they call it sex appeal," I said.

Kibby looked shocked; that is, he looked as shocked as he could look anything.

"Say, listen, I'm a ball player," he said. "I ain't no gigolo. I like base hits a lot better than I like dames."

"Then you'll get a lot more hits than dames," I said.

"I want to make good," he said. "It's been—well, you might say—my dream, since I was a kid, to be a big leaguer. And now I got another reason—"

"What?"

"Never mind," he said. "But I reckon they'll ship me to Terre Haute or some place unless I can get me a load of this here glamour."

"They don't sell it in stores," I said.

"I got to get some," said Kibby, and he acted desperate. "I got to dig up some, some place, somehow. How can I?"

I puffed at the stogie. Anybody hates to admit he don't know the answers! But I had to tell him:

"Well, son, when I was twenty and just beginning in fast company I thought I knew the answer to everything. Now that I'm forty I'm not sure I know the answer to anything. Maybe there's things nobody understands. Maybe you can't really explain about love, or truth or glamour. One man catches and holds the eye; another man don't. That goes for girls, too—"

"Never mind the girls," said Kibby.

"They're more like men than you may think," I said. "Did you ever see this girl, Ansie Florry, in the pictures?"

WELL, sir, that Kibby got the color of a radish, and he gives me the strangest look.

"Yes," he said. "I seen her hundreds of times. What about her?"

"She looks just like any other blonde," I began.

"No, she don't," he cut in.

"Well, anyhow, there's lots of girls just as pretty as her," I began again.

"No, there ain't," he said.

"All right. You're wrong," I said. "But, anyhow, whatever you think, why do you suppose people pay money to see her in a picture? It's because she's got color, glamour, It, or whatever. Lots of girls can act better—"

"No, they can't," said Kibby.

"You're wrong again," I said. "But just acting don't get them where she's got. She's a nice, sweet baby-doll—"

Kibby got redder.

"She ain't no baby-doll," he said.

"Do you know her?"

"No."

"Then let me talk," I said. "I don't know nothing about her personal habits. All I know is that she's a star—and a lot of girls with more looks and more talent ain't stars—and that's because this Ansie Florry has the stuff you want to have—"

"Oh, gee, I never could be like her at all," said Kibby.

"I only used her for an example," I said.

"Nobody could be like her," said Kibby.

"Oh, I dunno," I said. "She ain't so unusual. I've heard her name was Annie Flanagan, and she used to sling hash in a K. C. beanery—"

"A catcher on the Topeka club told me that," said Kibby. "I kicked the tar out of him."

"WELL, whatever she was, she's got the old personality stuff," I said. "You might ask her to give you lessons—"

He looked like he was going to throw a fit.

"Gee," he said, "I couldn't do that. I couldn't go within a mile of her."

"You'll be nearer to her than that," I said, "if you stay with the club. She's a fan. Goes to most of the games."

"Does she?" said Kibby. "Golly!"

Mike and his red neck went through the lobby. He's our coach and was in baseball before catchers wore masks. Mike's a kidder. I called him over.

"Mike," I said, "Kibby here wants to know how he can get some color."

"Stay in the sun," said Mike.

"I mean glamour."

"By hitting .500," said Mike.

"Nobody ever done that," said Kibby.

"You could try," said Mike.

"I'm going to try," said Kibby.

"You've heard of Ty Cobb?" said Mike.

"Sure."

"Well, on Saturdays he always wore his unie backwards," said Mike.

"Why?"

"Color," said Mike. "And you heard of Tris Speaker?"

"Yeah. I heard of him."

"When he played in a double-header he always wore whiskers."

"Why did he do that?" asked Kibby.

"Just to be different," said Mike. "It's little things like that that make a guy stand out from the mob."

"I got to stand out," said Kibby.

"Hans Wagner," said Mike, "when he wanted to be sure to knock a homer always used a special home-run bat—"

"How do you get one?" asked Kibby.

"It was just a regular stick," said Mike, "only it was painted red, white and blue. Whenever Hal Chase scored a run he always throwed a tumble-set; and when Sam Crawford was making a hard catch he always sung Sweet Adeline at the top of his lungs."

"I can't sing," said Kibby.

"Neither could Crawford," said Mike. "It was what they call a mannerism. Them things get you noticed."

"I'd like to get noticed," said Kibby.

Before we headed north, Buck Scanlon busted a leg; so the Old Man carried Kibby along as a spare fielder. York played regular in right. He done fair. No world-beater, but with his gab and his style he kept in the limelight and grabbed plenty of space in the papers. Kibby played a strong, silent game on the bench, and we got to calling him the "Invisible Man." The fans didn't know who he was and they didn't ask.

We was playing the Reds one day and Kibby was squatting in the dugout as usual, looking like the statue of a ghost. We had runners on second and third and needed two to tie. York come up, grinning and sure of himself, and pointed to a spot far out in the bleachers, meaning he was going to park the pill there. The crowd loved that.

THEN, just as the pitcher was about to wind up, York held up his hand like a traffic cop, stopped the pitch, stepped out of the batter's box, took off his cap and made a low bow to somebody in one of the boxes. Everybody stared that way. York certainly had a way of making you follow what he did. We all rubbered, even Kibby, and there sat a dame, a blond beauty in a million dollars' worth of clothes, and she stood up and threw York a kiss.

A buzz run round the stands and everybody nudged everybody else and said, "Look, that's Ansie Florry." They give her a big hand, and she got up again and took a bow, and, though all blondes look alike to me, I got to admit that this one gave off plenty glamour.

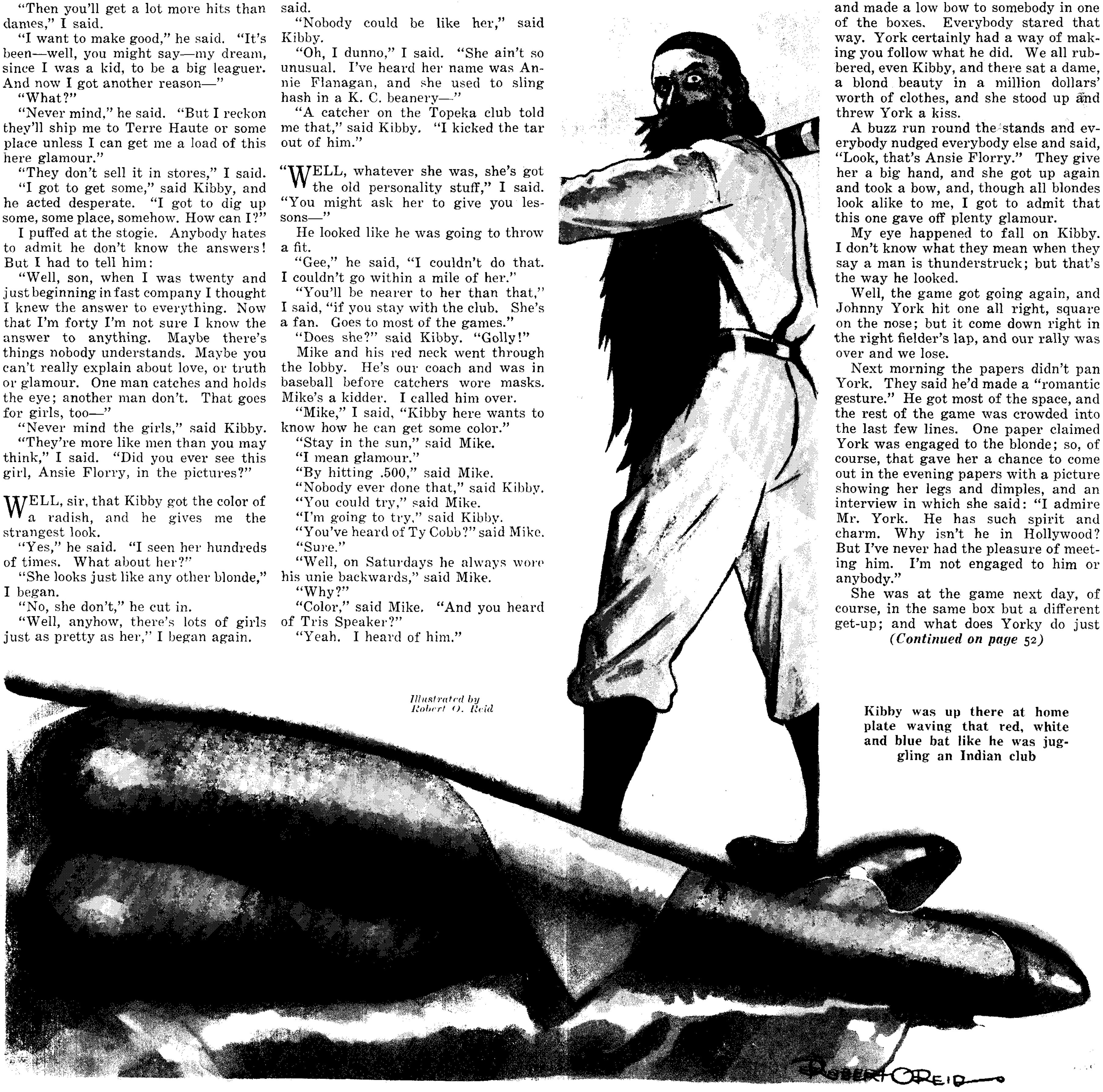
My eye happened to fall on Kibby. I don't know what they mean when they say a man is thunderstruck; but that's the way he looked.

Well, the game got going again, and Johnny York hit one all right, square on the nose; but it come down right in the right fielder's lap, and our rally was over and we lose.

Next morning the papers didn't pan York. They said he'd made a "romantic gesture." He got most of the space, and the rest of the game was crowded into the last few lines. One paper claimed York was engaged to the blonde; so, of course, that gave her a chance to come out in the evening papers with a picture showing her legs and dimples, and an interview in which she said: "I admire Mr. York. He has such spirit and charm. Why isn't he in Hollywood? But I've never had the pleasure of meeting him. I'm not engaged to him or anybody."

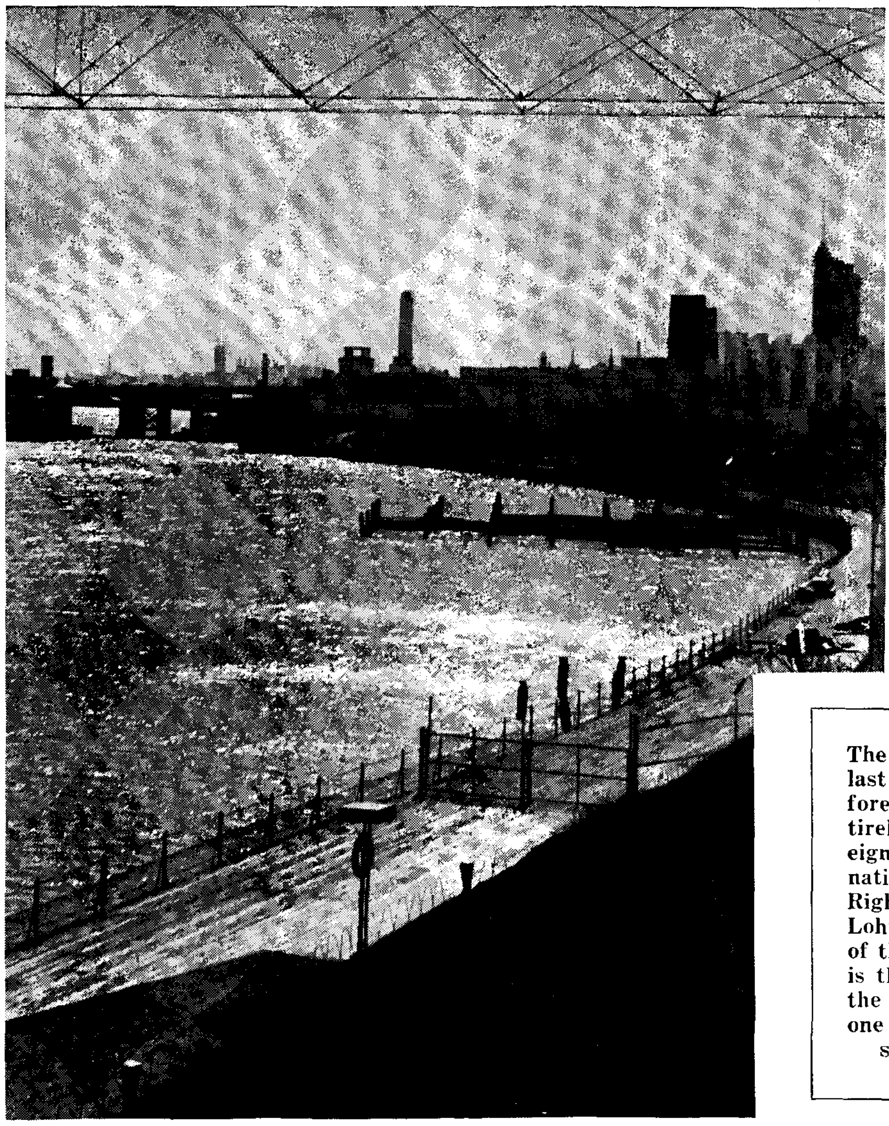
She was at the game next day, of course, in the same box but a different get-up; and what does Yorky do just

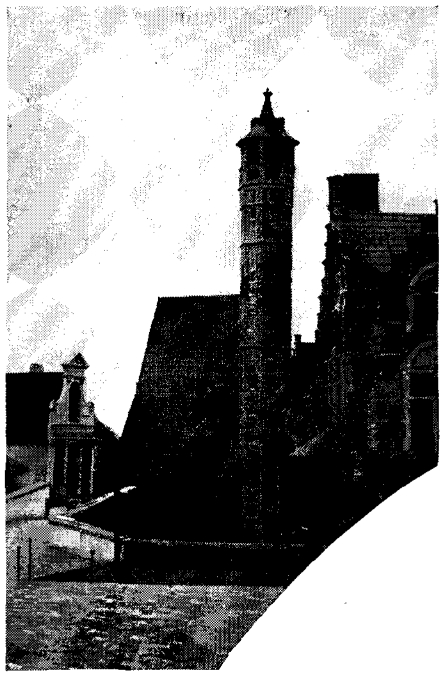
(Continued on page 52)



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

Kibby was up there at home plate waving that red, white and blue bat like he was juggling an Indian club



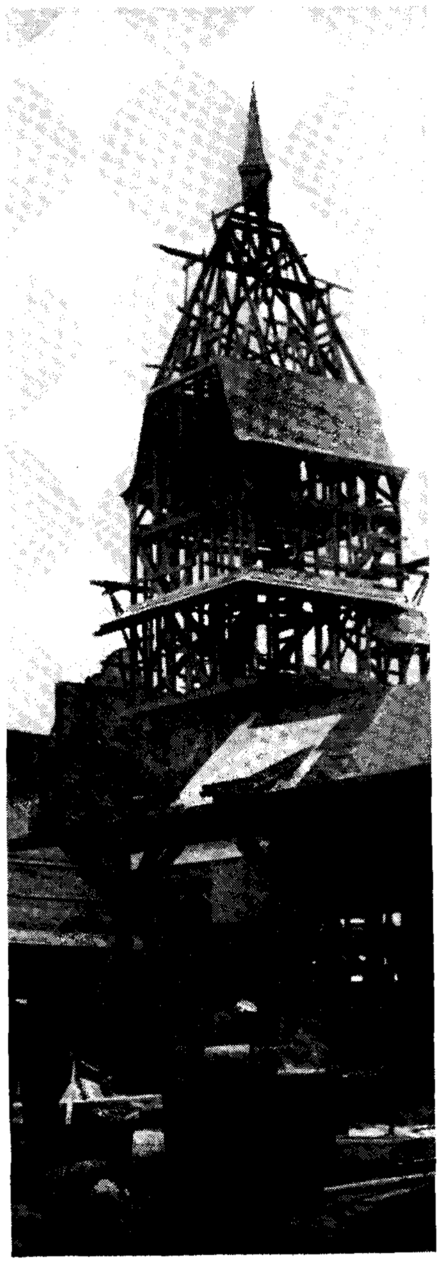


The Fair Digs In

By W. B. Courtney

The record in bad guesses for the year 1933 goes to those who predicted that the Century of Progress would be a fizzle. What it proved to be was a focal point of Recovery. Every section of the country thrilled responsively to the radiations of vitality it sent out. Even South Africa felt it. And now it's reopening—in a new and gorgeous splash of color which only illuminates the fact that here important business is under way. Let's get going

The Belgian Village at last year's Fair was the forerunner of an entirely new crop of foreign villages featuring native foods and drinks. Right, Major Lenox Lohr, general manager of the Fair. At the left is the lagoon, which in the new edition will be one of the most colorful spots of the Fair



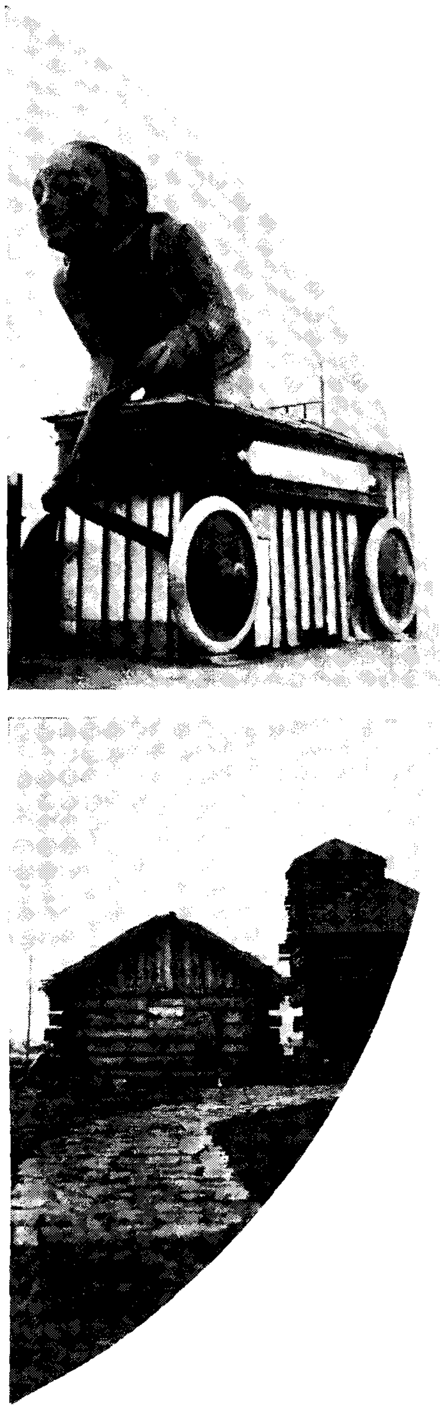
Left, the Alpine Village and a new automobile exhibit in course of preparation for the 1934 Fair. Below, Rufus Dawes, president of the Fair Association and, right, Charles S. Peterson, who carried the plans for the great exposition to completion in face of tremendous difficulties

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

OUTSIDE the window the lagoon shone darkly, like an old mirror. Lumpish clouds, scudding in low from the lake, ripped out their bellies on the towers of the skyride. Chicago boggled in the wet and gray uncertainty of early spring.

Indoors, however, there was no irresolution—no doubt of the season.

Along the corridors flowed the subtle odors and sounds of victorious aggression, and the warmth of busy people. There was a brave timbre in the confusion of voices. Girls threaded from room to room in bright-faced recurrent waves; and men stepped with the firmness of those who contribute, and share responsibilities. The rattle of typewriters, near and far, was the machine-gun fire of business advancing on a wide front.



Favorites that survive: the Kiddies' Radio Flyer and the squatter's cottage outside the Fort Dearborn exhibit

Here, in this little room beside the main stream of activity, I felt bell-glassed under a drop of essence; for spread in front of me on a long table was a net image of the goal of all the bustling—the dreams of venturesome men reduced to scale models that demonstrated the splendid pattern of beauty and science, of culture and art, of youth renewed, of sheer fun, which on May 26th begins to weave a long summer of enchantment.

Shepherd Vogelgesang, the young man who has reached into the sky and pulled a rainbow down over one of the world's most notable civic landscapes—the Chicago lake front—interpreted the models for me. He is the master colorist of the 1934 Century of Progress Fair. He told me of his Painted Symphony in Ten Vistas, with its artful progressions through sympathetic and complementary tints from one predominating note, or basal color, to another. An orchestration of the spectrum that will play upon your moods and lead you down endless avenues and through many exhibits, unmindful of the weariness of your legs and wits. Saucy chromatics that will excite you, and buoy you, delight you and fill you with gay endurance.

Vogelgesang is a smart young man. I was impressed by his sulky artist's fervors. Yet, whenever I sit back to enjoy a mind's-eye view of the new Fair—or last year's, for that matter—all the colors in the giant palette which Vogelgesang has wedged down between the lake and the *Boule Miche* run together and blend and whirl until in their very center only one hue stands out. It is forget-me-not blue. It comes forward, clear and lucent; a banner of doggedness, with flashing points of anger. It is the color of the eyes of Charles S. Peterson, patron of arts and civics. It is, with the high lights in it, especially the color of his eyes when they reflect the obstinacy of his Swedish blood—as they did, on a ship in mid-Atlantic one day back in 1927. You owe your chance to see the Century of Progress Fair to those eyes and that incident.

Everything about Charles S. Peterson points back toward the country parsonage in Sweden where he was born more than half a century ago; toward his upper-gentry background and the admirals and bishops and cabinet members who move therein, and the stolid values of his education. He is blond, square-hewn, dignified, formal in the pleasant old Scandinavian way; and from his relatives and his early books he acquired respect for the obligations of citizenship. Therefore, when he came to the United States as a young man and prospered in Wisconsin, and later prospered to a greater extent in Chicago, he identified himself with the cultural life of his community; just as he would have done, as he would have been expected to do, in the home town in Sweden.

The Dream of a Fair

A Chicagoan, as conscientious as prominent, Peterson followed the World's Fair idea with interest from its broaching. He was not the first to think of it. His name is but one of a trilogy which in Chicago's book of proudest annals should be forever kept well-dusted. The real story of the conception, and gestation, and labor pangs of the Century of Progress, which your neighbor saw last year and which you are going to get to this year or bust, has never before been generally told outside Cook County. The social and political accountants, at home and abroad, have been too prone to scan every figure on Chicago's debit side and read only every fourth line of her credits.

Because I think it reveals more as to why the United States cannot fail than a hatful of senatorial inquisitions or code investigations, I pass on the inside story as it was told to me by Rufus Dawes—president of the Fair, a gentle and genial soul who has never said hell, much less Maria, in his life—and by Charlie Peterson, himself, and others. If—as you looked furtively around last summer to make sure no home-town eyes observed you before you sidled into the fan dance—you had known that the Fair was the child of a minister's brain, I wonder if you would have resisted temptation and walked on to another exhibit instead—say, the Baby Incubator?

No one knows how, when, or wherefrom the Reverend Myron E. Adams, former pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, and war-time captain in the Army, hit upon the idea for a fair to celebrate the city's approaching centennial; nor does anyone doubt that the idea was his, first and alone. And it was not a half-baked notion; but a thoroughly articulated, organized plan, the specifications of which filled a four-page letter to Mayor Dever under date of August 17, 1923. Now it is a famous letter; but then it took Adams more than two years to bruit its details so that civic organizations and citizens of the Peterson stamp might rally to his support.

Chicago's Greatest Booster

Ill health struck Adams down in 1926, and Edward N. Hurley, a Chicagoan distinguished for building the bridge of ships over which the American Expeditionary Force crossed to Europe, caught the drooping baton. Hurley's version took an original slant. He dreamed of enticing millions to Chicago to view an exhibition of progress in agriculture, labor, mechanics, electricity, manufacturing and the like, in relation to, and built around, a vast "international temple of medicine." That idea was too much for a gangster-plagued community; it wearily asked whether there would be, also, a morgue for the entertainment of the visitors. Moreover, Philadelphia had just shown the country how dismal, how unprofitable, a fair could be; so one by one the prominent citizens and groups of Chicago snapped rubber bands around their wallets and deserted.

Charlie Peterson, meanwhile, took the Swedish Choral Society on a European tour. Working on his own pocket and time, he spread the dream of the great Fair among the nations of the Baltic and thereabouts. His connections and standing were sufficient to carry him tops everywhere. His enthusiasm was intelligent and convincing. He pledged his character; and his friends, new and old, in high circles of Europe pledged their participation. On the homeward-bound ship he devoted himself with a light heart to smorgasbord and aquavit and impromptu sessions of old-country folksongs which the choristers held on deck those mellow evenings. He had been away a long time, but he was a trustful and honored man, full of solemn hopes that the Fair would mark a new day for his adopted city. He knew about Leipzig and less notable fairs of the old world. He knew, as every traveled and well-read person must know, approximately how much the Leipzig Fair through its seven hundred years of annual repetition had contributed to the social, industrial and commercial history not alone of Germany but of all Middle Europe.

It was his thought, and he said as much to his cronies, that a centennial exposition in Chicago, properly fostered, might very well take permanent root, in the Leipzig manner—and go on from year to year, a meeting place for the eager traders and buyers of the wide world; a counter for the display of the finest products of the greatest industrial nation on earth; a venture that should make Chicago's name stand for good life, not evil, the world over; an international shop window for the United States; a lasting economic and social and cultural stimulant for American life. "The New World should have such a yearly fair, too," he said, "and Chicago is the natural site for it!"

Then he was handed a radiogram. It was from associates in Chicago. It said that the Fair was all off.

In that moment, to my way of thinking, the Century of Progress Fair became a certainty; for when a Swede grows stubborn, within him are allied the immovable body and the irresistible force. What would the folks in the old countries think of him and his emptied promises and vacant dreams? He stepped from the train in Chicago and hurried directly to the mayor's office. That was crowded, hectic, as always; but Peterson was now stirred beyond formality. He usurped an immediate audience without anyone's by-your-leave. His Honor was a little awed. He said, "All right, all right! I appoint you a committee of one—"

The Fair was now his personal responsibility, and Peterson rebuilt the fences of Adams and Hurley and went on to extend them. Came the New Year, his enthusiasm had infected many bigwigs of Chicago and welded them into a juggernaut. It was decided to run the Fair as a private enterprise, divorced from politics. Dawes and Peterson were named president and vice president, respectively, of the new company; and Daniel Burnham—noted architect and builder, and son of the man who directed the famous Chicago Exposition of 1893 and preached a vision of a Greater Chicago, "Beautiful, Livable and Prosperous"—was designated vice president and secretary.

Dark Days for Visionaries

You may know the land was still Republican when you consider that raising the money for the Fair did not, in the minds of its earliest fathers, present so great a problem as deciding which year was Chicago's centennial. In 1829 the site was surveyed and laid out; in 1833 the village of Fort Dearborn was incorporated; and in 1837—the population having grown in the eight years from 50 to 3,000—it was reincorporated under its present name. Each centennial date had voluble advocates; but the 1933 crowd out-talked the others. Despite this goose-feather picking, for every influential Chicagoan who supported the Fair there were ten who opposed it. They jerked derisive thumbs toward the red books of Philadelphia as proof that fairs had been outgrown by a world busy making and investing money.

There came a grim change when the world's tires went flat in 1929. The opponents grew in force, and tacked up purpler crape. It would be impossible, they said, to raise the preposterous sum required for a fair; anyhow, people would not—*could not,* indeed—come. From that day on Peterson and his associates had to contend not only with local apathy, even hostility; but in addition with the depression. And from that day on, the Fair became more than a celebration of Chicago's first hundred years; it became a symbol of the trial by ordeal of a whole nation's morale.

The difficulties of Peterson and Dawes and their associates were bitterly practical. The city loaned them park ground; but the powerful State Street Association—formed of Chicago's greatest stores and merchants—not only refused to contribute, but was actively hostile, one clothing store excepted. Most of the hotels were indifferent; a few were outspoken in their opposition. Peterson got a promise from the head of one hotel that he would join; it was an important victory. Next morning, after a conference with his brother, who was prominent in the State Street Association, the hotel man said he had changed his mind.

Although the Fair was a private enterprise, solely drawing on private

(Continued on page 46)

Behind the Veil

She was a gorgeous young creature, the girl Royce met in Persia. But not to be taken too seriously. At least, that's what Royce believed

By Harold Lamb

Illustrated by Franz Felix

THEY sent me down to Isfahan that time to stop a war. The Khan, that old scoundrel, wanted a war, and the government didn't mind letting him have it, so I had my work cut out for me.

I was knocking around the bazaar there talking to spies when I ran into John Royce.

You've heard of him probably. By now I suppose everybody has. But at that time he was just a stranger in the Orient—he had only been in Isfahan a week. As a matter of fact, he was lost in the labyrinth of covered passages in the bazaar, and we got to talking while I guided him out. He was slender and nervous, with appealing eyes and a mane of tawny hair. He proved to be a painter, a portrait painter. He confessed that he had gone stale in the States—disgusted with his chances during that notorious year 1932—and had come out to delve into the Orient, to sketch the picturesque East and all that. He was looking for dancing girls and temple gongs in southern Persia!

What he might have done in the ordinary course of things I don't know. Things never happen just as you'd expect out there. For instance, he saw Lalli's face for a second in the alley of the silversmiths where women always gather to finger bracelets by the hour. A second later she had turned away her head and lifted the edge of her head veil.

I caught only a glimpse of gray eyes that could have shamed a movie star's. Then Lalli was moving away in the throng, her slight body wrapped up in the black street robe, with a woman servant jealously at her elbow. But Royce had seen more than that.

"What a head!" he whispered. "Good heavens—if I could get her to pose!"

HIS artist's eye followed the girl in the mass of black shrouded forms, out to the Maiden gate of the bazaar, where she got into one of the waiting carriages. Royce got into the next one and begged so hard that I had our droshky driver follow the other one—Royce knew only a few words of Persian then—to its destination, which turned out to be the usual blind wooden door in the usual gray courtyard wall, down an alley of the old part of the city near the Jami Masjid.

There the two women disappeared. We didn't even know the girl's name then, and the two drivers knew nothing about her. I invited Royce to dinner at what answers for the Grand Hotel of Isfahan, and since he was new to Asia I explained how impossible it would be to get a veiled Moslem woman of good birth to pose for him. Their houses are guarded castles; the women are not supposed to be seen by strangers; and the last thing a good Moslem will allow is to have his picture made, whether by camera or brush.

My explanation was wasted on Royce's childish insistence. He only said that if I didn't go back with him to the house behind the Jami the next day at the same hour, he would go alone. So I had to go.

The courtyard door was closed, of course—they're always closed. Royce investigated the side alley behind the house and was rewarded. It looked like the merest chance. There was a garden behind the house and a barred window in the garden wall. Someone had drawn the shutters back and Lalli, in a white house garment, without a veil, was playing with a cat. Apparently she took not the least notice of us, although the cat stared.

"She *must* pose for me, Kendall," Royce whispered. "Tell her she is so beautiful that I want to paint her portrait."

I did not tell him she was posing then. She might have been mischievous youth incarnate. When I delivered Royce's message in Persian, Lalli went on stroking the cat. It did not seem to surprise her in the least that two foreigners should admire her. But suddenly she laughed and ran away.

"Damn!" said my companion. He felt in his pocket and produced something wrapped in white paper. He tossed it through the bars. When we had left the street—there was nothing else we could do—he explained that this something had been a silver bracelet, and that his address was written in Persian on the paper.

The next day I was occupied with Karun Khan's agents, and it was the day after when I visited Royce in his house for the first time. He had rented a little place with a miniature garden, and he called it the House of the Cypress.

I found him with two lamps lit, sketching furiously. Lalli was sitting before him, motionless, and an old woman servant squatted in the corner. Royce explained absently that another visit to the alley behind the Jami Masjid and a gift to the servant had worked this miracle.

But I suspected Lalli had meant to come all along. After that she came to the House of the Cypress every evening, always on foot and always with that same old servant. You see, if the older Moslems had found out she was posing for a foreigner, she might have been knifed on the way back to her place.

Oh, yes, they were quite capable of that. You never can tell exactly what they will do until it's too late.

LALLI, however, posed beautifully—curled up like a drowsy kitten. She wore barbaric red satin things, which did not dim the cream-white of her skin or that flood of night-black hair. The only beautifier she used was a lipstick that she carried with gilt nail scissors and an assortment of prayer charms in a French beaded bag. I watched, as it were, from off the stage, while she sunned herself in Royce's admiration.

I noticed that she disliked posing for her portrait, from some vague superstition. She never objected, because Royce's wish was law to her.

Royce had become the one object of her life. When a girl like Lalli falls in love, there is no middle ground—nothing platonic about it. A lot of nonsense has been written about oriental charmers and romance. Lalli was an utter realist, as simple as Eve and as unfaltering as the Ten Commandments. She loved Royce, and so she wanted him.

Think for a moment of her background. I could only piece it out a little at a time, when she chose to answer my questions. She admitted to eighteen years, which she thought very old. Her education consisted of endless superstitions, mixed with snatches from the Koran, and servants' gossip—she could not read or write. She had been taught that she had no soul and that for her there would be no afterlife with the male Mohammedans.

She could sing prettily enough, and embroider her dresses, and she would listen endlessly to stories. All this had prepared her for only one thing, to be loved by a man and to keep him from tiring of her. Already she had been married to an older man who had gone away somehow, leaving her to get along as best she could with another wife who was rich and hated her. Lalli would only speak vaguely of "those others" of her household. But I could imagine what it was like to live pent up within walls, beside that other wife or widow.

While she posed, she questioned me in low, fluent Persian that Royce could not follow—she used to speak to him in French, and he answered in his broken Persian which she managed to understand by an instinct that came close to mind-reading. She asked if Royce had really loved anyone, or if he had only had mistresses. And why did he work all the time and look so worried?

Now I knew next to nothing about Royce. Except that he was conceited, self-centered, and outwardly likable as any chap you'd run into at the Beaux Arts or Players' Club. I told Lalli that his heart was sick because he was afraid the people in his country did not like his work. Then she said a strange thing:

"No, his soul is sick."

Well, there was Royce, intent on his canvas, yet disturbed by Lalli's loveliness—even beginning to be jealous of her long conversations with me.

"You're her favorite, Kendall," he observed. And then, irritably— "She's such a child."

"Lalli's shy now," I warned him, "but if she gets over it, she's quite capable of ruling either you or me."

"That kitten!" He laughed.

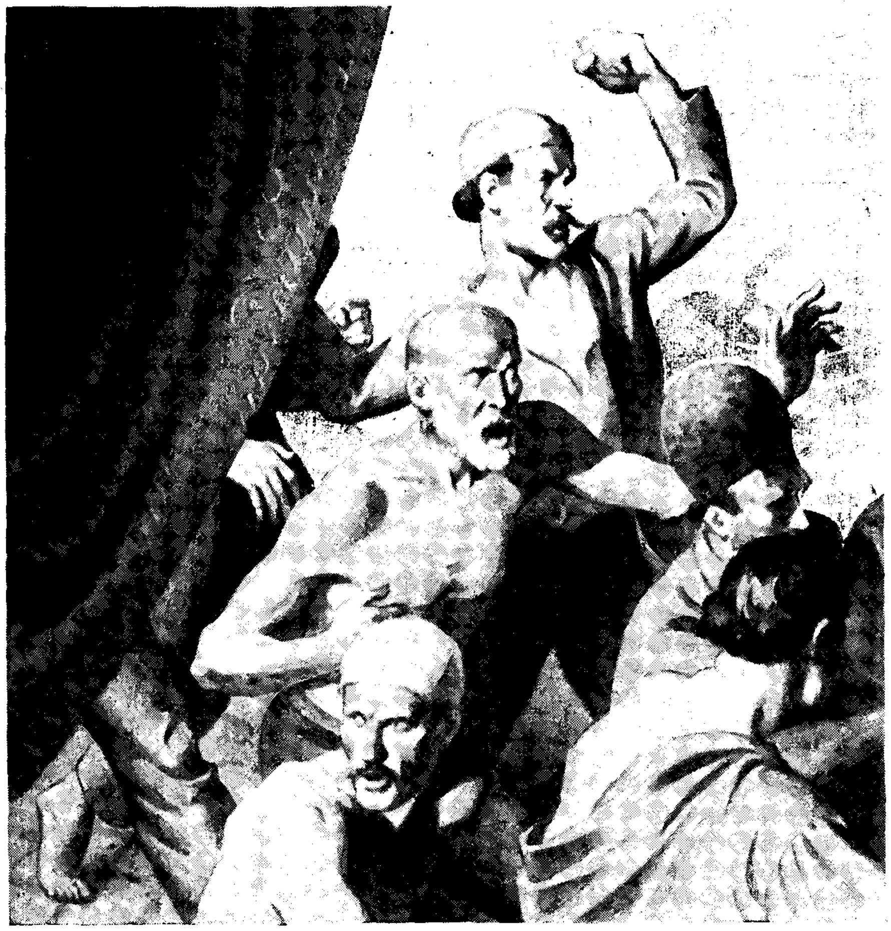
NOW Royce was sentimental and he had been only three weeks in Persia. There were a lot of things I wanted to explain to him. But after half a lifetime east of Suez you lose faith in explanations—you begin to think that when a man's fate is written it is not to be changed. So I said nothing, and about that time Lalli decided that I ought to leave Isfahan. She asked me why I didn't go up to Karun Khan's country and talk to him instead of wasting my time with his agents in the city.

Karun Khan was chief of the Ghashgai tribes, eager to begin the war that the oil company had sent me down to prevent at any cost. I had not mentioned him to Lalli, but she had heard the gossip of Isfahan. And she was right.

"There might be harm," I suggested.

"Yes," she assented politely, "those hillmen would tie Your Honor up on a wall and cut out your bowels, if the whim came to them."

I went, because by now there was nothing else to do—although my servant Hussayn swore that I was going to my grave, and General Sadik did every-



Before long they would be using knives and maddening themselves by sight of blood

thing but imprison me to keep me from going. And it turned out to be a near thing for both Hussayn and me. . . .

In the end it was no argument of mine that persuaded the old Ghashgai to peace. It was fate—kismet. A party of his young horsemen decided to raid the nearest army post, which happened to be commanded by General Sadik at the edge of the oil fields. Sadik happened to have not only a new machine-gun but a new airplane. These wrought havoc among the raiding tribesmen, and aroused the superstitious fear of the Khan, who believed this first encounter had been an omen. So the old scoundrel gave me that blue shawl embroidered with the peacocks and that painted shield, swearing that I had been God's instrument in averting calamity from his head. He made quite a ceremony of giving me his submission to take down the river to General Sadik, along with a cartload of rifles that were too old for use, and the promise of a million gold pieces, tribute to H. M. the Shah—tribute that he never meant to pay . . . but if that raid of the Ghashgai had succeeded!

Probably Sadik was not pleased with the peace or my interference. However, he accepted the useless rifles and the promises with a good grace. And Lalli welcomed me delightfully. I had been away from Isfahan for six weeks, which was what she wanted. "It was your kismet," she said approvingly.

I FOUND a difference in the House of the Cypress. Lalli had taken possession. Her prayer rug was spread by the pool under the tree and her sleeping mattress stood, rolled up in its yellow silk cover, by the brass-rimmed chest that served her for furniture. A royal Ferghana rose carpet lay in the sitting-room, with a strange assortment of pillows. Zobeida, her old nurse, had taken charge of the kitchen and its servants.

Lalli had laid away the enveloping black street gown in the chest. Indoors she went about unveiled in a white house robe and she was unspeakably happy. At sunset she would leave us and go off to wash, then to spread her amulets at the head of the rug and chant the evening prayer. The house had become her castle, and Royce belonged to her. She never even mentioned "those others" of the home she had left.

She had a new chant that she would croon interminably while she embroidered things for Royce. It had only two verses, repeated over and over:

May the tigers
And the djinn,
The dark angels
And the sickness of the Devil
Keep away from Yahya.

May the blue doves
And the light angels
And peace and wealth
And the protection of God
Come to Yahya.

That's as near as I can put the thing into English. She would not explain it—just called it a song—and I had to listen carefully before I got the hang of the old Persian words. Yahya, of course, was John—John Royce. He never understood the words, not even at the end. I used to tease her about it, calling it an incantation and herself a witch.

"What's a witch?" she asked.

"Someone," I assured her darkly, "who works magic."

"I'm not," she denied hotly. "You are a very bad man, Ken-dall, to say that." She thought for a moment. "I have eaten the sickness that troubled Yahya."

Then she nodded at the portrait, covered up by a shawl. "That was magic that *he* made. I am afraid of that other face."

She was glad that the portrait of her was finished. At that time, beside Lalli in the flesh, I didn't realize how good it was.

Royce also had changed. Lalli's passion had softened the bitterness in him. He had never known what it was to be loved as Lalli gave of love. Besides, his work had changed.

At first he had tried to put Persia itself upon canvas—the sheer, cloudless sky, the glare of the hot desert, the stark shadows against riotous color, the matchless blue domes rising from clustered foliage. Now he was making pastel studies of corners of the bazaar, and the beggars in the mosque porticos. It was the work that stirred Paris not so long after.

For some reason Lalli liked the pastel bits. She used to take him in the late afternoon to the cool summit of the Ali Kapu where they could look down into the corners of the Eight Paradises and watch the sunset glow fade from the minarets of the old Mosque of the Shah. Without realizing it, the artist learned to look at Isfahan through Lalli's eyes.

But she never would go with him for the daily drive along the Chahr Bagh, where the elect of Isfahan takes its promenade under the poplars during the sunset hour. Once I encountered him there with a strange girl who rouged her cheeks and manipulated her veil and a cigarette while she chatted with us in bad French—she answered to the name of Marie and she hailed from Teheran.

FOR an hour or so Marie amused Royce, while we fed her and took her to the cinema up the avenue. Then we got rid of her and went home. And we did not find Lalli.

That, you know, was extraordinary; because Lalli never left the place except with Royce. Her prayer rug and sleeping roll also were missing.

"She would never go away by herself," Royce muttered.

I wondered if she had any place to go, because I gathered from some remarks of Zobeida that "those others" disliked her more than ever. But it occurred to me to search the dark alley by the house, leaving Royce pacing the Ferghana carpet. And I found Lalli there, hidden away among the plane trees. The first thing she did was to give me a tongue-lashing for corrupting Yahya by means of a loud-talking, immodest, stupid and faithless painted woman. She really used stronger words.

It became clear to me that she thought Royce had brought Marie back with him to the House of the Cypress. I accepted the blame for Marie, but assured her that Royce was alone and nearly frantic with worrying about her. Lalli knew perfectly well that I had not been responsible for Marie; she laughed softly, contentedly, and came to lean against me as if I had been a friendly

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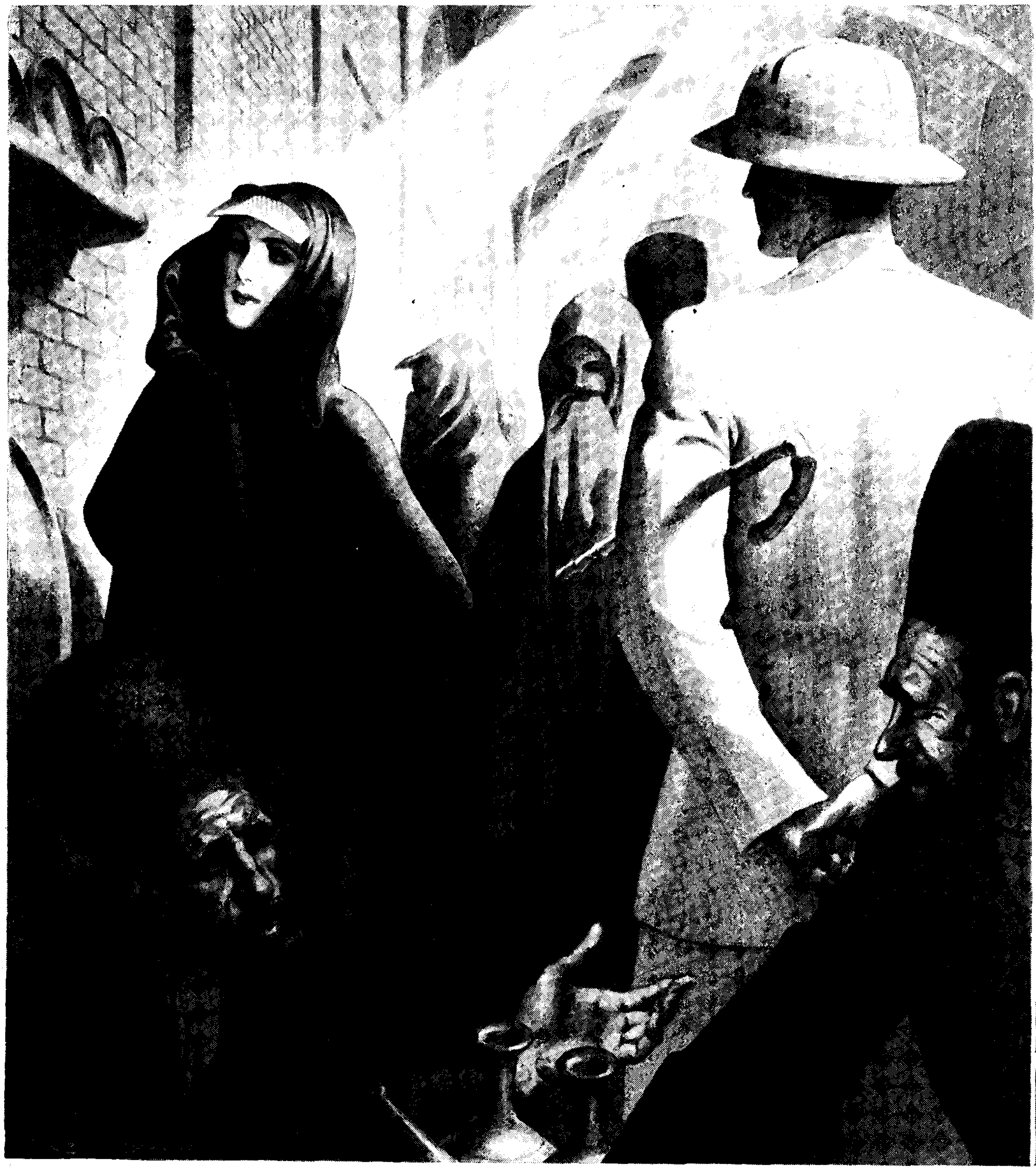


He saw Lalli's face for a second in the alley of the silversmiths. A second later she had turned away her head and lifted the edge of her head veil

Doctors should Never Marry

By Elaine Sterne Carrington

Illustrated by James W. Earley

Dick Brainard often said that doctors should never marry. He knew what he was talking about—up to a certain point. Beyond this he kept an open mind—which is an excellent idea for any young man starting out in life

THE telephone rang. Miss Curtis reached for it. She said, "Dr. Brainard's office," and then, "Oh, it's you, Miss Van Ness. No, he's out on a case. Is there any message?" There was no message. Phyl Curtis hung up. She made a little face at the instrument in her hand and also at the picture, there on the desk in front of her, of what was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. She said, "Anyway, you didn't talk to him this time!" Then the color flamed in her cheeks as Dr. Dick Brainard came into the room behind her.

"Hello," he said. "Whom are you talking to?"

She got up, standing very erect in her starchy uniform. "I was—that is—I didn't know you'd come back, Doctor. Miss Van Ness just called up."

"She did!" his face alight. "Hey, give me that phone."

Leaving the room, shutting the door softly behind her, she heard him say, "Is that you, Paula? Of all the luck! I walked in just as you called up."

In the reception-room three patients waited. Phyl Curtis, her small green engagement pad in her hand, came in and greeted them pleasantly. She knew them all. Old Mrs. Orvis, arthritis; Mrs. Oscar Brown, who had dieted too strenuously, and the Bainbridge girl, with a swollen wrist.

Phyl suspected the Bainbridge girl of having put on about the swollen wrist, due to an overwhelming desire to see Dick Brainard. There were plenty of young girls in Oak Park that way about him, but so far he had been immune, thanks to his maxim which he kept on a card, printed in black, in the upper drawer of his desk. It read: "Doctors should never marry."

IT HAD amused her when she first came to work for him, fresh from the hospital. That had been nearly a year ago. She had felt, and perhaps justifiably, that the very fact that he had chosen her as his office assistant was proof that he was conscious of her as a girl, the way other men were, most men. She had hazel eyes flecked with brown; deep, level dark-lashed eyes, and a red mouth which could be extraordinarily firm when there was work to do; and she was small and slight and looked A-1 in her uniform. Of all this she was perfectly aware, as who isn't?

When Dr. Dick Brainard chose her for his newly opened and handsomely furnished office in his house on Maple Street, she was the envy of every other girl who had trained with her; yes, and of the graduate nurses too. To work for Dick Brainard was their idea of a special sort of heaven.

But he had engaged her, she quickly discovered, not for her feminine allure but for her ability. He told her so bluntly. He said: "You're the best nurse I've ever run across—calm, cool, collected. You come through one hundred per cent in an emergency. I've watched you. That's what I need in this man's office. Somebody with a head on her."

Well, it was, of course, comforting to have a head, but then you had everything else too.

The Bainbridge girl said plaintively, "Hasn't he come in? I thought I saw his car at the gate."

Phyl turned toward her. "Yes, the doctor's in but he's on the telephone." Talking to the Van Ness hussy, she wanted to add.

HE APPEARED at the door of the office, having donned a white linen coat. He looked very well in a white linen coat, thought Phyl, running a critical eye over his six feet two. He came toward Mrs. Orvis, his hand extended. The women fluttered at the sight of his blond head, his sunburned face, his blue eyes and the flash of his white teeth. "How are you, Mrs. Orvis?" And the same to fat Mrs. Oscar Brown and to the Bainbridge girl, who yearned up at him, ox-eyed.

Mrs. Orvis hobbled in first, leaning perhaps a trifle more than need be on his strong young arm. The Bainbridge girl sighed. She wished she had sprained an ankle instead of a wrist.

More patients arrived. Both he and Phyl were busy until well after six. By that time telephone messages were pouring in. The little Lucas boy had a high fever. Would he stop by and see Mr. Jackson's infected foot? A string of calls to make. Phyl wrote them all down. She said, "You're going to have a busy evening."

He was running through the pages of the phone book. "Yes. . . . Oh, Miss Curtis." Always Miss Curtis. Didn't he know her name was Phyllis? "Where do you suppose I can find a haberdashery open this time of night?"

Haberdashery? When you'd been thinking in terms of patients this brought you up sharp.

"I've got to locate a white tie. Going to a party at the Van Nesses'. Very ritzy. What the well-dressed man wears. Tails. I haven't any white tie. Where will I get one?"

"Neregart's is open until six-thirty, isn't it?"

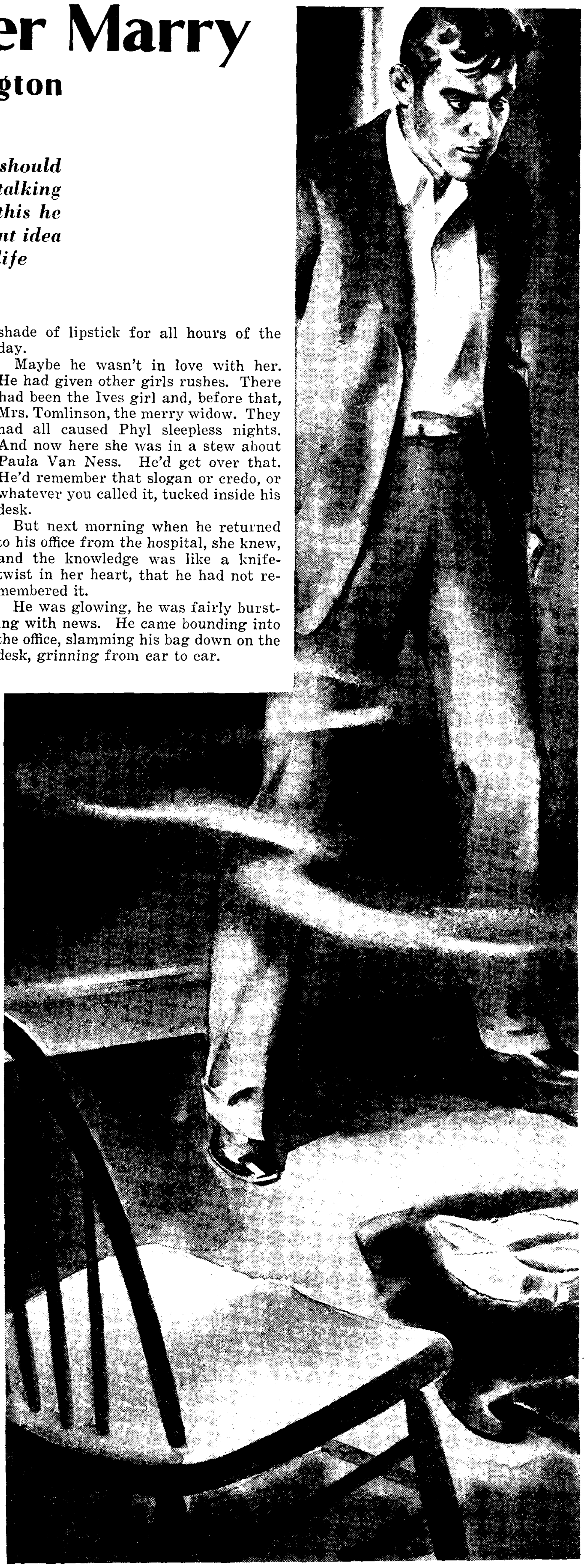
"So it is! See here, Miss Curtis, here's a dollar. Do you think that'll be enough? Take the car and go down there and grab off a white tie for me, will you? Sixteen collar. I'll take a shower while you're gone. That's a thought."

He was already on his way upstairs, whistling. Phyl frowned as she went out to the car. It wasn't like him to care about parties or whether he wore a white tie or a black one. This time it was serious, darned serious. Oh, well, what if it was? He had to marry sometime, didn't he? No male with his looks and his exuberant youth could go forever uncaptured. Besides, the Van Ness girl, whether you liked her or not, was stunning. A perfect mate for him. She hated that word, mate. She hated the Van Ness girl. So well dressed, so well shod, such ducky little hats, the right shade of lipstick for all hours of the day.

Maybe he wasn't in love with her. He had given other girls rushes. There had been the Ives girl and, before that, Mrs. Tomlinson, the merry widow. They had all caused Phyl sleepless nights. And now here she was in a stew about Paula Van Ness. He'd get over that. He'd remember that slogan or credo, or whatever you called it, tucked inside his desk.

But next morning when he returned to his office from the hospital, she knew, and the knowledge was like a knife-twist in her heart, that he had not remembered it.

He was glowing, he was fairly bursting with news. He came bounding into the office, slamming his bag down on the desk, grinning from ear to ear.



"Guess what, Phyllis!" he shouted.

So, the first time he ever called her Phyllis was when he was going to tell her about another girl. She braced herself. "Somebody died and left you a million."

"No, better than that. I—I can't believe it myself! Paula Van Ness—we're—she's going to marry me. *Me.* What do you suppose got into her to say yes?"

Phyl thought: That was what wealth and position did for you. If you desired a certain man you went after him, confidently, gayly, directly. You didn't sit mooning around for a year hoping he would notice your eyes or your hair or your rather nice husky voice. Hoping he would picture you in a ball gown instead of a uniform. Hoping he would decide he could not get along without you. That was just plain dumb. That was the way a working girl operated. Timid. No dash. Trusting to luck. . . . She blinked away her tears.

"Well, let me congratulate—"

He broke in breathlessly, "She's the most wonderful thing in the world! She's—would you believe it?—she's been fond of me for—well, for months. I thought she liked that Martin bozo, but it was me all the time. I never thought I'd have the nerve to ask a girl like that."

Phyl was crying. You mustn't let your boss see you crying. She turned her back and went toward the telephone. "I've got a raft of messages for you."

"Have you? I—say, Miss Curtis, do you think you could sort of help me pick out an engagement ring for her?"

She said without flinching, "Of course I can."

"Fine! How about this afternoon?" Then he added, almost shyly, "*You* ought to do it too."

"Do what?"

"Get engaged. You've got a beau, haven't you?"

She turned, startled. "A beau?"

"Yep. That young interne—what's his name? Oh, yes, Parker. He's on your trail, isn't he?"

"Timmy Parker?"

"Yes."

She blew her nose violently, cleared her throat and said, "Thanks, but nurses should never marry," and was relieved when he laughed.

SHE sat beside him in the car and listened to his talk about what marriage should mean. "It's a pretty big responsibility taking a girl who is having one whale of a time and setting her down in a house with only you to keep her amused."

Phyl thought, irritably, doesn't the idiot even know he's attractive? What's the use of looking the way he looks and being such a sap about it? He's always going to be a one-woman man and thinks he's the luckiest guy alive to have landed her. He's always going to sit around and adore her and her children. . . . And at the thought of children, at the thought of a little boy who looked like Dick, her eyelids smarted.

"Cut it out," she said to herself fiercely. "You've kept him from knowing how you felt all these months when you wanted him to know. Now, when you don't want him to know, you aren't going to give the show away, are you?"

Cartwright, Jeweler.

Mr. Cartwright came forward to greet them. He knew Dr. Brainard. "How do you do, Doctor?" he said and glanced with a slight smile and a twinkle in his eye at Phyl. "And what can I show you?"

Dick gulped. "Rings," he said.

Phyl said nothing. She knew what Mr. Cartwright was thinking and she thought, with a defiant lift of her chin, let him think it; it's all the fun I'll get out of this.

"Oh, yes, rings. Certainly. Step this way, won't you?" He took them to his private office and pulled up a chair for her. "I'll bring them in here."

Waiting, Dick paced up and down. He lighted a cigarette, ground it out, opened and shut the door. "He takes a heck of a long time to bring in a few rings."

"What's the hurry?"

"I've got to meet Paula for tea."

"What about your patients?"

"Oh, tell them I'll be late. They can wait for once, can't they? Here's Cartwright coming now. It's about time."

Look the layout over carefully, Miss Curtis. I'm depending heavily upon you."

"I'll look it over."

It was set before her. The purple velvet pillow with its gleaming burden.

"You will find a very fine selection here."

Phyl bent her head of dark reddish curls over it.

Dick snapped, "Pick one, can't you? They all look alike to me."

She chose one from the tray.

"That's a very beautiful stone," said Mr. Cartwright.

Phyl said, "It's a dream. It's—it's—" Nobody noticed her mopping fiercely at her eyes with a square of cambric. She stood up and walked to the window.

"I'll take it with me," said Dick. He walked over to Phyl. "What are you crying about?" he demanded.

She wrenched her arm from his grip angrily. "Oh, nothing," she said, "only weddings and—and rings and things always made me cry."

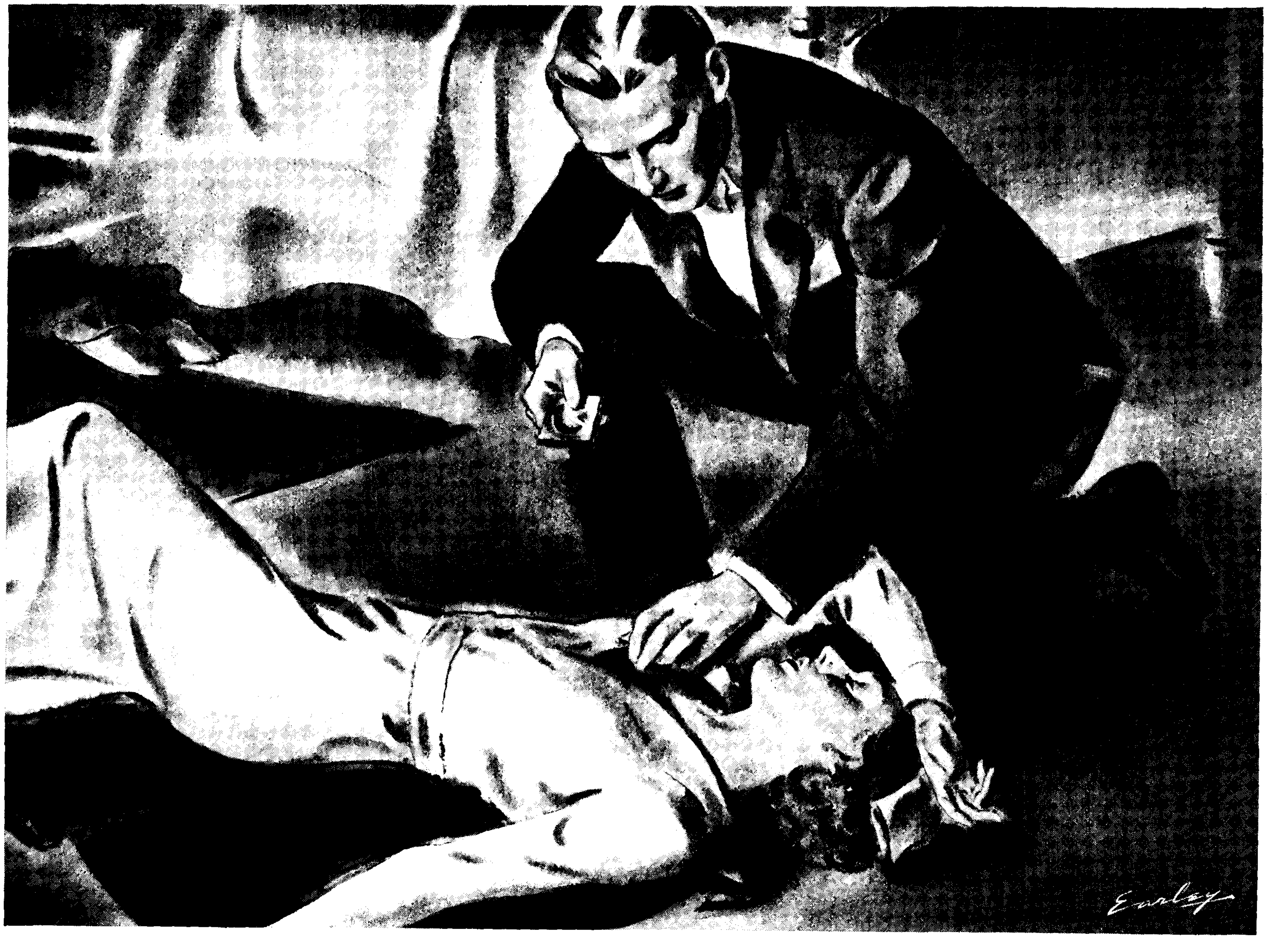
"Well, for the love of Pete!" He stared at her helplessly. "I've sure got a lot to learn about girls."

BY THE end of the week it developed that the Lucas boy had typhoid. Mrs. Oslander had pneumonia. The Anders family had ptomaine poisoning. Mrs. McCullus had fallen and sprained her back. But the Lucas boy was the worst. "I've got to go over there tonight," said Dick. He said it to Phyl, who was perched on the edge of the desk.

"How can you?" Phyllis demanded.

(Continued on page 65)

Dr. Brainard knelt beside her. He said, "Look at this, will you?" and lifted out a twisted picture



When the Public needs a Friend

"A contribution to the public for the benefit of posterity." That's Senator Robert F. Wagner's definition of success. He has built a brilliant career upon a steady refusal to subordinate that ideal to political expediency. Now, with many of his cherished plans translated into national policies, he is still in the forefront of the fight, battling for the public good

By Owen P. White

Photograph by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

MARCH 25, 1911, was a dull day in the world of news. The late William G. Shepherd, then a reporter for the United Press, concluded shortly after noon that he would leave the office in search of amusement.

He went home, got his camera and started out to shoot a few pictures. At Washington Square he noticed people running toward a cross street and, being a reporter, he ran after them. At the corner he stopped and looked up. Through the smoke that was pouring from the windows of the seventh floor of a red brick building he could see that those windows were crowded with girls, and then, with their dresses in flames, they began to jump.

They came down like blazing torches. One, two, three, four, five—Bill counted ten of them, broken, shattered, smoking wrecks on the pavement and then he rushed for a telephone.

Up in his office at the United Press Roy Howard was sitting at his desk, eating lead pencils and waiting for a story. He got one. It stunned him. At his end of the wire Bill Shepherd didn't yet know what building was on fire, or what kind of industry it housed, but, "The department hasn't gotten here yet," he shouted almost incoherently. "Those girls are trapped in there. Hundreds of them. They're jumping from the windows and—"

Roy Howard rushed into the news room and yelled "Flash!" Instantly every sending key stopped; Howard barked out his message; the keys clicked again, and in another second the world had its first word of the fire in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory.

It was an appalling disaster. Overwhelmingly appalling in that it was inexcusable. Because—for the sake of a breath of fresh air—the girls would sometimes step through the iron doors that led to the interior fire-escapes, these doors were kept locked!

Bill Shepherd was right: the girls were doomed; 148 of them perished, and two days later, white with rage at the horror of the thing, Robert F. Wagner arose in the State Senate at Albany and offered a resolution creating a commission for the investigation of factory conditions in New York.

Wagner's rage was not an emotion of the moment. On the contrary, as chairman of the commission the more he saw of the inside of factories and the more he learned about the inside life of factory employees the madder he got. Two other people shared his rage. One of these was Miss Frances Perkins, who had not only been an eyewitness to the disaster that led to the creation of the commission but later on became the commission's secretary. The other was a young Democratic assemblyman, then unknown to fame outside of the Tammany Wigwam, by the name of Alfred E. Smith.

To arouse three such people, especially when their leader was the pugnacious Bob Wagner, meant that something drastic was bound to happen. And a great deal did happen. Before this trio was through with the job of erecting a legislative monument to the memory of the girls who had died in the Triangle fire they had secured the passage of fifty-six bills covering everything from fresh air and sunshine to safety appliances and shorter working hours. And then, as a keystone to the structure, along came Senator Wagner with a fifty-seventh measure calling for compulsory workmen's compensation.

Industry now began to squirm visibly. Would this man never quit? Had he made up his mind to bankrupt every manufacturer in the state? Already he and the ubiquitous Perkins girl and that disagreeable young fellow Al Smith, who had been in the Assembly for two years before Wagner got to Albany and had never once opened his mouth in all that time except to vote, had made the factory owners spend millions and millions of dollars to rebuild and humanize their establishments, and now look at this. Without due process of law Bob Wagner was out to confiscate the balance of their accumulated wealth by forcing them to pay for the cripples they created.

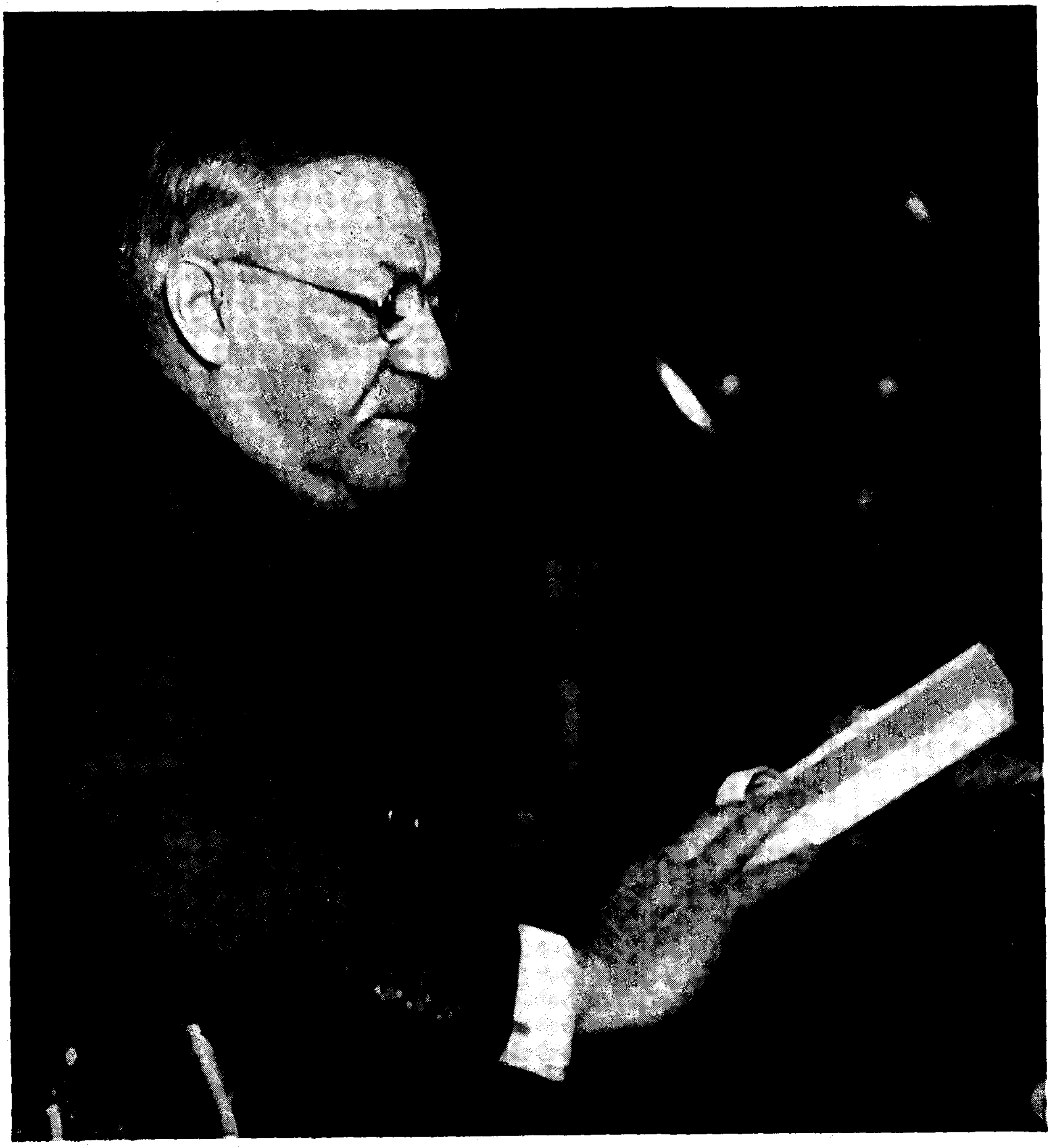
A Stimulating Investigation

That was the wail put forward by the suffering millionaires, and so earnestly did they plead their case that a tearfully sympathetic Supreme Court came to their rescue by declaring the Wagner proposal unconstitutional. But, when he heard of it, did that decision soften Bob Wagner's heart any? Hardly. "Is that so?" was all he said. "Well, it isn't my law that's wrong, it's the Constitution, and I'll soon fix that."

At the next election he did fix it; with an amendment, and immediately thereafter, in 1913, his compulsory workmen's compensation act, the first measure of its kind to be adopted by any of the states, became a law of New York, while he himself suddenly became a man at whose career everybody wanted to take a look. It was a stimulating investigation.

On Christmas Day, 1886, just twenty-seven years before he became the author of one of the most advanced pieces of legislation ever enacted in the United States, Bob Wagner, a German emigrant, eight years old, unable to speak a word of English, and the son of a day laborer, had been disgorged from the steerage of an Atlantic liner and taken

(Continued on page 59)

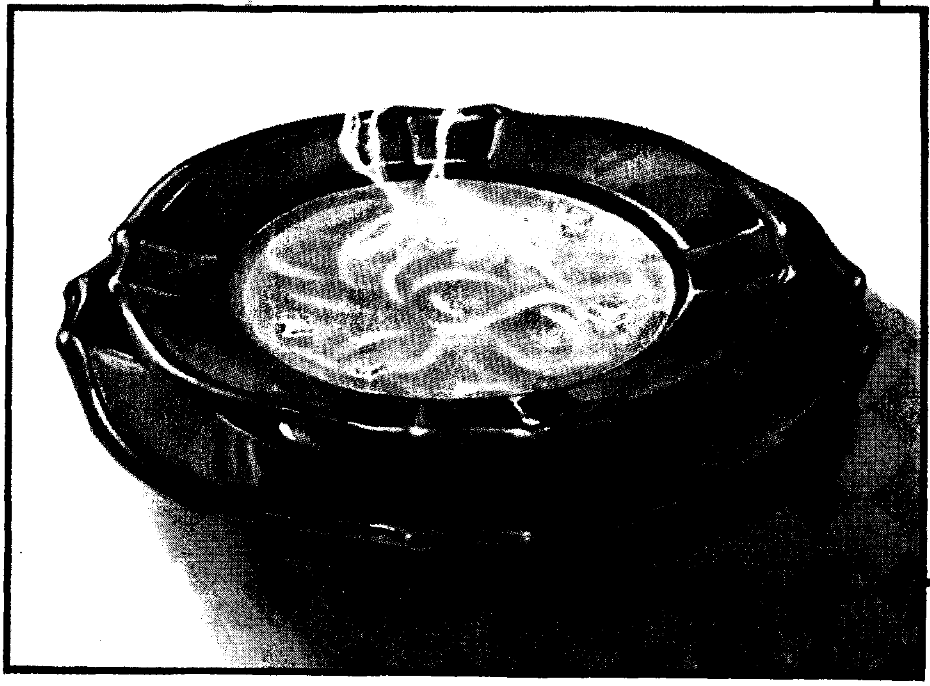


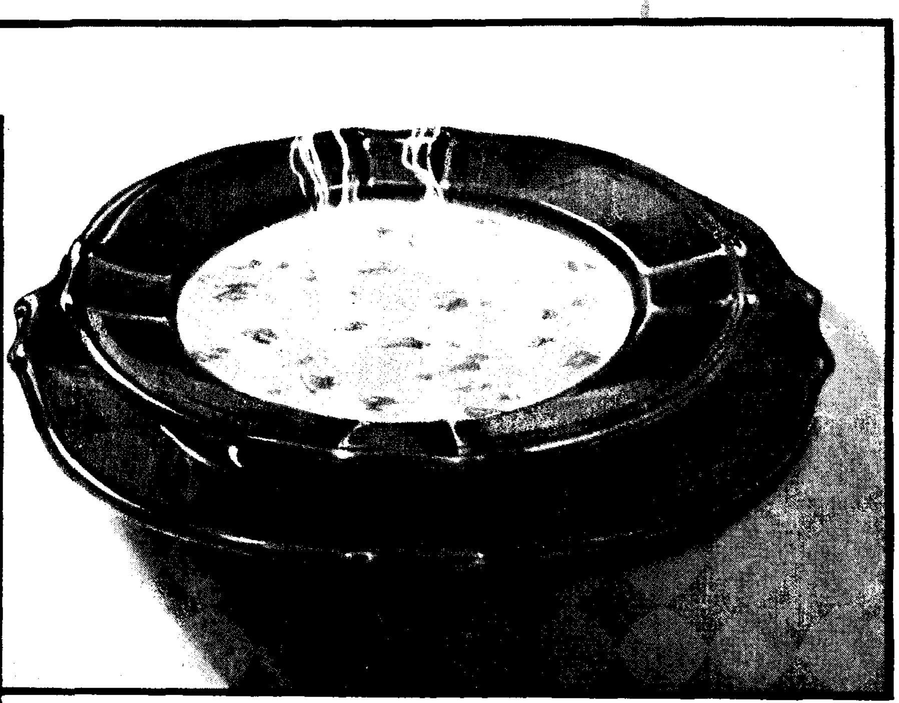
Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, champion of labor, who at 57 has reached the heights to which he aspired when he was fifteen

Have you tasted the

2 NEW CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Tremendous favorites already



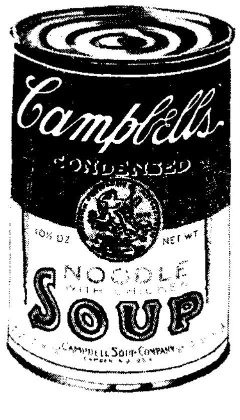


CREAM OF MUSHROOM

containing sweet double-thick cream

NOODLE WITH CHICKEN SOUP

hearty egg noodles.... rich chicken broth.... tender chicken meat



Noodle Soup — as great soup chefs make it! Here is an old favorite — glorified — improved beyond measure — better than you have ever before tasted it.

Campbell's Noodle Soup — a new creation — will be a revelation of goodness to your appetite. Already thousands of families are praising its remarkable chicken richness — its taste appeal — its hunger satisfying quality.

Here is Noodle Soup lifted to a new high in deliciousness.

The finest egg noodles, right in size and substantial in quantity, in full-bodied, flavory chicken broth that makes your appetite sing. Tender morsels of chicken are the tempting garnish.

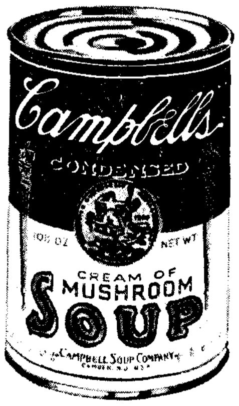
The price — the same as other Campbell's Soups!

Supreme luxury in soup! The most renowned soup chefs in the world — Campbell's — send it to your table in the Cream of Mushroom now available at your grocer's.

Only mushrooms of choicest quality are used — whole, fresh, cultivated mushrooms delivered daily to Campbell's kitchens. Rich, flavorful purée of mushroom is blended with sweet, fresh cream — 40 per cent butter-fat — cream so thick it will hardly pour. Tender tidbits of mushroom are the liberal garnish.

The cream in Campbell's Mushroom Soup is double-thick so that when an equal quantity of water is added in your kitchen, just the right, rich, creamy mushroom goodness is obtained.

The price — the same as other Campbell's Soups!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA

NEW

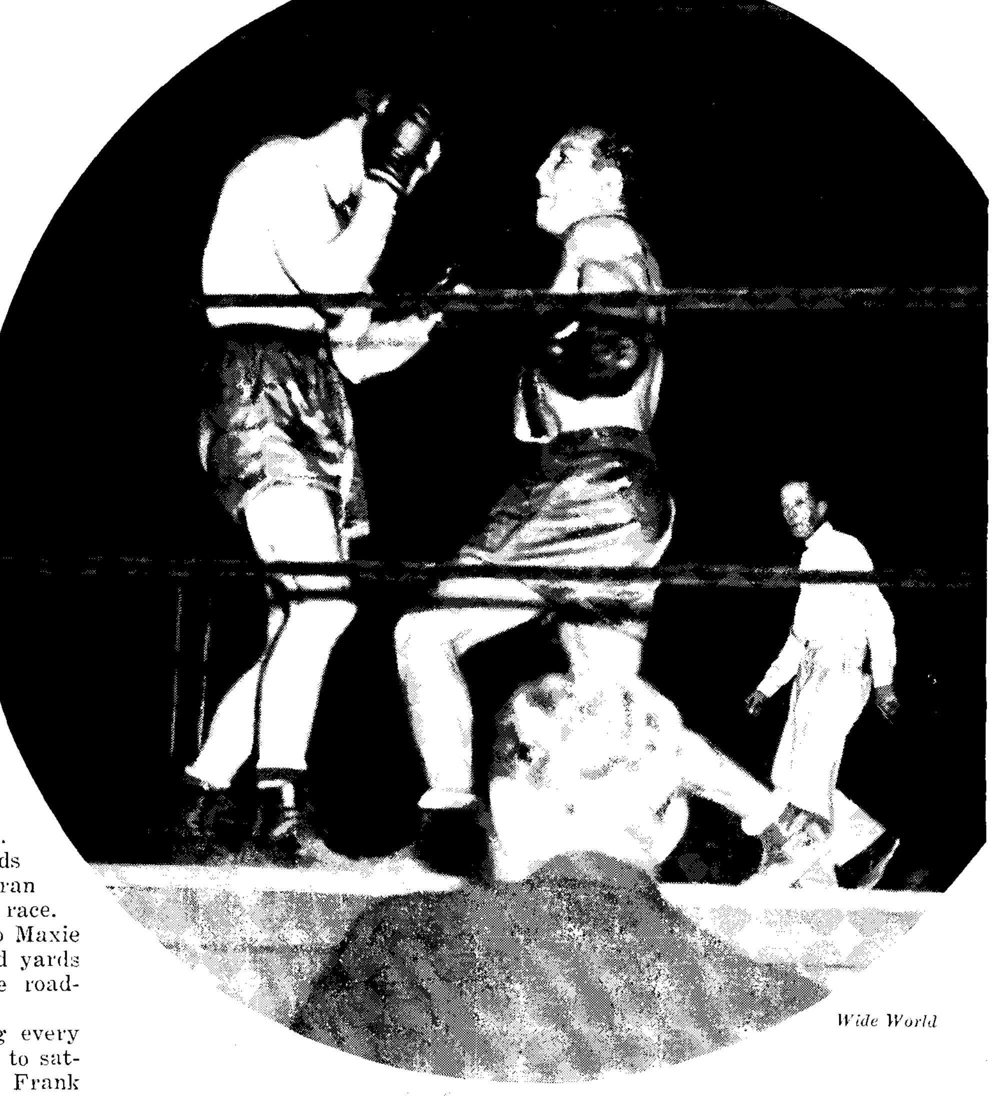
They're at your grocer's

TODAY

Sing, Champ, Sing

Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom is a man with a title. Light-heavyweight champion of the world, to be exact. He doesn't like to train—except in night clubs. He has no attack, they say, and his defense is a joke. But he has the title—and he's keeping it. Meanwhile he sings

By Quentin Reynolds


Wide World

Keystone

Joe Knight and Maxie Rosenbloom, in their fight last February which ended in a draw. And (left) a close-up of the light-heavyweight king

IT WAS one of those rare nights in Florida when the natives were embarrassed by the fall of a very heavy dew. This dew was falling so hard that even the natives stayed at home and the Embassy Club was practically deserted. The Embassy Club is a place where natives and visitors go to dance, dine and listen to the clowning of two very clever and talented young men named Chick Endor and Charles Farrell.

Now these two young men who write songs and sing them with equal facility are billed as Society's Favorite Entertainers and I guess they are because it is impossible to go to a tea, cocktail party or clam-bake in Florida during the season without falling over them. This night, however, they were in very unsociety-like company indeed. In fact they were sitting at a table with a big guy who was saying, "Didja ever hear me do Richman?"

"We can hear it again," Endor said resignedly.

"Just once," Farrell added.

So the big guy sang that song called Smoke Gets in Your Eyes and he gave it that Harry Richman touch, all right.

"I can do any imitations at all," the big guy said modestly. "Just ask me. What do you want?"

"Do Endor," Farrell suggested.

"Do Farrell," Endor put in.

"I will do them both," the big guy said. "And I will do them better than you two mugs could do them."

Then he sang a song called You've Got to be in Love with the Landlady's Daughter if You Want to Get that Second Piece of Pie. He sang it well, too, and even a couple of the waiters so far forgot themselves as to applaud with the customers.

"I got to go now, boys," the big guy said. "Why, it's two o'clock."

"Time you got to bed, big boy," Endor said.

"Bed?" the big guy exploded indignantly. "I've got to catch a couple of other places before I go to bed. When you're the champion you can't spend all your time in one place."

The Exception to All the Rules

Then he paid his check and went out into the heavy dew. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is your light-heavyweight champion of the world, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, king of the night clubs, imitator of singers and dancers, clown of the ring and veteran of 200 fights. He's the world's worst fighter —yet no one can lick him. He has no attack worthy of the name, yet he has hit the world's cleverest boxers without any trouble at all. His defense is a joke —but the greatest punchers in the business have been unable to find his jaw. His style is strictly unorthodox and he's an awfully dull man to watch in action. Dull? Say, when he fights at the Garden they have to pay the ushers double to come into the place. And he doesn't like to train for his fights.

The greatest amount of training he ever did was for his fight with Joe Knight last February. Maxie went to the track every afternoon and parked himself at a table in the clubhouse behind a racing form sheet and a big bottle of soda water (reports to the contrary, Maxie doesn't drink anything stronger than soda water). Before each race he'd run down to the mutuel windows behind the grandstand, make his bet, then hurry back to his table. He had to cover a hundred yards each way, which meant that he ran two hundred yards for every race. There were seven races a day so Maxie covered in all fourteen hundred yards each afternoon—and that's the roadwork he did.

He had to do a little boxing every morning for the news reels and to satisfy his long-suffering manager, Frank Bachmann. Bachmann knew that Joe Knight was a pretty good fighter and he knew that Max would need more than a haircut and a shave to lick him. He imported a light heavyweight named George Nichols to box with Max and when Rosie heard of it he was furious.

"This Nichols is a very tough guy," he stormed. "I've been ducking him for years. Now I not only have to box him every day but I've got to pay him fifty bucks a day besides. Sometimes I think my manager is crazy."

Fights That Hurt Nobody

Despite himself Maxie got into shape and he had to be in shape to get a draw with Knight, who is a pretty fair fellow with his dukes. Maxie got a draw and $15,000 and after the fight he went out and danced all night.

In all Max has had about 200 fights and he's only been knocked out once. Tommy Milligan did that in England and there is strong presumptive evidence supporting Max's claim that the knockout blow was a foul.

They call Max the clown of the ring but real champions have been rolling off his knife for years. World's champions are just so much cream in Max's coffee and among those he has met with no disaster to anyone but the cash customers are Tiger Flowers (three times); Jack Delaney and Johnny Wilson (twice); Pete Latzo, Harry Greb, Jimmy Slattery, Ted Kid Lewis and Mickey Walker.

It was only last winter that he fought Walker. Bachmann ordered fifty tickets to that fight for his friends. The day before the battle Maxie was in the ticket office and an inexperienced cashier said, "Max, give these fifty tickets to Bachmann, will you?"

"Will I?" Max grabbed them and was off.

A few hours later Bachmann came in for his tickets, and found out what had happened. He groaned, for he knew he'd have to pay eleven dollars for each of those pasteboards, and he knew there was very little chance of ever salvaging any of them from Max.

He hurried to the nearest night club to find that Max had been there and gone. "But," a beaming head waiter said, "Max sold me a ticket for the fight for a dollar and a half. An eleven-dollar ticket, too."

Bachmann shuddered and hit the next night club. It was easy to follow Max's route. He had left a paper trail of tickets behind him. Finally Bachmann caught up with him just as he was letting the last pair of tickets go for three dollars. Max roared with laughter.

"You're a great manager, Frank," he said. "Yes, sir, that's what a manager is for—to take care of his fighter and to give him a few tickets now and then."

Max has made a lot of money in the ring but he's left it all in night clubs, automobile agencies and on craps tables. He loves to shoot craps and is still convinced that he can lick those ivories. But he has a good time, and he never has any regrets.

Max is something created by Ring Lardner. He's as irresponsible and as unstable as a leaf in a hurricane but he can beat men who can really box. In the ring he's as fast as a hornet and the hardest punches don't bother him. He hasn't knocked out a dozen men in his career, yet heavyweights are afraid to meet him. He's aged in the cauliflower and he's king of his division.

Yet his biggest moment came last winter when he was given a short engagement as a night-club master of ceremonies. He was a hit, too, and when it was over he confided to friends that he was thinking of giving up boxing and going in for stage work altogether.

"I'll knock 'em dead on the stage," he said, "just like I do in the ring."

I didn't ask Max whom he'd ever knocked dead in the ring, because it would be a pity to ask for veracity in a clown. You only want entertainment, and goodness knows there's little enough of that in the ring these days. And then you feel vaguely sorry for this harlequin of the ring. You feel that ten years from now he'll be through, broke, bewildered—another derelict wrecked on the rocks of his own generosity and irresponsibility. And the Good Time Charleys who flock around him now and who look the other way when the check comes will still be looking the other way when Maxie is no longer a man with a title.

"IT CAN TAKE THE BEATING OIL GETS IN TODAY'S MOTORS"

Mobiloil's made to take that extra punishment

Spare the Oil in a Modern Car and it's Easy to Spoil the Engine

MAYBE YOU'RE LIKE this young car owner. Oil was oil to him—till he got to talking to a Mobiloil service man. Then he learned about oil—and motors too.

For here's the thing. Your modern, high-speed motor is a different kind of engine than the one you rode behind five or six years ago.

Engineers have speeded it up. It operates at higher temperatures. It's "tighter"—parts fit much more closely, with far thinner clearance space for oil than in old-type motors.

Naturally, in these precision-built engines, weaknesses in oils show up fast. Poor oils thin out dangerously under the extreme heat. Some can't stand up when they're squeezed between parts that fit as tightly as they do now.

And right there is the reason more people buy Mobiloil these days. They've found, from experience, that their cars run better on Mobiloil. What actually happens is that Mobiloil stays tough even in the thinnest film. And Mobiloil stands up when subjected to high heat.

Try Mobiloil—it's sold wherever you see the famous Gargoyle sign. And the men who sell it have a simple chart that guarantees that you get exactly the right grade for your car.

If you buy at stations with the sign of the Flying Red Horse—you can also get Mobilgas. It's the quality mate of Mobiloil. Try both.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM
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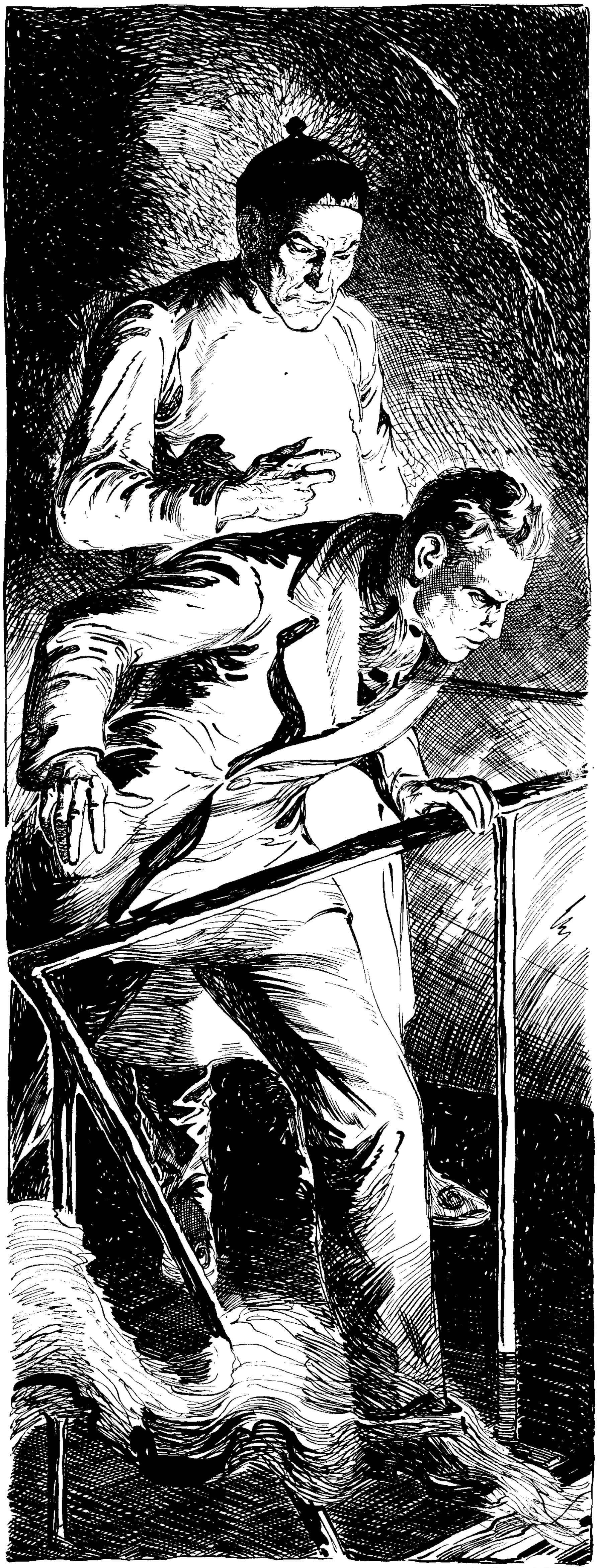
AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE . . . MOBILGAS

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Sterling looked down upon a scene reminding him of Dante's Inferno

The Story Thus Far:

DR. FU MANCHU, criminal of criminals, kidnaps young Alan Sterling's fiancée, Fleurette Petrie, in France, and brings her to London. And Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's premier detective, goes on the monster's trail.

Attacked by Oriental killers (obviously in Fu Manchu's employ), Sir Denis learns that one of them had been a waiter at Sam Pak's, a notorious resort. That night he and Sterling, both disguised as sailors, leave his home (where Sir Denis' butler, Fey, remains), and go to Sam Pak's. In the shadows near by are Chief Inspector Gallaho and a large detail of police. They wait breathlessly. Half an hour passes. A woman—Oriental, gloriously beautiful—emerges, steps into a waiting car, speeds away. She is followed by a police car. In it are Sir Denis, Sterling and Gallaho. As they whip through the night— "That," Sir Denis exclaims, "is Fah Lo Suee—Fu Manchu's daughter. She will lead us to the doctor—*if we don't lose her!*"

They do not lose her. At a night club she is (to Sir Denis' amazement) joined by one of England's greatest bankers—Sir Bertram Morgan, who addresses her as "Madame Ingomar." Fascinated by her beauty, he listens incredulously as, en route to her home in his car, she calmly informs him that her father, the "Marquis Chang Hu," has solved the age-old problem of *transmuting base metals into gold!* Arrived at her home in the outskirts of London, Sir Bertram meets the Oriental, who promptly shows him an ingot of pure gold—the product, he claims, of his startling experiment. . . . Meanwhile, Sir Denis, Gallaho and Sterling have followed Sir Bertram's car. Now, separating in the darkness, they examine the house. And Sterling finds Fleurette! Under the evil influence of her captor, she apparently hates the man she has promised to marry—says so emphatically. Then, seizing a sheet of paper, she scribbles: "I can write my *real* thoughts; I cannot speak them. *Save me, darling!*"

Sterling promptly picks her up, turns toward a near-by window. . . . But the quarry escapes. And, to Sir Denis' horror, he can find no trace of Fleurette or Sterling. Hours later, back at his home explaining the episode to Sir Bertram, he is interrupted. Fey enters the room, hands Sir Denis a small feathered dart. "Someone shot that at me," he exclaims. Sir Denis examines the point of the missile. Then— "The cornered rat is showing his teeth—his ugly, *poisoned* teeth!"

VI

ALAN STERLING looked around the cellar in which he lay.

It was brick-paved; its roof was formed by half an arch. There was a very stout-looking door in the corner opposite that in which he found himself. An unshaded electric bulb hung from the roof. He could trace the wires down the sloping brickwork to a roughly hollowed gap through which they disappeared.

There was no furniture of any kind in the cellar, but the place was singularly hot, and it seemed to be filled with a ceaseless buzzing which, however, presently he identified with his own skull. He had an agonizing headache. Raising his hand, he found a great lump immediately above his left ear.

The first idea which flashed through his bemused mind was a message of thanksgiving. He must have had a very narrow escape from death. Then came memories—chaotic, torturing.

He had had Fleurette in his arms; then, something had happened.

What had happened?

It was beyond him. He could recall nothing but the fact that she had screamed unnaturally, that he had struggled with her. Then there was a gap, and now . . . where was this place in which he found himself? Where had he been when he had struggled with Fleurette?

He clutched his throbbing skull, trying to force thought. Memories began to return to him in fragments; then, as a complete story.

He tried to stand up. The effort was too much for his strength. He dropped back again upon the pavement. He had had a devil of a whack! Gingerly he touched the swelling on his skull, leaning back against the wall and still trying to think.

Fleurette was alive—thank God for that! But in some way she had changed toward him. He was not quite clear about it. But for this he must be thankful: that she, whom he had thought dead, was alive. The minor difficulty, no doubt, would resolve itself.

Nayland Smith! Of course! He had been with Nayland Smith! . . . And Gallaho? What had become of Gallaho?

Above all—where was he? Where was this strange, unfurnished cellar? He made another attempt to stand up; but it was not entirely successful. He was anxious to find out if that heavy door was locked or bolted. But the journey, one of four paces, was too much for him.

HE SANK down onto the floor again, leaning back against the wall. The throbbing in his head was all but unendurable, and the heat was stifling—perhaps, like the buzzing, it was due to internal conditions.

A muted roaring sound, separate now from that buzzing which he knew to belong to his injured skull, became apparent to Sterling. It was somewhere beneath his feet. It was uncanny. When first he accepted the reality of its existence, he was dismayed; for what could it be? From where could it come?

He was about to make a third attempt to stand up, when the heavy door opened.

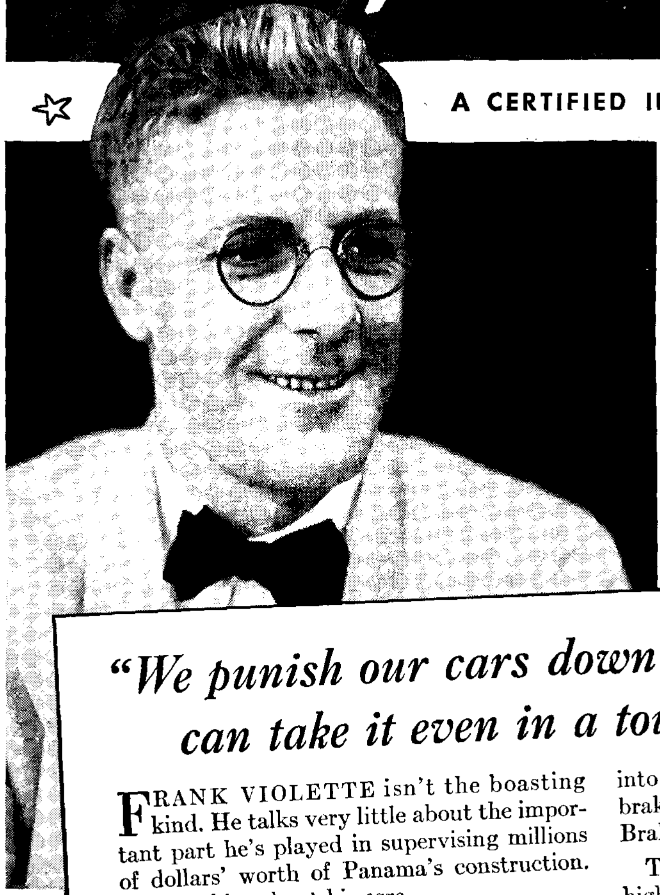
A very tall, gaunt man stood in the opening, looking at him. He wore a long, white linen coat, linen trousers, and white rubber-soled shoes. The coat, tunic fashion, was buttoned to his neck—a lean, sinewy neck supporting a head which might have been that of Dante.

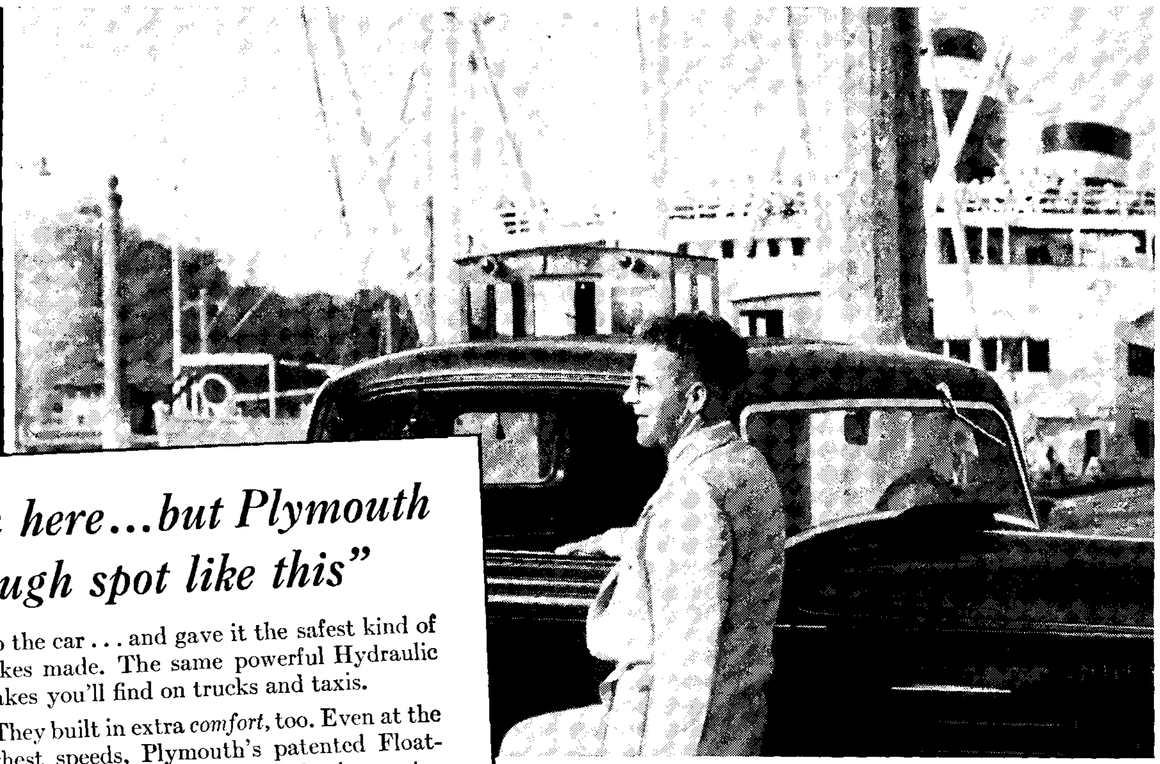
The brow was even finer than the traditional portraits of Shakespeare, crowned with scanty, neutral-colored hair. The face of the white-clad man was a wonderful face, and might once have been beautiful. It was that of a man of indeterminable age, heavily lined, but lighted by a pair of such long, narrow, brilliant green eyes that one's thoughts flashed to Satan—Lucifer, Son of the Morning: an angel, but a fallen angel. His slender hands, with long, polished nails, were clasped before him. Although no trace of expression crossed that extraordinary face, perhaps a close observer watching the green eyes might have said that the man motionless in the doorway was surprised.

Alan Sterling succeeded in his third

"Building a Canal—or Buying a Car—*Good Engineering* Counts"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH FRANK VIOLETTE, PANAMA CANAL ZONE ENGINEER





1. "We depend on steel for safety in the Canal and in our buildings. So I knew that, in a car, a Safety-Steel Body—steel reinforced with steel—would be the very strongest."

"We punish our cars down here...but Plymouth can take it even in a tough spot like this"

FRANK VIOLETTE isn't the boasting kind. He talks very little about the important part he's played in supervising millions of dollars' worth of Panama's construction. But ask him about his *cars* . . .

"In the Canal Zone, our everyday driving soon proves how well a car can take punishment. And I've found that of all the low-priced cars, Plymouth stands up the best."

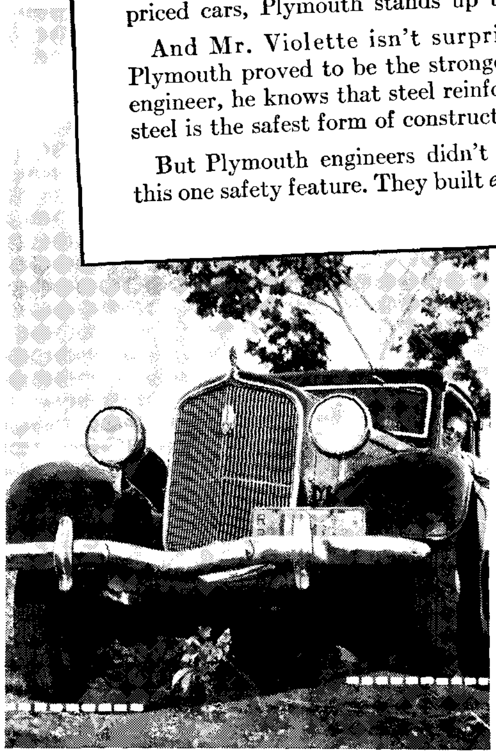
And Mr. Violette isn't surprised that Plymouth proved to be the strongest. As an engineer, he knows that steel reinforced with steel is the safest form of construction.

But Plymouth engineers didn't stop with this one safety feature. They built *extra* safety into the car . . . and gave it the safest kind of brakes made. The same powerful Hydraulic Brakes you'll find on trucks and taxis.

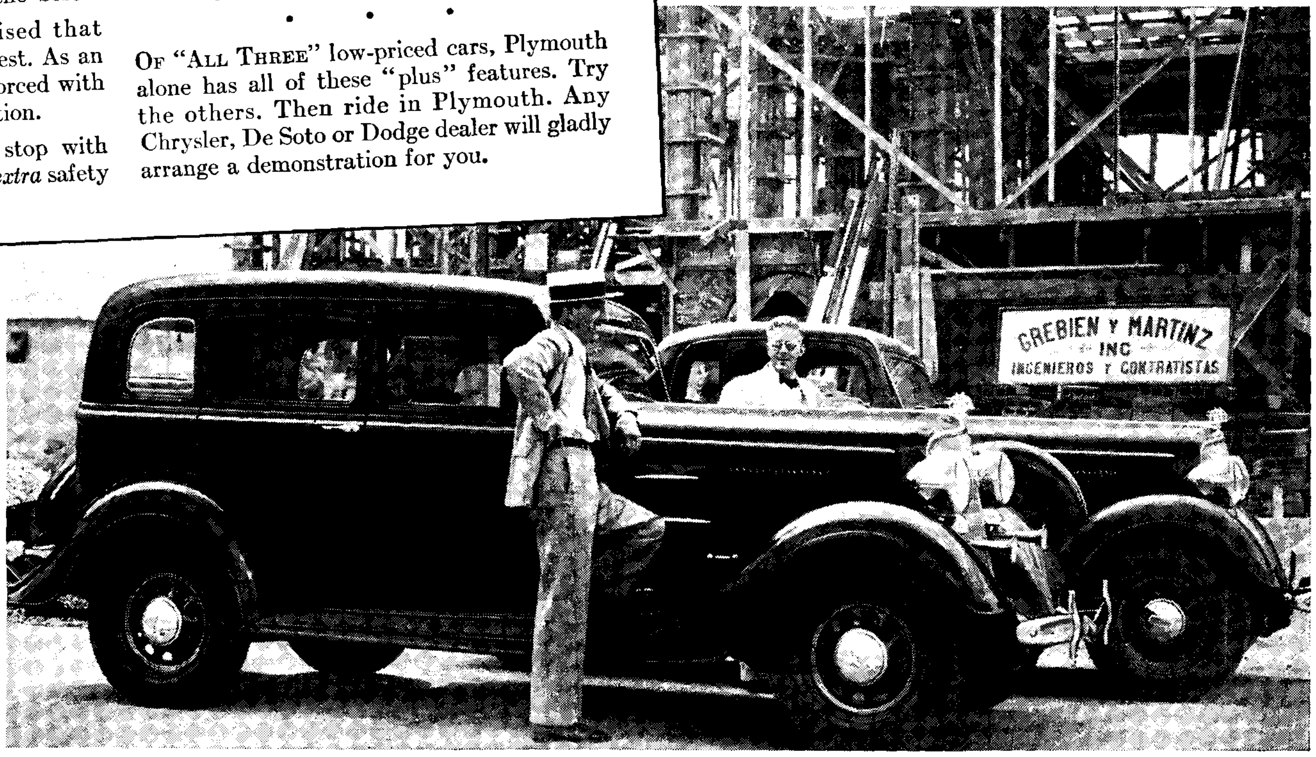
They built in extra *comfort*, too. Even at the highest speeds, Plymouth's patented Floating Power engine mountings deaden motor vibration. Even on the ruttiest roads its Individual Wheel Springing carries you along smoothly—free from jars and jolts.

• • •

OF "ALL THREE" low-priced cars, Plymouth alone has all of these "plus" features. Try the others. Then ride in Plymouth. Any Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration for you.



2. "Our 'washboard' roads weren't built for comfort. But Plymouth's Individual Springing certainly levels off the bumps and ruts."



3. Mr. Violette and Mr. Martinz, President of the construction company with which Mr. Violette is associated. Plymouth prices begin at $530 at the factory. Time payments to fit your budget. Just ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

NEW PLYMOUTH $530 AND UP AT THE FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

attempt to stand up. He was very unsteady, but by carefully supporting himself against the wall with his left hand, he succeeded in remaining upright.

So standing, he faced Dr. Fu Manchu.

"The fact that you are alive"—the words came sibilantly from thin lips which scarcely seemed to move—"surprises me."

Sterling stared at the speaker. Every instinct in his mind, his body, his soul, prompted: "Kill him! Kill him!" But Sterling knew something of Dr. Fu Manchu and he knew that he must temporize.

"I am surprised, too," he said.

His voice shook, and he hated his weakness.

The green eyes watched him hypnotically. Sterling, leaning against the wall, wrenched his gaze away.

"It is not my custom," the harsh voice continued, "to employ coarse methods. You were, to put it bluntly, bludgeoned in Rowan House. Your constitution, Alan Sterling, must resemble that of a weasel. I had intended to incinerate your body. I am not displeased to find that life survives."

"Nor am I," said Sterling, calculating his chances of a swift spring, and a blow over the heart of this Chinese fiend whom he knew to be of incalculable age; then a hook to that angular jaw—and a way to freedom would be open.

WITH the instinct of a boxer he had been watching the green eyes while these thoughts had flashed through his mind, and now:

"You could not strike me over the heart," said Dr. Fu Manchu. "I am trained in more subtle arts than the crudities of boxing have ever appreciated. As for your second blow, aimed, I believe, at my jaw, this would not occur—you would be disabled."

For a moment, a long moment, Alan Sterling hesitated; in fact, until the uncanny quality of these words had penetrated to his brain. Then he realized, as others had realized before him, that Dr. Fu Manchu had been reading his thoughts.

Sterling stood quite still; he was recovering from the effects of the assault which had terminated his memories of Rowan House, and now was capable of standing unsupported.

"There is a monastery in Tibet," the cold voice proceeded; "it is called Rachë Churân. Those who have studied under the masters of Rachë Churân have nothing to fear from Western violence. Forget your projects. Rejoice only that you live—if you value your life."

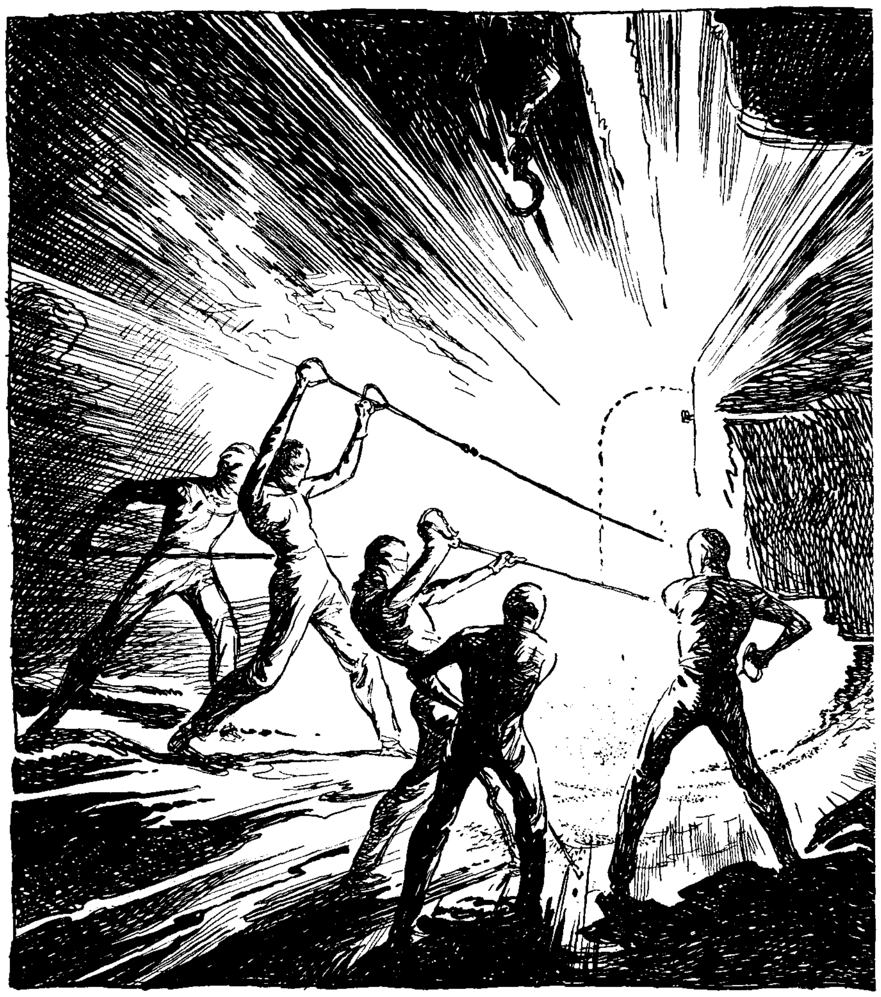
ALAN STERLING stood upon a wooden platform, clutching a rusty iron rail and looking down upon a scene which reminded him of nothing so much as an illustration of Dante's Inferno.

Dim figures, inhuman, strangely muffled like animated Egyptian mummies, moved far below. Sometimes they were revealed when the door of some kind of furnace was opened, to disappear again like phantom forms of a nightmare when the door was closed. A stifling heat rose from the pit.

"The simile of a mummy has occurred to you," said the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu out of the darkness, that strange voice which stressed gutturals and lent to sibilants a quality rarely heard in the voice of an English speaker. "You are ignorant of Ancient Egyptian ritual, or other images would occur to you. In point of fact, these workers are protected against the poisonous fumes generated at certain points in the experiment now taking place below. These gases do not reach us here. They are consumed by a simple process and dispersed by means of a ventilation shaft. Pray continue to descend."

Sterling, clutching the rusty iron rail, went down more wooden steps.

To some degree he was regaining mastery of himself, but his brain failed to suggest any plan of action other than to accept the orders of the uncanny being into whose power, once again, he had fallen. Something which Nayland Smith had said, long, long ago—he was quite unable to recall when—came buzzing through his brain like a sort of refrain:



Dim figures, inhuman, strangely muffled, moved far below

"Behind a house which we have passed a hundred times, over a hill which we have looked at every morning for months together, on the roof of a building in which we have lived, beneath a pavement upon which we walk daily, there are secret things which we don't even suspect. Dr. Fu Manchu has made it his business to seek out these secret things. . . ."

Here was the theory demonstrated! He was in a trap; he hadn't the remotest idea where he was. This ghastly place might be anywhere within a fifty-mile radius of the house in Surrey. He must wait for a suitable opening; try to plan ahead.

He went on down the steps; the heat grew greater and greater. Dr. Fu Manchu followed him.

"Stop!" the harsh voice directed.

Sterling stopped.

One thing there was which gave him power to control his emotion, which gave him strength to temporize, patience to wait: Fleurette was alive!

Some wizardry of the Chinese physician had perverted her outlook. He, Sterling, had seen such cases before in households belonging to Dr. Fu Manchu. The man's knowledge was stupendous—he could play upon the strongest personality as a musician plays upon an instrument in an orchestra.

"You will presently observe something phenomenal," the high voice continued, "something which has not occurred for several centuries. The mating of the elements. At the moment of transmutation, the fumes to which I have referred escape to a certain extent from the furnace."

Sterling paused, looking down into the hot darkness.

"My facilities here are limited," Dr. Fu Manchu continued, "and I am using primitive methods. I am cut off from my once great resources—to a certain extent by the activities of your *friend*,"—he stressed the word, speaking it upon a very high note—"Sir Denis Nayland Smith. But it is possible to light a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, if your burning glass is absent or if one has no matches. The work is about to complete itself—" His voice rose to a key which Sterling had thought before indicated that Nayland Smith was right when he had declared Dr. Fu Manchu to be a brilliant madman. "Note the fires of union!"

The heat of the place as they descended nearer and nearer to the furnace was becoming almost unendurable. But now came a loud and vicious crackling, the clang of metal, and the furnace door was thrown open.

A blaze of light from the white-hot fire poured across the floor below. Mummy-like figures moved in it to approach that miniature hell, now extending instruments resembling long, narrow tongs.

From the white heat of the furnace they grabbed what looked like a ball of light, and lowered it to the floor.

The furnace doors were reclosed by two more mummy-like figures which appeared out of the shadows.

The scene became more and more fantastic. The incandescent globe was shattered. Where it had been, Sterling saw a number of objects resembling streaks of molten metal; their glow grew dim and more dim.

"This work," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "will engage your attention in the immediate future. You have grossly interfered with my plans in the past, and I might justly, and perhaps wisely, kill you. Unfortunately, I am short of labor at the moment, and you are a physically strong man—"

"You mean," asked Sterling, "that you are going to make me work down in that hell?"

"I fear it must be so—" the speaker's voice was very sibilant. "Continue to the base of the stairs."

And Sterling, descending, found himself at the bottom of the huge, black shaft. The furnace was closed—the inferno dimly lighted. Not one of the mummy-wrapped figures was to be seen. But the heat—

A tunnel sloped away on his right. Far down it, a solitary lantern appeared, as if to indicate its clammy extent—for, as he could see, this tunnel dripped with moisture and its floor was flooded in places. A grateful coolness was perceptible at the entrance to this unwholesome-looking burrow.

"You will observe," said Dr. Fu Manchu—who invariably spoke as if addressing a class of students—"that the temperature is lower here than on the stairs. We are actually a hundred and twenty feet below the surface. . . . We will return."

The authority behind Dr. Fu Manchu's orders had a quality which created awe without making for resentment. Sterling had experienced in the past this imposition of the Chinaman's gigantic will. The power of Fu Manchu's commands lay in his acceptance of the fact that they would never be questioned.

He passed the Chinaman, stepped onto the narrow stairs and, clutching the iron rail, proceeded upward.

"It may interest you to learn," came the harsh voice from behind him, "that human flesh is excellent fuel in this particular experiment. . . ."

STERLING made no reply . . . the implication was one he did not care to dwell upon. He remembered that Dr. Fu Manchu had said, "I had intended to incinerate your body."

These stairs, with their rusty handrails, seemed all but interminable. Descent had been bad enough, but this return journey, following on the spectacle below, was worse. Vague gleams from the pit fitfully lighted the darkness. From behind, Dr. Fu Manchu directed a light upon the crude wooden steps.

Sterling found himself back again in a curiously high, narrow, brick corridor which led to the vault in which he had first awakened. He had just passed a low door, deep sunken in brickwork when:

"Stop," the imperious voice directed.

There came a sound of rapping on the door—that of a bolt shot free—a faint creaking.

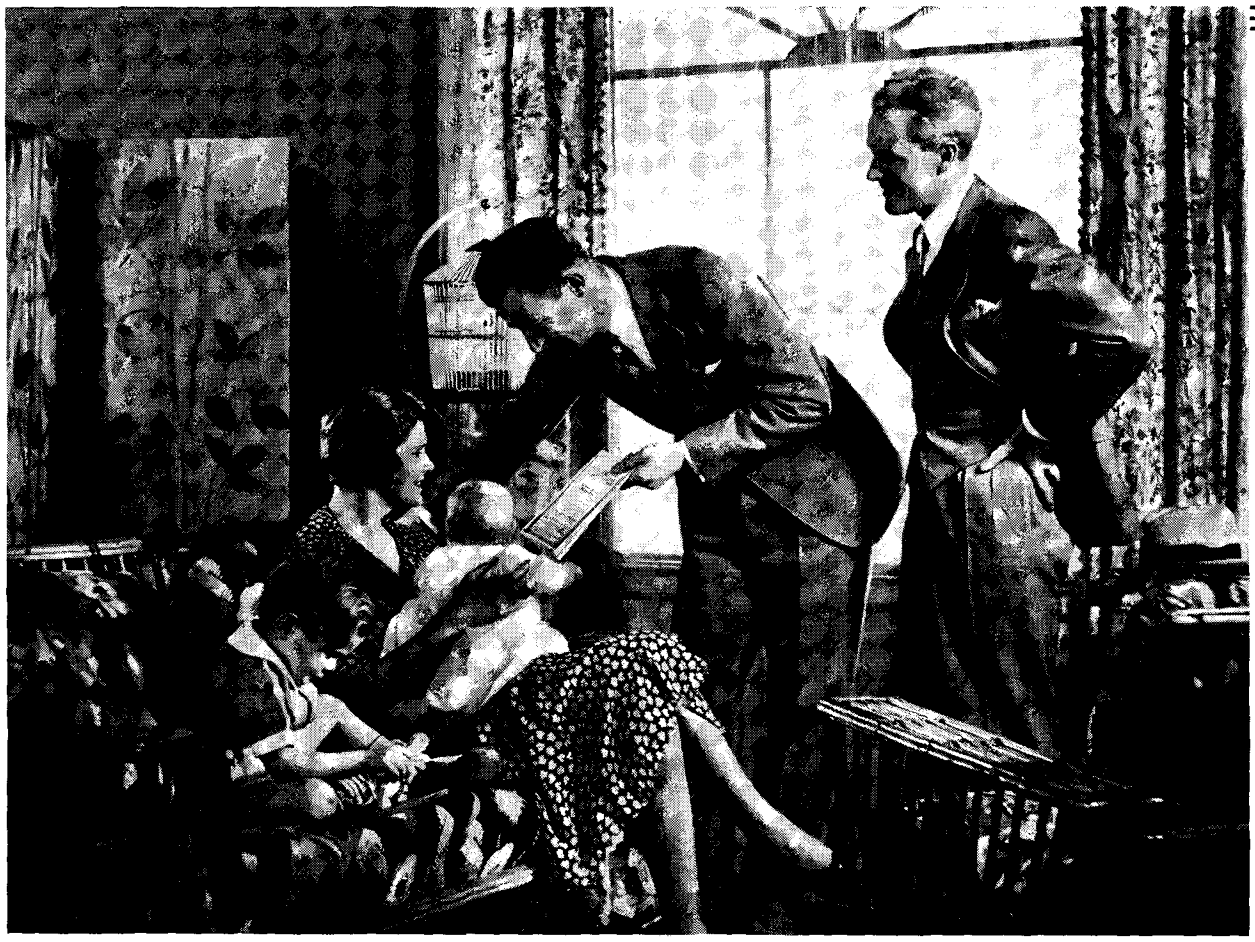
"Step back a pace, lower your head, and go in."

Sterling obeyed. He knew that the alternative was suicide. This place, he began to realize, in addition to its heat, had a vague but ghastly charnel-house odor. . . .

He went ahead along a narrow passage; someone who had opened the door stood aside to allow him to pass. He found himself in a small, square, brick chamber illuminated by one unshaded

(*Continued on page 40*)

Your wife will share your peace of mind when the family's future monthly income is arranged



A wedding anniversary present for which she will always be grateful—a life insurance policy that guarantees her future financial security.

ONE of the soundest provisions a man can make for the continuing protection and security of his family is a regular monthly income made possible by life insurance.

In many ways, such an income is more desirable than the possession of a lump sum of money. If your wife has a fixed income she will not have to worry about investing—wondering whether the principal is safe and whether the interest will be paid regularly.

She will know that on the first of every month she will receive a check for a definite amount and can make a budget which will take care of necessary expenses with something left over for personal comforts and recreation.

Build a Program of Life Insurance. It should first provide for a fixed amount for the payment of your bills—should anything happen to you—and then for monthly income checks for your wife.

Send for a Metropolitan Field-Man. He is an expert in advising about this important part of Program building. Or mail this coupon.

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Without obligation on my part, I shall be glad to have you send me information concerning the best way to provide a fixed monthly income for my wife and family.

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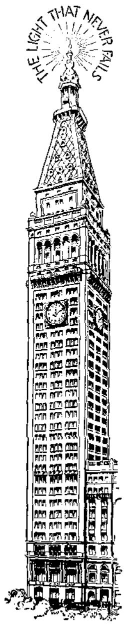
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT • • • ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Barradine Intervenes

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

Which shows that the worst thing an ambitious young policeman can do is to doubt his girl. That's what troubled Will Cosgrove—until Constable Barradine came along and demonstrated that smoke doesn't always mean fire

THE great two-story building at Larsail Cove was known as the House of Telewasu, the name of the family that built it. In front of it stood the great totem of the Dog-Salmon. Behind it the cleared land spread back to a snake fence that impudently divided it from the forest, while before it lay the cove, sheltered from Portland Inlet by a ridge of rounded rock. On the clear, placid water of the cove John Traynor's gray motor boat lay beside a narrow wooden jetty.

In the afternoon sunlight Will Cosgrove, constable of the British Columbia Provincial Police, smiled on the familiar scene as he approached it from the wagon road through the woods. He wore his best uniform, he rode the trickier of his two horses, he felt that he looked his best.

At the corral outside the kitchen door he dismounted and threw his reins. Because he knew Doris would prefer it he walked around the open side of the house to enter through the front door. Finding no one in the front room, he strode through to the kitchen. Doris was there, and her father. Beside the wide fireplace a dark, slim man with an oddly narrow face and dark eyes close together seemed to have risen abruptly from his chair.

Doris was standing with her back to the stone sink. She looked startled. John Traynor appeared to have been caught in the act of approaching the door. His lips were drawn, his pale eyes seemed frightened; a gray bristle of neglected beard and his thatch of white hair accentuated the parchment pallor of his face. The three of them stared at Will Cosgrove.

"I hope I'm not butting in," he said.

The dark stranger looked upon Traynor malignantly.

"When your queer friend has gone," he said meaningly, "I'll be glad of your hospitality."

"I swear," blurted Traynor, "that I didn't—"

"You know where to find me," said the dark man. He slammed his way out through the kitchen door. Traynor stared after him for a moment, stared at Cosgrove with pleading, desperate eyes, then abruptly followed the stranger. Cosgrove stood dumfounded.

"YOU'D better go now," said Doris Traynor.

"But what's it all about?" he cried. "I came out here—"

"Snooping!" she cried scornfully.

"But, Doris! Why should I snoop? I don't even know what you're talking about!" He gazed, bewildered, at her lovely, troubled face. She came over to him, her eyes suddenly wide and supplicating.

"Will," she pleaded softly, "please go back, now. I'll see you in the village. I'll tell you then."

"I will not go back!" he cried with defensive fury. "Doris, who is this fellow? Is this the reason you told me not to come out without letting you know?"

Her figure, seeming small as a child's beside his towering form, seemed to stiffen; her lips set enchantingly. Cosgrove sighed within himself. He had seen her in this mood before.

"You needn't shout at me," she said with dignity.

"I didn't mean to shout," he said tactfully. "All I wanted to know was who this fellow is. Why's he afraid of a policeman?"

"Of course!" she cried. "If you're going to insult my friends—"

"Oh, damn!" muttered Constable Cosgrove. Then, hastily, "But, Doris, if he's your friend—"

"Oh, don't nag me!" she cried suddenly. "All I ask you to do is to go away from here, and you stand and nag me as if I were a criminal in the dock. Can't you understand? Can't you do as I ask? Just that one little thing?"

He stared down upon her, softened, but perturbed.

"All right," he said at last. "Goodby."

He reached for her hands, bending toward her, but with a quick glance toward the kitchen door she drew away from him.

"I'll see you in the village tomorrow," she said brightly.

But she didn't. Instead Cosgrove received a note, brought in by an Indian boy.

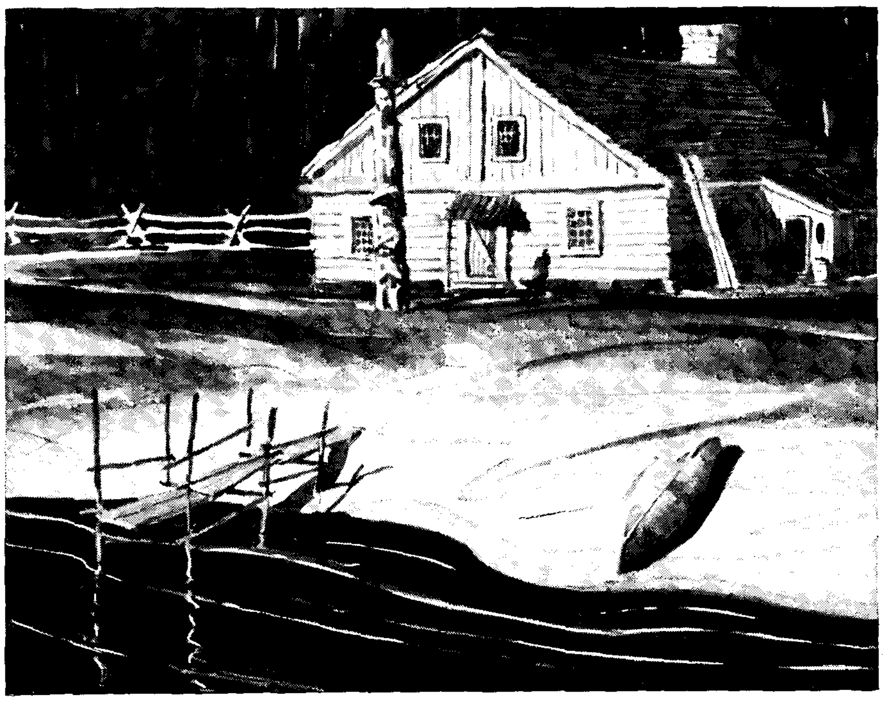
"I can't explain anything now," she had written, "but it will all work out for the best. Please keep away from the house. I'll come in and see you as soon as I possibly can."

A great rage seized Constable Cosgrove, and he paced his small office at the head of the fisheries wharf with baleful mutterings. Since, ten months before, he had been detached for duty here at Gitrhatan, he had forgotten all womankind other than the lovely but tantalizing daughter of the trader, John Traynor. To be sure, she was the only white girl in Gitrhatan—but she had encouraged him. . . . Encouraged him? It was vastly more than that! If she was not engaged, if she was not pledged to him, then engagements and pledges had no more significance in the world.

AND now this rat-faced, black-haired miscreant. . . . How had he got into the country, anyway? Who was he? She could say what she liked, he was afraid of the police! . . . And Doris did as he told her! . . . "Please keep away from the house!" . . . She couldn't talk like that to him. He mustn't let her!

But when he arrived again at the House of Telewasu he found it deserted except for the presence of an Indian crone who told him the white girl was away, her father was away. All were away. . . . John Traynor's motor boat was gone from the jetty.

Constable Cosgrove rode discontentedly and aimlessly through the forest, hopelessly hoping that he might run across her in the mossy luxuriance of the evergreens. It was dark when he returned to Gitrhatan and found to his chagrin that in his absence the mail boat had called at the wharf and gone again. He also learned that old John Traynor, whose motor boat now lay at the fisheries wharf, had taken passage with his daughter on the mail boat for an unknown destination!



"Telewasu built this house and Father took it over for a trading post when the old chief died"

He strode to his office, where, opening his mail, he found himself staring upon a rogue's gallery photograph of Doris' dark stranger.

"WANTED FOR ROBBERY WHILE ARMED," read the circular. "Randolph Shearon, confidence man and bank robber." There followed a description less vivid than Constable Cosgrove's bitter memory, and the warning, "This man is dangerous."

FOR two weeks after that Constable Cosgrove, magnificent upon one or another of his well-groomed horses, was an avenging spirit in the woodland trails around Gitrhatan. From the long, rugged shores of the Inlet to the headwaters of the Nass he rode a grim patrol, his handsome face a mask of dark intention. While John Traynor had fled the country, and the girl had fled, Randolph Shearon had not been seen departing. . . . There was a chance of finding him. . . . But when, at the end of two weeks, Cosgrove saw Doris Traynor land from the mail boat, his unrelenting

What's a little sleep compared to

A TIRE LIKE THIS..

"G-3" outran them all

Drivers Stomp Brakes of Test Cars Day and Night to Help Solve Mystery of Tread-Wear—Wider, Longer-Lasting Design Made Possible by Supertwist

THE test car drivers lost some sleep. Brakes on the test cars frazzled every 72 hours, had to be adjusted every 8 hours. But when the battle was over, everybody was happy. It proved that rapid tread-wear could be stopped—that a better tire *could* be built—and that the new "G-3" was the tire!

"G-3" was one of a number of new designs the engineers proposed to answer the mystery of fast tread-wear. All treads, all makes—even ours—were wearing too fast. The new, bullet-starting, red-light-stopping, swift-sailing automobiles were taking extra wear out of tires right when they needed to *keep their grip* more than ever before for safety on smooth highways.

Goodyear licked it. Not without a fight. It took granite grit and grinding roads, abuse, and patience to see what *would* wear out "G-3."

It's a different tire, a tire ready for the most eager car or the hardest road.

. . . granite grit, abuse and patience

Here's what you get in Goodyear's new "G-3"!

You get the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather Tread.

You get quicker-stopping and the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center.

You get the easy steering and smooth travel of wider riding-ribs.

You get the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs.

You get more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire.

—all of which adds up to *43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE at no extra cost to you!*

It's a wider-tread tire; *actually 5½% more road contact.*

It has more tread; *16% more of the tight-holding, diamond, All-Weather blocks.*

It has a firmer tread; *the blocks are nested closer! riding-ribs are 11½% wider; grooves are narrower.*

It's longer-wearing; *improved compound, as well as tread design.*

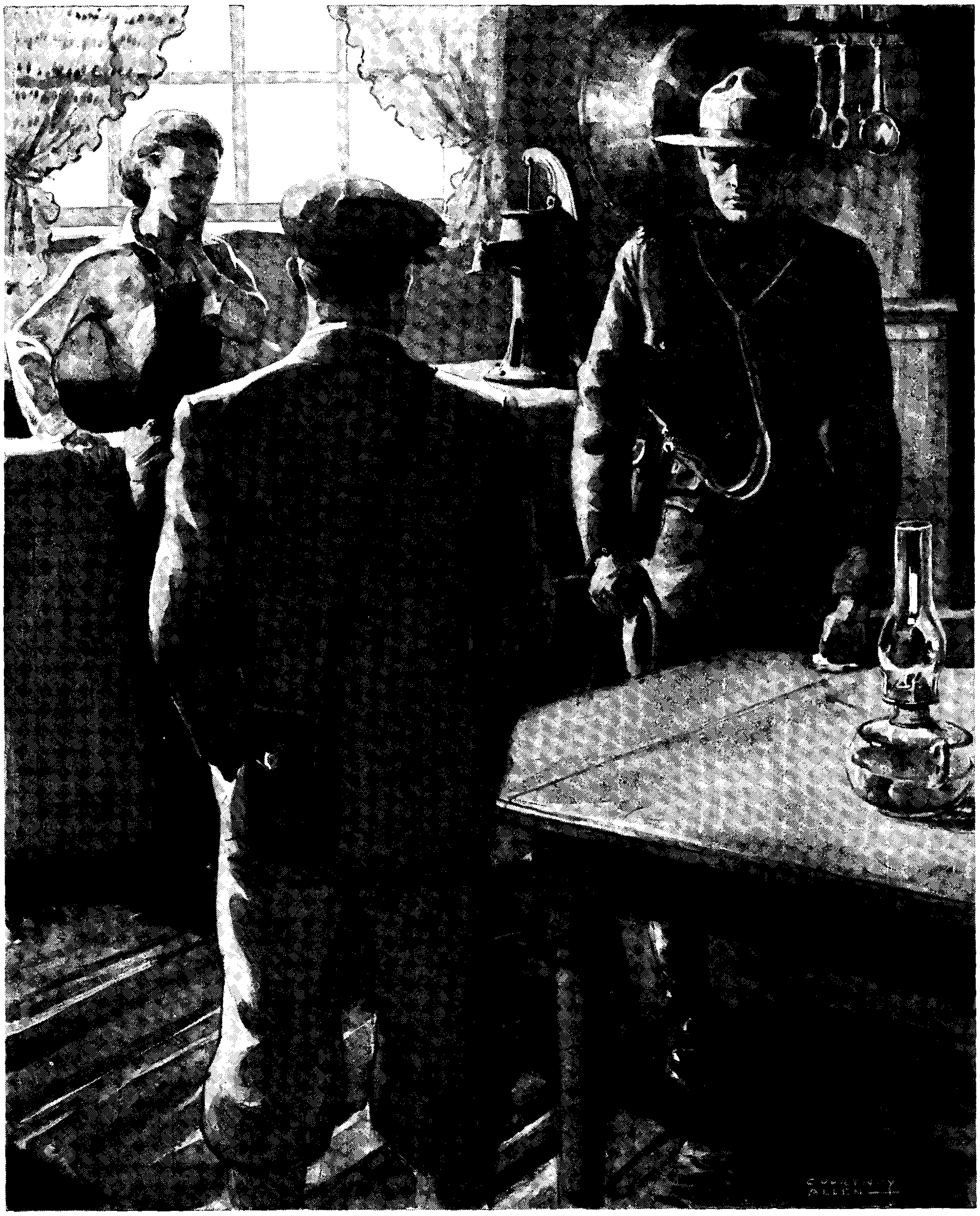
It gives 43% more non-skid mileage!

AND—this is important to remember—the wider, heavier tread was made possible by Supertwist, the patented Goodyear cord fabric, that easily accepts the additional strain put on sidewalls by the flatter, wider road contact. Only Goodyear could use such a tread—because only Goodyear can build tires with Supertwist as a carcass foundation.

See the "G-3" All-Weather at your Goodyear Dealer's. Get the prices on your size. Although it costs more to build, it costs you nothing extra to buy.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



"Now, then," he snapped. "Show your warrant or blinkin' well 'op it!" Cosgrove placed a heavy hand on the charred paper. "This is warrant enough," he declared

search of the countryside had yielded him no clue to the criminal's hideout.

"Hello, Will!" she cried, as she came off the gangplank. Then, "Why, what's the matter?" He knew that her cheerfulness was false and her voice guarded, but with her clear eyes sparkling into his again, he couldn't marshal the anger with which he wanted to reply.

"I've got to talk with you, Doris," he pleaded instead. "It's serious. I'll come out to the house with you."

Her eyes widened. She seemed to draw away.

"No!" she breathed. "You mustn't do that! You can't come out to the house, now. Not now, Will!"

"He's there!" cried Cosgrove. "You're hiding him!"

He regretted it as she became instantly alert.

"Is this some kind of game?" she asked frigidly.

"I'm talking to you as a policeman, now," he warned her. "It's serious. You're harboring a criminal."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" she cried. "If you can't speak to me without being insulting, Will Cosgrove, please don't talk to me at all!" She flung away from him and climbed into the buckboard that waited for her with an Indian boy holding the reins. Cosgrove followed her, standing beside the wheel.

"He's cheating you, Doris!" he cried despairingly. "He's wanted by the police. For God's sake turn him in!"

SHE had taken the reins from the Indian and, without seeming to see or hear him, she whipped up the horse and drove away. Her eyes were wide, staring straight forward.

Will Cosgrove stood dumb until the buckboard had turned from the wharf into the northern trail.

"I'll take him, the swine!" he cried then; but the words were inadequate to his emotions.

After that his surveillance of Doris Traynor amounted almost to persecution. Immeasurably disturbed, bewildered and fearful for her, he trailed her every movement. His constancy was bitterly rewarded one misty morning when, after having watched patiently for a long hour while Doris lingered in the store of Solomon Kweenu, he saw her emerge with old Solomon, to stow quantities of merchandise in the pack baskets carried by a pony she had been leading. He waited until she had ridden away, then he entered Kweenu's store and asserted his authority to procure a list of the things she had purchased. With a sinking heart he pondered the list and then, rallying all his determination, he flung himself astride his speediest horse and galloped madly through back trails which cut a short pathway to the House of Telewasu.

As a result of all this he was not at the fisheries wharf when, two hours later, the tourists landed.

Five times each summer the tourists are landed from the Alaska steamers at Gitrhatan for an hour, so that they may photograph the seventeen totem poles of the village. On this particular morning one lone tourist, lingering, it appeared, for a futile time exposure, was left behind by the boat. He was a sturdy young man with a blunt, pink and brown face adorned with a bristly mustache of reddish gold, and his plight didn't seem to worry him. He stopped in at the store of Solomon Kweenu, where he spoke with an alien accent.

"Wot price lodgin's?" asked the tourist.

"Lodge?" Kweenu answered. "Sure. Mrs. Jimmy Lamaritz, she lodge."

"Ho! A furriner?"

"Sure. Kispiox. But she has good people. John Traynor, he lodge there when he first come here."

"John Traynor, hey? Sounds like a white man, that does."

"Sure. He is white. His house is up the beach. The big house of Telewasu, by the Dog-Salmon pole."

"'E don't arf put on dog," said the tourist. Whereupon, he proceeded to engage lodgings with Mrs. Jimmy, to move in a large suitcase which, by an extraordinary coincidence the boat had also left behind, and then to walk off whistling along the beach.

He covered six miles of rugged country before the morning mists had lifted, and first saw the totem of the Dog-Salmon as he stood on a rounded rock above the fog and looked down on a wide, pitched roof before which the totem rose like a sentinel. He studied the pole long and searchingly.

"Good sign for a fish an' chip shop," he decided, and then turned his gaze to the house.

CONSTABLE CUTHBERT BARRADINE, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who now stood gazing upon the House of Telewasu, had been ordered down from a post in the north with the definite assignment of arresting Randolph Shearon. In the office of a branch bank, two hours after Shearon had left it plundered, Barradine had picked up the trail. For three months thereafter he had followed it, the dark, sardonic face of Shearon an unfading picture in his mind. From Quebec to Winnipeg, from Winnipeg to Fargo, from Fargo to Vancouver he had been hot on the trail. Always he had arrived too late. After each crime Shearon had melted into thin air.

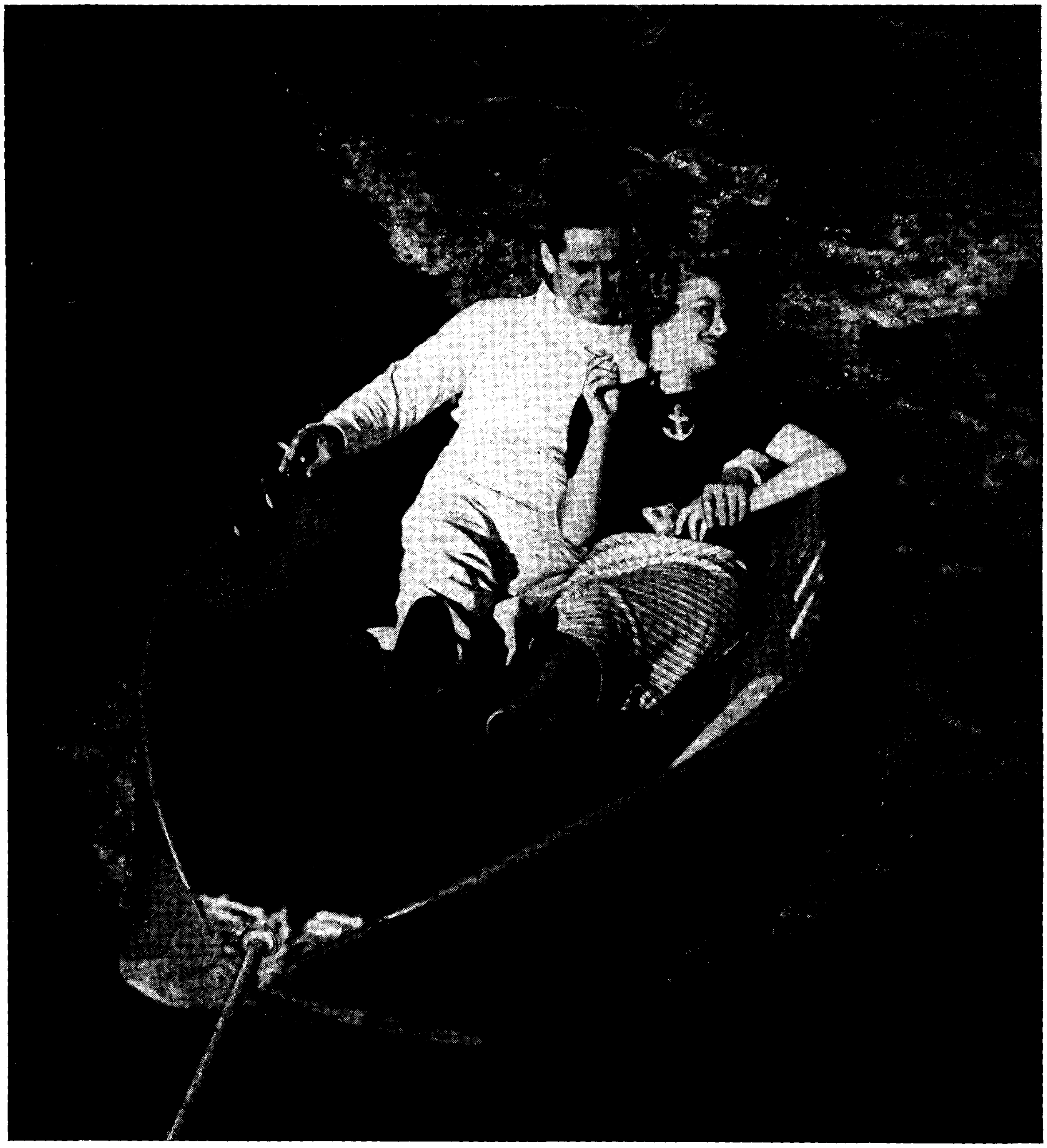
Then one day, accompanied by city detectives, Barradine had stepped from an elevator on the eleventh floor of a Seattle hotel as Randolph Shearon descended swiftly in another. Through back passages of a hotel basement, to be swallowed in the turmoil of a busy seaport, Shearon had escaped again; but, trusting in a sense of delicacy which Barradine never permitted to interfere with duty, he had left a clue. Seeing one vagrant scrap of paper in the bowl of a utilitarian receptacle in the bathroom of Shearon's hotel room, Constable Barradine had promptly caused the plumbing to be taken apart until it yielded the many fragments of a correspondence which revealed that Shearon could vanish easily because a man named Traynor, at a place named Gitrhatan, maintained for him a refuge reached by a dozen unfrequented waterways.

Barradine, studying the photostatic copies of the restored correspondence, had grinned ominously. He grinned ominously now, as he advanced through a thicket of evergreen toward the house of the Dog-Salmon totem.

(Continued on page 62)

Race your Cigarettes!

You'll still keep a fresh, cool mouth, if you keep to SPUDS



Do you smoke one after another. . . just lazing away a holiday? That's a grand time to know Spud's fresh-as-April taste!

CORK TIP or PLAIN

How does Spud do it?

There's nothing mysterious about this welcome coolness. It's the tiny bit of menthol that makes Spud cool . . . but not menthol in the *smoke*. Spud's menthol does its work in the cigarette . . . where it simply *cools* the smoke before you puff it. So Spud's gift to smokers is just pure, old-fashioned tobacco goodness . . . *with the heat taken out.*

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD

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15c FOR 20
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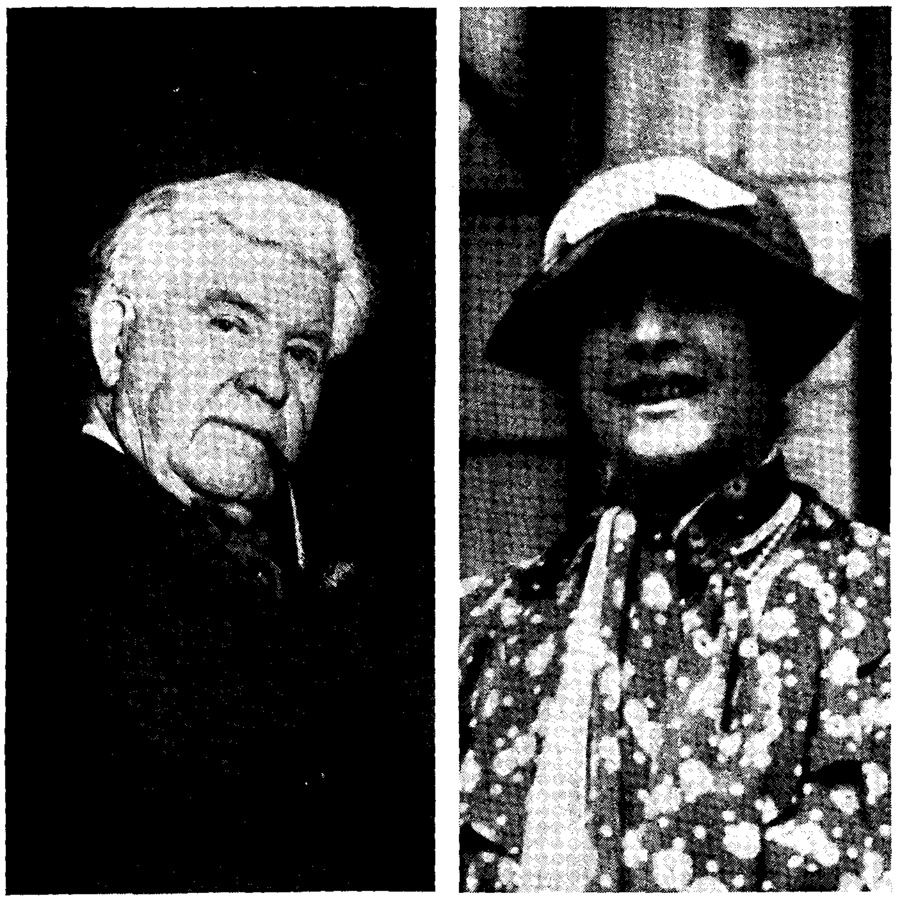


Speaker Rainey and Alice Longworth are known to all classes of visitors

One Touch of Nature

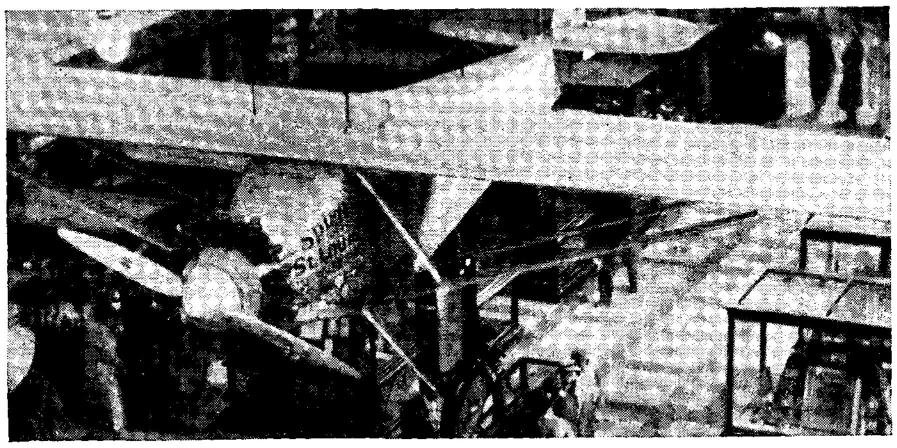
We're tired of perfection in our heroes. What we demand now is a few amiable foibles. It makes us feel more at home with history. The little green house in K Street is becoming as much of a national shrine as the Lincoln Memorial

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Cherry blossom time in one of the Capital's many beautiful parks



The Spirit of St. Louis is one of the most popular attractions for men visitors

THE American on tour in history's front yard is inclined to be skeptical rather than reverent—all except the old folks. They like a touch of the mortal, of the ludicrous, and even of the scandalous, in their heroes and heroines. Although they may visit the Capital with the high-minded idea of being lifted from and above themselves, they dote on rolling in the dust every so often in the democratic camaraderie of the nation's immortals.

It is the human and trivial stuff which appeals most keenly to the thousands of sightseers who clutter up the buildings, squares and parks every spring and summer. The historic shrines may inspire their pilgrimages, but they will turn their backs on a mounted warrior, or even a pedestaled President, to shake hands with a live hell-raiser like Huey Long or Tom Blanton, to catch a glimpse of Ham Lewis' faded pink whiskers or Doc Copeland's daily carnation in his lapel.

The "little green house on K Street" and other national nests made notorious by happenings not recorded in the guide or history books cause more rubbernecking and tongue-twisting than the Washington Monument or Lincoln Memorial.

Although visitors like to attend the Supreme Court, the Senate and the House when they are going in full blast, the most popular spot in the historic Capitol Building is the so-called talking stone. It requires more threats by guides to drag their parties from here than it does to drive them out of the Senate on a violent day. Now, the talking stone is nothing more than a bronze plaque embedded in the tile block above which John Quincy Adams had his seat when the House of Representatives occupied what is now Statuary Hall. When the guide whispers down into the plaque, his voice can be heard distinctly by the tourists huddled together about forty feet away.

Tourists delight in whispering into the talking stone

The Little House on K Street, now a popular unofficial shrine

No Place for Secrets

Embellished with the tale that Mr. Adams often complained because his political plans and private conversations became known to his enemies through some unknown means, this story has enough human, trivial, historic and fantastic elements to send normal Americans back home pleased and patriotic. They always chuckle a bit at the thought that the stratagems of the irritable New Englander were outwitted because of an arched ceiling that carried his voice up and around and down to the Democrats on the other side of the chamber.

It comforts them to learn that our earliest and most honored statesmen used to eavesdrop and take a mean advantage of one another. Modern political ethics don't seem so abnormal after listening to this yarn. John Quincy Adams has become a human and historic being to thousands of peripatetic students, not because of his statesmanship, but because of his stone trouble.

Lafayette Square is, without a doubt, the one acre of earth in the United States richest in historic memories and associations. It fronts the White House and around its green fringe lived and loved and labored Presidents and their wives, Cabinet members, warriors, admirals, statesmen, historians, poets and authors. The square has witnessed such tragedies as the death of Stephen Decatur and the attempt on the life of Seward the night that Lincoln was assassinated a few blocks away; it has been the stage for duels and amorous affairs which ended tragically for some of the great actors; it has seen victorious hosts march into the pages of history, with Grant and Sherman and Pershing riding in the van.

Tourists Like History's Tidbits

But it is none of these events which provoke questions and requests for more details as a busload of tourists rumbles through this glorious graveyard. What makes them prick up their ears, crane their necks and turn to the companion with a smile or a sigh are the tidbits from history's tables. They always lean forward and stare as the guide sings out:

"To your right is the home where pretty Dolly Madison ruled society after she left the White House, and the yard where she rushed in her nightie one night when the house caught on fire. . . . Across the park, that square, red-brick building, stands the home of Stephen Decatur. It is said that from one of his voyages he brought home an ass, and later sold it to Henry Clay for that piece of property to your right where the Belasco theater now stands. Mr. Clay took this ass down to Kentucky and the animal became the great-great-great-grandfather of all the braying asses in Kentucky—and elsewhere."

Your good guide is always picking up fresh gossip and anecdotes with which to gild golden pages. The records may not always substantiate his interpolations, but the tourists never fail to. Some escorts simply drone out the formal lectures prepared for them at the sight-seeing company's school for guides, but your enterprising fellow who knows his Americana believes that history should entertain as well as enlighten. In passing a certain hotel just off the square, some note that "it is a small

(Continued on page 50)

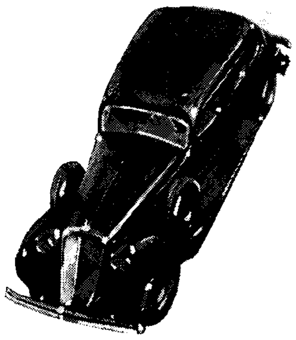
*Equal action!

SPEEDS of 80 miles an hour would have been sheer madness, not so long ago. Now they're commonplace.

But now you've got brakes—real brakes—Equal-Action Brakes—built by Bendix, the world's largest brake manufacturer. *That's* why the foremost 1934 cars can safely dare to give you such breath-taking performance. They can *stop* safely!

Enduring Equal-Action is inherent in these Bendix Brakes. They require little attention, beyond an occasional simple take-up as the brake lining wears away. And when you finally do need new lining, Bendix provides, through car dealers, a nation-wide brake renewal service. New brake shoes, factory-lined with originally specified type of lining, are substituted for your old brake shoes. The cost is virtually the same as for mere re-lining. The result is *100 per cent Restored Braking.*

Buy a new car at today's peak values! And be sure it has Bendix Equal-Action Brakes. You will find them on cars in every price range, from the very costliest to those of enormous production. Write for FREE interesting booklet on brake action, brake design and brake maintenance.

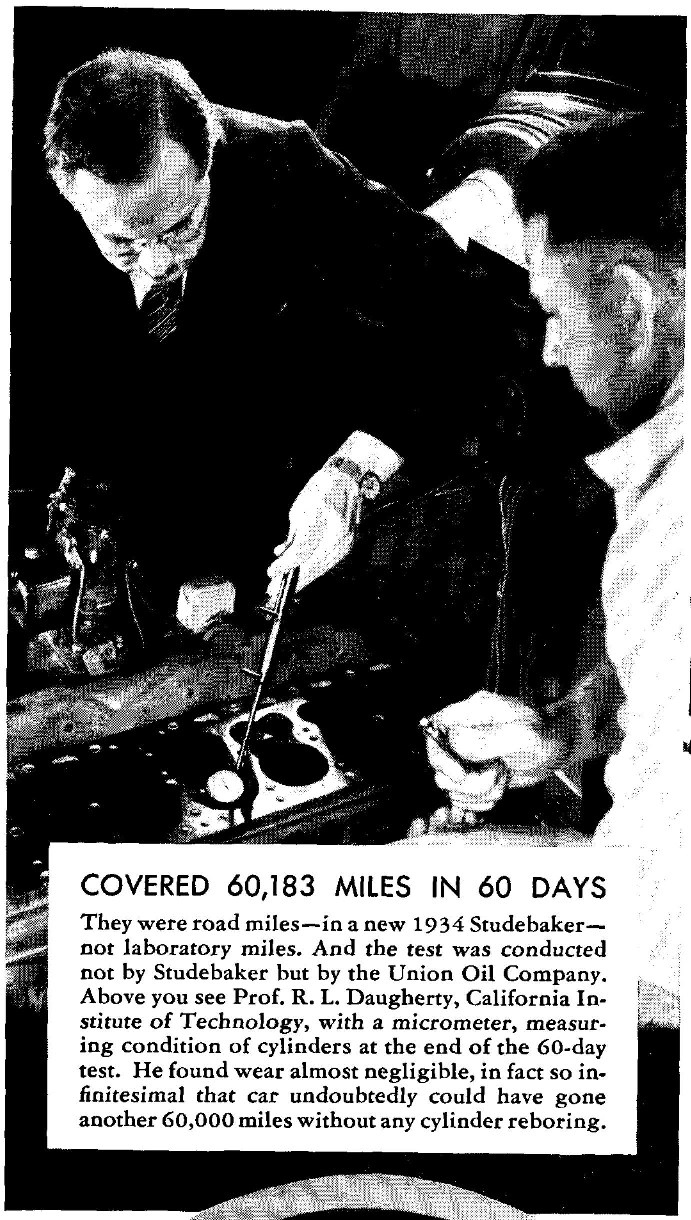


BENDIX
PRODUCTS
CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

** Equal-Action is what your brakes must have to stop safely, smoothly, easily. Bendix has achieved it.*

BENDIX BRAKES

Studebaker prices are $155



COVERED 60,183 MILES IN 60 DAYS

They were road miles—in a new 1934 Studebaker—not laboratory miles. And the test was conducted not by Studebaker but by the Union Oil Company. Above you see Prof. R. L. Daugherty, California Institute of Technology, with a micrometer, measuring condition of cylinders at the end of the 60-day test. He found wear almost negligible, in fact so infinitesimal that car undoubtedly could have gone another 60,000 miles without any cylinder reboring.

VISIT THIS HUGE STUDEBAKER MOVIE THEATRE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

This gargantuan replica of Studebaker's new "Land Cruiser" is prominently located in the great hall of the Travel and Transport Building at the Chicago World's Fair. Its steering wheel is 7½ feet in diameter, its windshield cleaners more than a yard long, its doors 14 feet wide and tall enough for an elephant to go through. Underneath its colossal running boards are the entrances to a spacious movie theatre in which sound films of topical interest are shown free.

It's just early June...

and more than 48,000 new 1934 Studebakers have been sold!

PRICES of practically all other cars are substantially higher today than last year. But prices of the finest Studebakers in history—the brilliant new skyway style Studebakers of 1934—are still $155 to $620 less.

No wonder the ranks of the Studebaker success parade are swelling so enormously daily! No wonder the switch from other cars to Studebaker continues unabated!

Listen to what people all over the nation are saying: "That skyway style Studebaker is the best looking of all the streamlined cars!" ... "The 1934 Studebaker takes turns faster without swaying than any car I ever drove!" . . . "I've seen a new Studebaker cover 26 hard miles on a single gallon of gasoline!" . . . "Studebaker has won championships with cars not nearly as fine as these!" It's easy to understand why 1934 is now certain to be one of the great years in 82 straight years of Studebaker transportation achievement.

Have you had the thrill of driving one of these impressive new "automatic automobiles"—these Studebakers with uncanny "mechanical brains" that relieve physical effort and mental strain so completely, there's little to do but steer?

Have you seen anything to compare with Studebaker roominess, Studebaker upholstery fittings and finish in cars costing hundreds of dollars more?

Arrange today for a convincing trial drive. Experience the solidity and stamina of Studebaker construction. See how unqualifiedly Studebaker performance shows up anything to which you've been accustomed. And then remember that although these are finer than the finest previous Studebakers, they cost you $155 to $620 less!

DICTATOR	**$685**
COMMANDER	**920**
PRESIDENT	**1170**

Base prices at factory. Bumpers, special equipment extra

ROUGH ROADS MAKE NO DIFFERENCE WITH QUADRIPOISE SUSPENSION

All four wheels not just the front wheels, of all the new Studebakers ride in shock cradled balance at all speeds and on all roads. That's due to Quadripoise Suspension, the million-dollar Studebaker development which makes rear seats more comfortable than front seats in most cars. Forward pitch, jouncing and sidesway are scientifically subdued.

FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA **FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE**

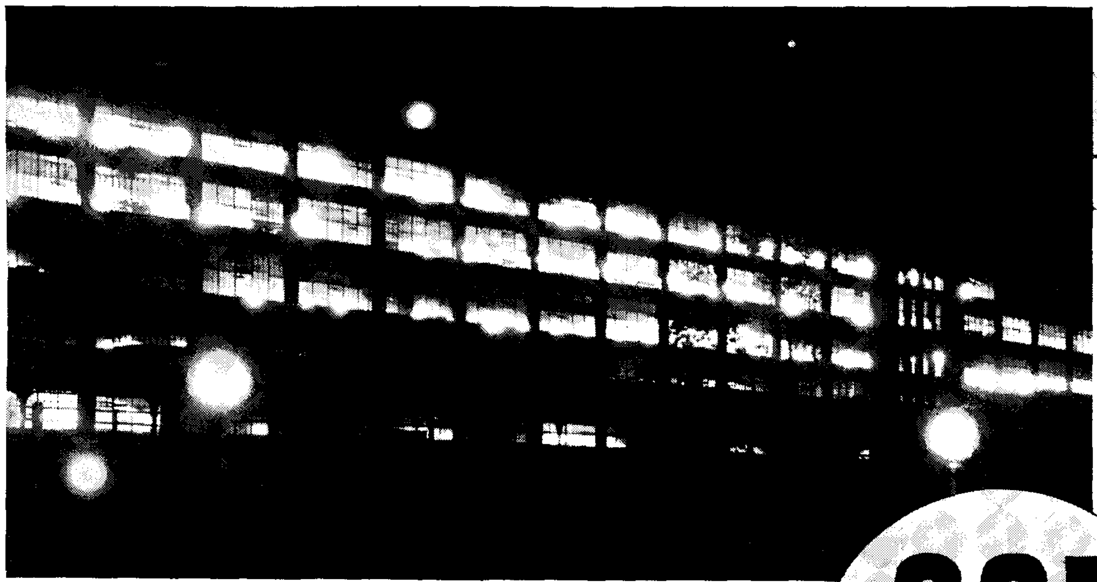
NEW *Skyway style*

to $620 lower than last year

THEY'RE FINER CARS THAN THE FINEST THAT STUDEBAKER EVER OFFERED BEFORE! WHAT OTHER CAR CAN MATCH THESE TREMENDOUS SAVINGS?

BOAKE CARTER
COMMENTS ON STUDEBAKER SUCCESS

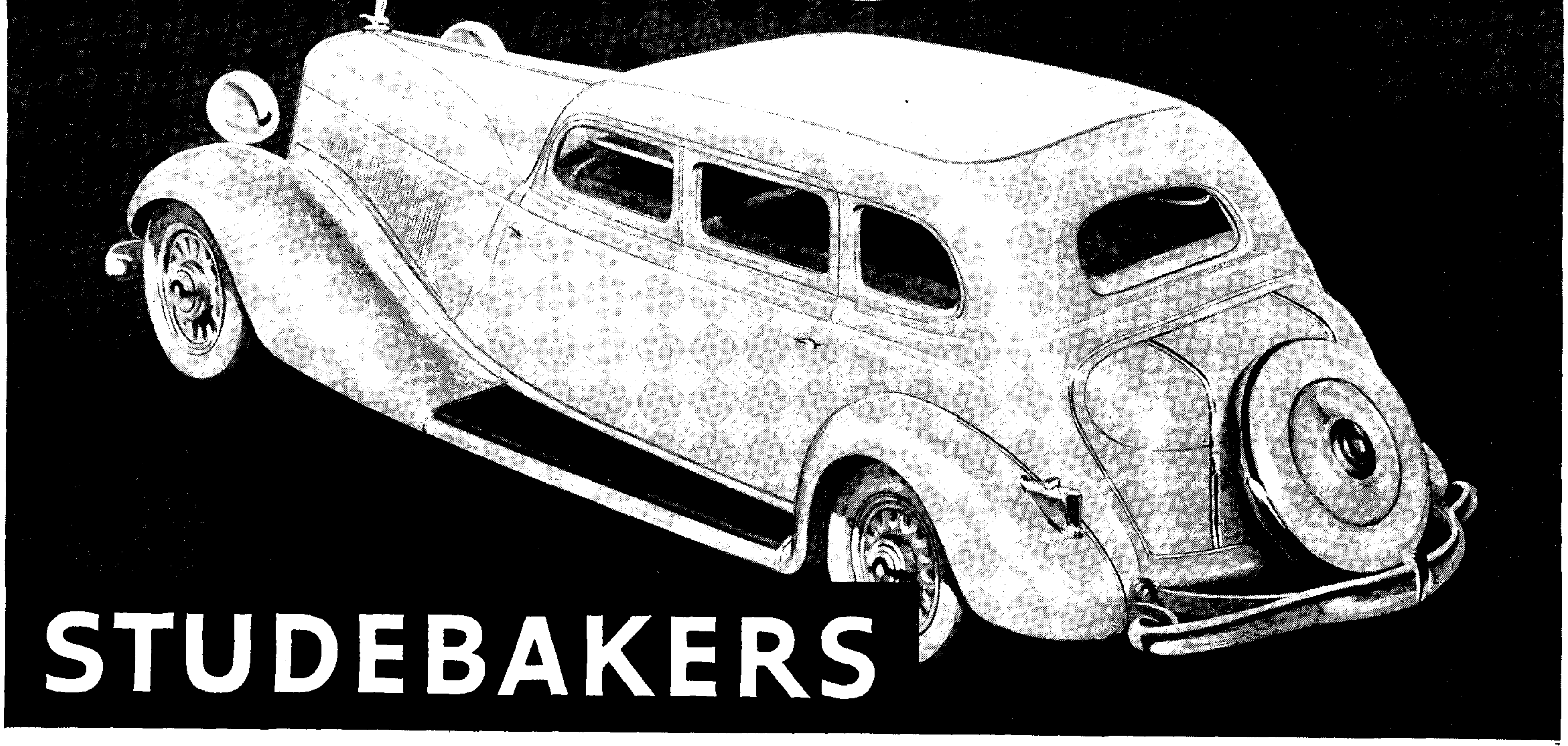
Millions of listeners to Boake Carter's news comments on the Philco program over the Columbia network not long ago heard him say: "The Studebaker plants are working full blast because Studebaker is keeping prices down and giving motorists an extra full measure of value. There's a lesson for all American industry in this program of passing on to the public the benefits of increased efficiency and economy of operation. I look for Studebaker to have a deservedly successful year!"



NIGHT SCENE AT GREAT STUDEBAKER FACTORIES

Business is good in scores of American industries because business is booming at Studebaker. Supplies daily roll in *from* everywhere as new Studebakers go out *for* everywhere. Night shifts succeed day shifts at the great Studebaker factories. Orders from all over the world for the new Studebakers pile up. Sensational cars, obtainable at sensationally lower prices, are the reason.

$685
AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

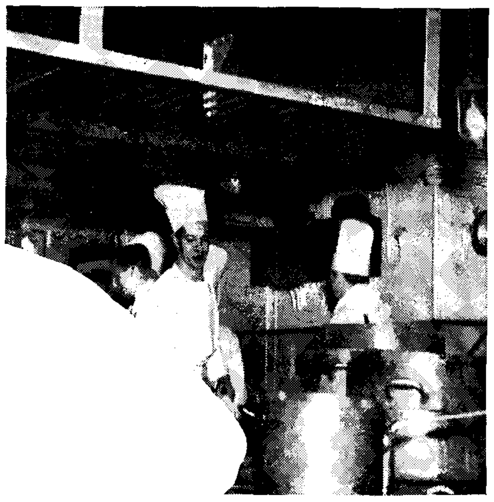


STUDEBAKERS

A lobster dish served on board the Mauretania. It tastes even better than it looks

Where those tasty shipboard meals come from—the service counter on the Ile de France

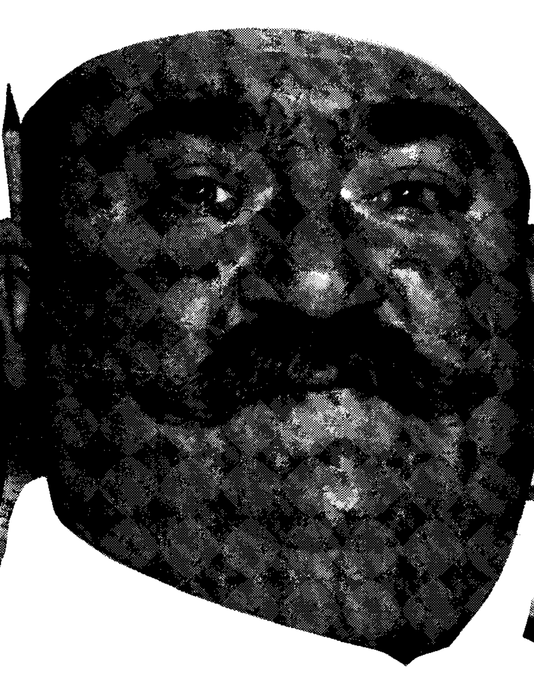
Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer



The Berengaria kitchen, whence comes food to satisfy the most fastidious gourmet

Food on Deck

By Ruth Chandler Moore



Meet the chef, himself, David Bland, who officiates on the Mauretania

The Ile de France pastry cook—and a tray of his creations

A ship's chef turns his talents to fudge. Good? Try it

Preliminaries in the production of some of that delicious shipboard pastry

But you needn't be at sea about your menus if you spice them with those scones with jam, with English trifles, French soufflés and other temptations that make an ocean voyage one round of gastronomic delights. Here are the recipes, direct from ship's galley to you

THERE'S no doubt in anybody's mind that food is a major shipboard pleasure. The green turtle soup with sherry and the soufflé macedoine are foreign enough to be venturesome but not alien enough to be alarming. The consommé and caviar on deck at eleven o'clock of a bright morning are the proper accompaniment of the expense-forgotten aura of a first-class passage, and the cold buffet after the Carnival Ball is an art exhibit anybody can appreciate.

As a practical housekeeper, this riot of culinary abundance always worries me a little for the first twenty-four hours, anyhow.

But in a day, or two at most, this domestic common sense wears off. I become a complete Passenger. A Passenger waves a hand and delicacies rise before him. A Passenger sinks into a deck-chair and savory liquids appear at his elbow. A great idleness envelops him and under the persuasive crooning of the white-coated attendant he consents, after the heart-of-artichoke canapé, to taste the sorrel soup, followed, say, by a bite of the lobster—Irish lobster, so little and tender, and just on at Queenstown, please. All just as a starter, of course, before he gets down to the main business of the meal—the good British beef, the incomparable French chicken, the Wiener Schnitzel with green peas, or the Italian spaghetti that *is* Italian spaghetti!

Here are some ideas from the chefs and chief stewards on some of the big foreign luxury liners—but ideas that you don't need a chef, a chief steward or a luxury liner to execute.

When the evening party stops to wet its whistle, it's delicatessen food you want—and that's where the Germans shine. Everybody likes snacks, for they're just an assortment of highly seasoned tidbits assembled by the eater himself according to his own taste and fancy—and the German version of a snack is a sandwich. But what a sandwich! Just a single thick slice of hard-crust bread or half a fresh hard-crust roll, split lengthwise, spread with fresh butter and topped with a slice of ham or sausage-wurst—a slice appetizingly thin, but big enough to drape generously over the edges. Dill pickles, quartered lengthwise, give the invariable fillip and color to a German sandwich plate.

If your house is a headquarters for impromptu meals and night parties-after-the-party, it's a help to have a regular sandwich board with a slicing-guide and knife to set out on the table, and also one of the big new trays equipped with an electric toaster and fitted dishes for sandwich meat, butter and relishes so that the guests may cut, spread and munch to their hearts' content. This equipment isn't German, of course; it's as American as American can possibly be—but with it you can have any number of sandwiches, plain or toasted, without any confusion and it won't hurt the German food—for although not many people know it, cold cuts and relishes are good hot!

Sandwiches with Personality

If you don't believe it, spread cream cheese, thinned with cream and onion juice, on a slice of ham; or a thin layer of finely chopped potato salad on tongue; or prepared horse-radish mixed with cream cheese on chipped beef; put between slices of bread and toast the sandwich very hot. Or, if it's a kitchen party, spread the relish on slices of meat, roll them tight, secure them with skewers, and stick them under a hot broiler flame to heat thoroughly. Serve with small, crusty rolls and coffee.

Nothing could be more different than the hearty, crusty, thirst-provoking German sandwiches and their neat and dainty English cousins. They're the most distant sort of bread-kin, and for a good, logical reason. The former are designed to set off those favorite Teutonic beverages, beer and coffee. But for English tea, plain cake, mild white-flour hot breads served with good butter, and thin sandwiches that depend on the delicacy rather than the prominence of their taste are more suitable.

They say on the English liners that Americans appear quite as punctually for their afternoon tea as the English. With the English it's a habit, but with the Americans it must be the food, so if you want to give a British touch to your next afternoon tea, here are some shipboard hints: First, plain bread-and-butter. Not sandwiches, but just thin half-slices of fine white bread, buttered with softened (never melted!) butter and served with the crust left on. And that's a test of the bread and butter, you'll admit! The next favorite is a plain sandwich of the tiny, close-leaved English mustard cress. You can't buy it here, but finely chopped watercress spread between slices of white bread in a good mayonnaise will do. Another favorite filling is finely chopped hard-cooked eggs bound in a good curry sauce.

There is no easier way to give afternoon tea an unusual English touch than

(*Continued on page 55*)

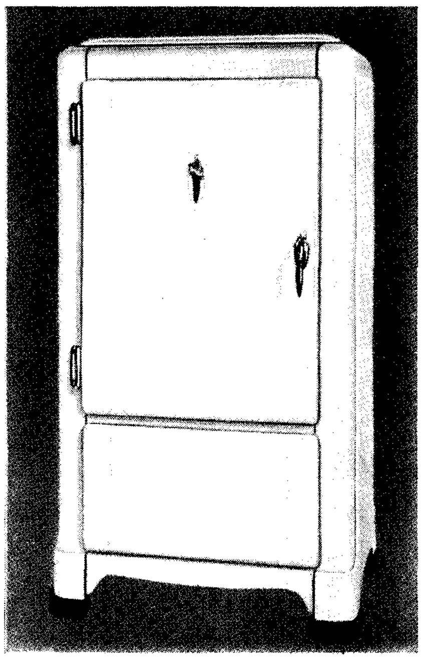
1 "ICE CUBES IN 80 MINUTES BOY! THAT'S SPEED!"

2 "GEE WHIZ! LOOK AT THE GROCERIES"

3 "WHICH WILL IT BE — FROZEN SALAD OR DESSERT—OR BOTH?"

4 "WHAT ARE YOU SAVING IT FOR—CHRISTMAS?"

What mother doesn't take deep pride in the popularity of her children—in the fact that her home is "headquarters" for the young people?



A KELVINATOR in the kitchen does much to make childhood days "happy days." And this is especially true of the 20th Anniversary Kelvinator—the electric refrigerator which is *actually* "4 refrigerators in 1."

Four refrigerators! One for making ice cubes or desserts *in a hurry*. That's the Record Speed freezing tray—water to ice in an average of 80 minutes.

Another is the food compartment where generous stores of provisions, bought economically *in quantity*, can be kept appetizing and health-giving in an even cold.

The trays, where large quantities of ice cubes, desserts or salads are frozen for your normal needs, make a third.

And the fourth is the Frost Chest where fish, meat or game —or ice cubes—can be kept at *below freezing* temperature.

You get four refrigerators for the price of one—each with its own temperature and service—each separate from the others—and each *automatically* controlled.

See the DeLuxe Kelvinator—and ask about the Food File and the many other features which make it the finest in electric refrigeration. And ask, too, about the easy terms afforded by the ReDisCo Budget Plan. . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14253 *Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate your nearest dealer

KELVINATOR

4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1

APP

by "GOOD

NOW, for the first time in history, *Good Housekeeping Bureau* has awarded its coveted seal of approval to ice cream. American women know the stringent requirements a product must meet before it is eligible to wear the star and seal of *Good Housekeeping*.

Here, then, is an *additional* assurance of purity, cleanliness, strict laboratory-control, freshness, and quality of ingredients . . . an *extra* reason for you and your children to enjoy these excellent ice creams often.

Good ice cream, you know, is not merely a festive dessert for special occasions. It is a pure food, appropriate and appreciated at all times. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; and the tongue-teasing appeal of pure flavors.

On the next page are the approved brands, produced under a single standard of excellence and stamped on the carton with *Good Housekeeping's* official seal of approval. Listed also are the communities in which they are already favorites. Find your local brand, look for the safety-seal . . . in the store, on the carton.

ROVED

HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU"

. . . these popular brands of delicious ice cream

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.

ARCTIC ICE CREAM . State of Michigan

BREYERS ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia

CASTLES ICE CREAM
Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey

CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM
Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi

CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur and Northern Indiana

CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.

THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM
Boston, Mass.

DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan

ECOMA ICE CREAM . . . . . . Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska

FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, O.

FRO-JOY ICE CREAM . New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohio

HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa

HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

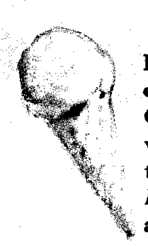
HYDROX ICE CREAM . . Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois

JERSEY ICE CREAM . . Lawrence and Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, New York

KENT'S ICE CREAM . State of Vermont

KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM
Malden, Mass.

LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM
Utica, N. Y.



How about a cone, Boys and Girls? Buy where you see the *Good Housekeeping* approval seal.

Good ice cream improves a soda or a milk-shake. Be sure it's the brand *Good Housekeeping* approves.

Don't forget the energy-value of a sundae, made with ice cream approved by *Good Housekeeping.*

LUICK ICE CREAM . . Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, Upper Peninsular Michigan

MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.

MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio

MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey

MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Meadville, Oil City, and Franklin, Pa.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts

RIECK'S ICE CREAM
Greater Pittsburgh and Western Penna.

ROGERS' ICE CREAM
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ROSZELL'S ICE CREAM
Central Illinois

SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM
New Haven, Conn.

ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM
Greater St. Louis, Eastern Missouri, and Southwestern Illinois

SANITARY ICE CREAM . Canton, Ohio

SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi

SUPPLEE ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware

TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia

THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama

VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio

LOOK FOR THE "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" SEAL

. . . in the store . . . on the package . . . on the carry-out carton. It's really quite important. Here's why: You want the best ice cream your money can buy. Naturally! Ice cream as wholesome as it is flavorsome. Ice cream from plants and stores as clean as your own kitchen. Such ice cream is made under the brands listed above. Find your brand, and enjoy it regularly . . . in factory-filled pint packages, in bulk (packed by your dealer), in cones, sundaes, ice cream sodas, and special forms. As an *extra* guarantee of goodness, be sure you see the *Good Housekeeping* seal of safety. These brands are the *first* to secure *Good Housekeeping*'s approval . . . and you can get them NOW . . . in all popular flavors.

Tested and Approved
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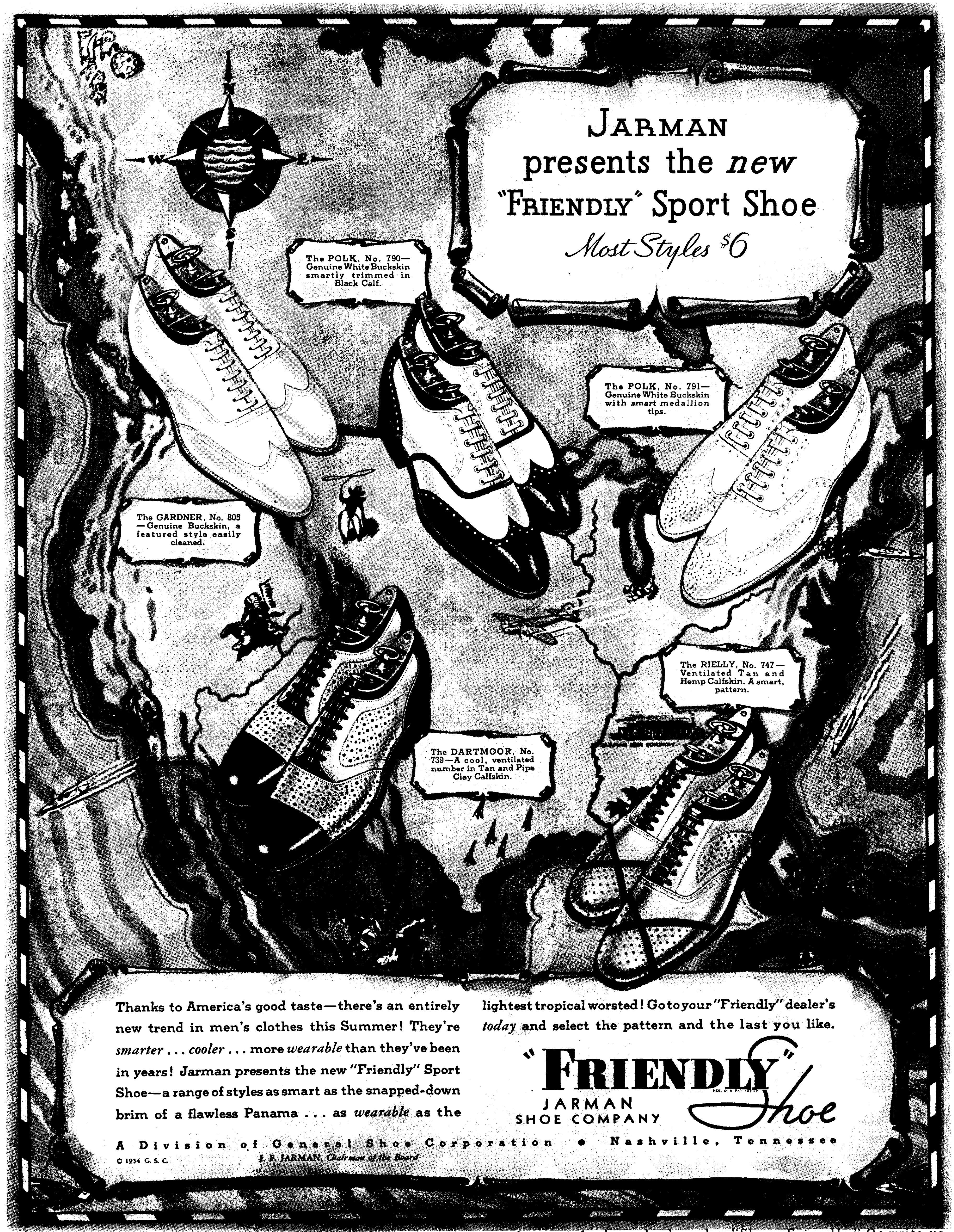
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



JARMAN
presents the *new*
"FRIENDLY" Sport Shoe
Most Styles $6

The POLK, No. 790—Genuine White Buckskin smartly trimmed in Black Calf.

The POLK, No. 791—Genuine White Buckskin with smart medallion tips.

The GARDNER, No. 805—Genuine Buckskin, a featured style easily cleaned.

The RIELLY, No. 747—Ventilated Tan and Hemp Calfskin. A smart, pattern.

The DARTMOOR, No. 739—A cool, ventilated number in Tan and Pipe Clay Calfskin.

Thanks to America's good taste—there's an entirely new trend in men's clothes this Summer! They're *smarter . . . cooler . . .* more *wearable* than they've been in years! Jarman presents the new "Friendly" Sport Shoe—a range of styles as smart as the snapped-down brim of a flawless Panama . . . as *wearable* as the lightest tropical worsted! Go to your "Friendly" dealer's *today* and select the pattern and the last you like.

"FRIENDLY" Shoe
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
JARMAN
SHOE COMPANY

A Division of General Shoe Corporation • Nashville, Tennessee

© 1934 G. S. C. J. F. JARMAN, *Chairman of the Board*

For your dealer's name and address, look in the classified section of your telephone book under "Shoes-Friendly." Or write us.

As it was Written

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By MacKinlay Kantor

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

NOT until the war had been over for years did young Tucker Shepherd begin to regard his own experience as something absurd. Into his deep eyes there came a glint of amused disgust when someone mentioned that particular battle. Though there was no levity in his religious contemplation of Garnett or Withers or the 18th Virginia Infantry.

True, Tucker Shepherd was only sixteen years old when he met the gypsy woman. One can be subject to unfounded hallucinations at the age of sixteen. No one in the 18th Virginia had been more frightened than he.

As his life went on, the ragged lines of gray men became the merest foam in his memory. He recalled crumpled fields, broken stone walls, the crackling smoke, as figments of a disordered dream. It seemed problematical that they had ever occurred within the experience of Tucker Shepherd.

That gypsy, now. She was another story. He could see her with the utmost clarity—her soiled red petticoats flapping about bare brown legs, her dark eyes smoldering, her witch's fingers outstretched toward the squad of tired boys in butternut who, sprawled beside a summer road, wizened and blanched under the cruel sun, where Longstreet dragged his way north along blue valleys, watched her with sardonic interest.

"What's she want, Sergeant? . . . Say, sissy. What you want?"

"A dime. . . . Tell fortune, sir. Nice fortune I give you!"

They crowded around her, amused from their parched weariness. Confederate script—no, she wouldn't accept that. But some of the boys had a little Yankee silver. *Nice fortune I give you!*

She had given Tucker Shepherd his fortune. And contrary to her promise, it was not a nice fortune.

"Yah. That finishes you, Tuck."

He sneered at the fear already curling around his heart. "Ah, you better worry about yo'selves. I'm not worried." But he was the most worried soldier in the regiment.

It had taken him at least ten years to recover from that haunting terror. And in the sixty-one years following his recovery, Mr. Shepherd had never lost an opportunity to express his contempt for all fortune-telling and astrology. Humbuggery, poppycock and fraud! . . . When his granddaughter Virginia found her horoscope in a newspaper, old Shepherd sputtered with rage. Nonsense, my dear! Stuff and nonsense! How do I know? Well, I— But I do *know*. Nonsense!

GRANDPA SHEPHERD'S aversion to gypsies, soothsayers, natal stars and all such trumpery was a family tradition. It was known through family tree and family branch, along with other traditions of the tribe. Living in Buffalo, New York, their traditions were held to be above the ordinary. Not many families in Buffalo could boast a dyed-in-the-wool rebel for a grandfather, a sometime member of the 18th Virginia, sir.

Now, looking out of a Pullman window at the eighty-eighth spring which he had seen, Tucker Shepherd did not appear as a man who had ever suffered from haunting terror. There was nothing in the proud lift of his head, the steady gaze of his eyes, to suggest that a gypsy's curse had been set upon him. The hand which held the cigar was waxen and frail, and his cheek bones thrust themselves prominently from a mask of wrinkles. Grandpa Shepherd was very old. He might not live forever. But most certainly he did not look as if death had ever breathed close against him. . . . Except for that empty sleeve, a memento of the Wilderness. With any luck at all he might attain the age of ninety-five and more.

His granddaughter peeped in at the door of the smoking compartment. "How do you feel, sir?"

"In excellent spirits, my dear."

"All right. Be careful. And don't smoke too much, Grandpa."

She went away, humming. Presently Mr. Shepherd was joined by a fellow traveler, a fat, powdery-faced specimen of the genus forever met with in smoking compartments.

Mr. Shepherd's empty coat sleeve was an invitation.

"Well, well, well. So you're an old soldier?"

"I was a soldier, sir."

The pink-faced traveler was from Cleveland. Well, well, well. So Mr. Shepherd was an old soldier. Not many old soldiers left any more. Was he in many battles? Take this next town, now. There was a battle there, all right.

"I am well aware of that, sir. I participated in that battle."

Was that so, was that so? Well, what did you know about that? There weren't many of the old soldiers around any more. But everybody ought to do honor to them.

The traveler stood aloft and crowed. He had been in the war; he was at Camp Dix; he recognized the bond which tied all veterans together, regardless of age or epoch. Everybody ought to do honor to an old soldier. Take men who had fought to save this country. There wasn't anything too good for them. Why, this country would have been a swell mess if those dirty rebels had had their way!

MR. SHEPHERD gripped his cigar and his eyes began to go back in his head. His grandchildren would have moved to safer quarters had they seen him.

Busted up—smashed in two! That was what they wanted to do to us! They shot Lincoln, too; that is, he guessed it was a rebel who shot poor old Abe Lincoln. Traitors, all of them! People didn't realize what that meant, nowadays. But he did—the man from Cleveland. He realized how much he owed to the old soldiers who had saved this great nation from those cowardly rebels.

Dimly, through a haze of hissing brakes and ringing bells, Tucker Shepherd was aware that his granddaughter had appeared at the compartment door and was looking at him in the most alarmed manner. But he was too angry to pay much attention to his granddaughter. The 18th Virginia began to ruffle its drums around him.

His voice was lashing, every word a willing whip-stroke across the fat face which gaped before him.

"Sir . . . I am one of those rebels whom you malign. I fought with Colonel Withers' 18th Virginia Infantry. Garnett's Brigade! We were with Pickett, sir. We do not feel that we were traitors or that we were cowards, nor does the world in which—we live. I am now on my way to attend— The Monument Commission, sir, has asked me—"

Mr. Shepherd half rose, then sank back against the leather cushions.

In the next five minutes, while the train stood steaming on its track by the station, the man from Cleveland had hastily decamped and yielded his place to a white-faced young woman, a frightened conductor, and a doctor who had been discovered in the adjoining car.

The physician wiped his hypodermic needle. "I'm afraid . . . just a matter of—"

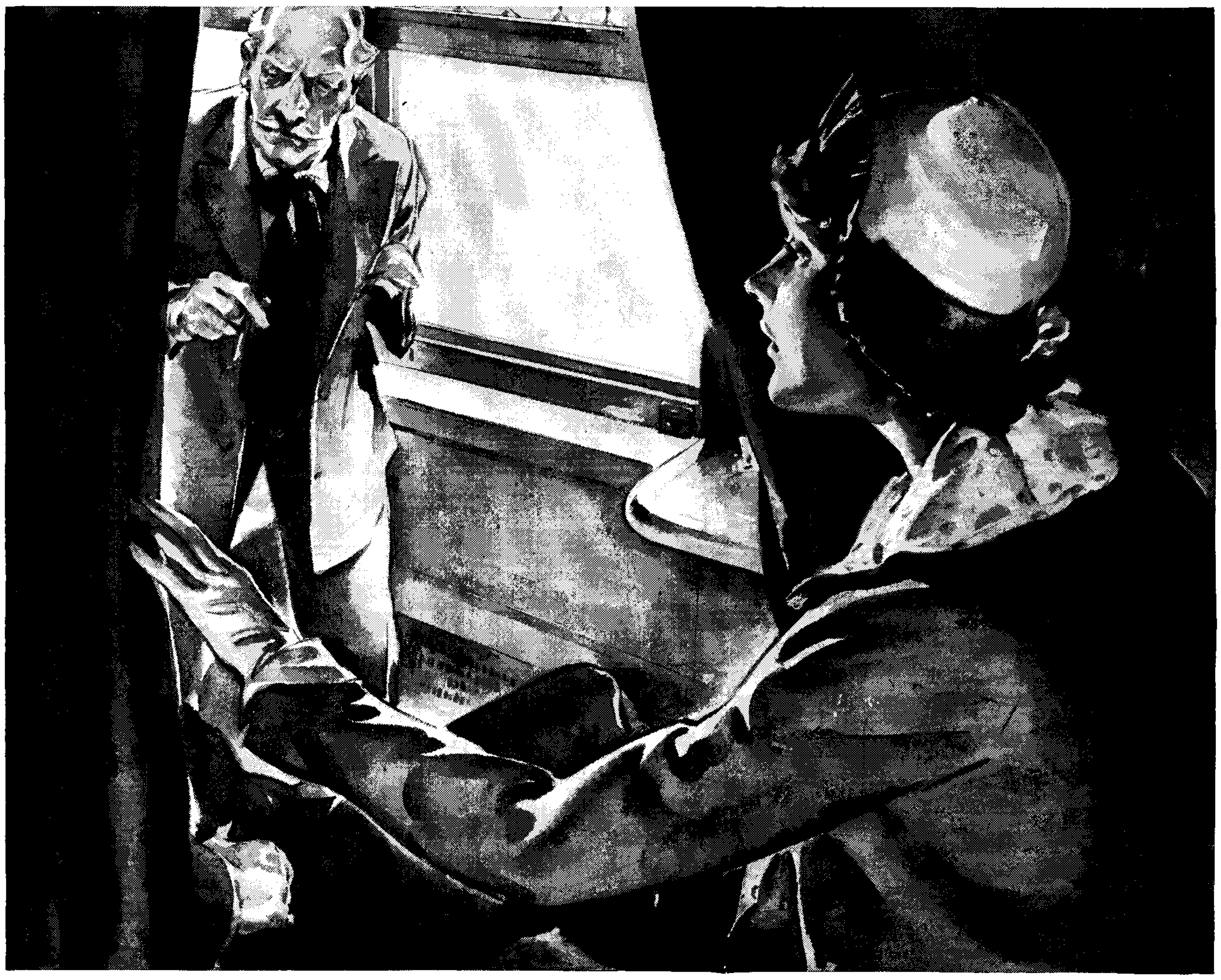
The old man's pale eyelids trembled. He looked up into the eyes of his granddaughter. "Where are we?" he whispered.

"We're here!" she cried. "At the station to attend the— Do you remember, Grandpa? The Monument Commission asked you to come here—"

Mr. Shepherd nodded. "Ah," he said, and for a moment they thought that he had marched away. But the faded eyes opened once more. "Indeed. . . . I—I was mistaken. I—did an injustice to—that gypsy."

The doctor shook his head. This weary brain, of course—fumbling without complaint into the mists which waited—

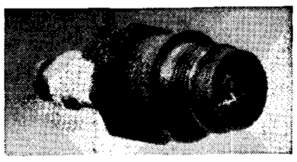
"Because," whispered Tucker Shepherd faintly, "it has been in my mind. And true. Yes. . . . She told me that she—could see it—very clearly. A Yankee would cause my death—at Gettysburg. A town named—Gettysburg."



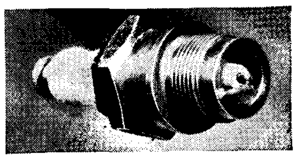
"We do not feel that we were traitors or that we were cowards, nor does the world in which—we live"

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE NEW AC METHOD

MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE
have learned that
CLEAN SPARK PLUGS
SAVE THEM MONEY!



Before Cleaning
(An unretouched photograph). After a few thousand miles, oxide coating, soot, and carbon coat spark plug insulators—wasting gas and impairing performance.



After Cleaning
(An unretouched photograph). The new AC Method removes all oxide coating, soot, and carbon. Insulator is clean as new—saving gas, restoring performance.

By stopping the waste of 1 gallon of gas in 10, *clean spark plugs* save money for thousands of motorists—all over America! Dirty, as well as worn, spark plugs waste 10% of your gasoline. And they steal power—cause hard starting—make your car sluggish—drag down speed. A thorough cleaning by the new AC Method *costs only 5c a plug*. And—if you act now—you may win a new Ford, Plymouth, or Chevrolet—*free!*

OXIDE COATING ROBS YOU OF 1 GALLON OF GASOLINE IN 10

Oxide coating, forming on *all* spark plugs, causes intermittent missing (often not noticeable) at high speed and on hard pulls. This wastes gas. Oxide coating can be removed in a few seconds by the new AC Method. Have *your* plugs cleaned, *today*, and enter AC's Free Car Contest, too.

NEW AC METHOD CLEANS SPARK PLUGS LIKE NEW

The AC Cleaner—designed by spark plug engineers—cleans *any* plug perfectly in a few seconds. All better dealers, garages, and service stations have an AC Spark Plug Cleaner and are registered as official spark plug cleaning stations. So, in addition to cleaning your plugs, they can give you the Contest Entry Blank that entitles you to compete for a free new car.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario
Plugs for Canadian market made at St. Catharines, Ontario

HEAR RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS BROADCASTING THE AC SPARK PLUG DERBY
A tuneful, entertaining program—NBC Blue Network—coast-to-coast, every Wednesday evening. Learn all about the new Ford, Chevrolet, or Plymouth being given away as a prize in the AC Spark Plug Derby. Hear winners announced weekly.
NEW CAR GIVEN AWAY FREE EACH WEEK!
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 24

bulb. He heard the outer door being bolted.

There were a camp bed, a chair and a table on which stood a glass and a bottle of water. This square brick chamber had never been designed for habitation; he was in the bowels of some uncompleted engineering plant. . . .

The man who had admitted him—who had stood aside when he entered—appeared now in the doorway—a huge Negro with a pock-scarred face.

For one breathless moment Alan Sterling stared, not daring to believe what he saw—then:

"Ali Oke!" he whispered.

Ali Oke raised a finger to his lips in warning—and closed the heavy door. Sterling heard the sound of a bolt being shot. . . .

Ali Oke! It was all but incredible—

Ali—called "Oke" because this term was his equivalent for "I understand" or "Very good, sir"—had been Sterling's right-hand man on his Uganda expedition! He found it hard to believe that the faithful Ali, pride of the American Mission School, could be a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

Complete silence. Even that queer dim roaring had ceased. . . .

Sterling stared at the massive wooden door. A faint, sibilant sound drew his gaze floorward.

A piece of paper was being pushed under the door!

He stooped and snatched it up. It was a fragment from the margin of a newspaper, and on it in childlike handwriting was written in pencil: "Not speak. Somebody listen. Write something can send somebody. Ali."

INVESTIGATIONS in Surrey brought some curious points to light.

It was late in the afternoon when Gallaho came to Sir Denis' apartment to make his report. To be on duty for twenty-four hours was no novelty to the C. I. D. man, but he was compelled to admit to himself that he felt extremely tired. Sir Denis, who wore a dressing-gown but who was fully dressed beneath, simply radiated vitality.

Gallaho, who guessed Sir Denis to be ten years his senior—as a matter of fact, he was wrong—found a constant source of amazement in Nayland Smith's energy.

He reported that the stable to which Sir Bertram Morgan's car had been driven was known to have accommodated a light truck belonging to a local contractor.

Nayland Smith laughed shortly, pacing up and down the carpet.

"When it comes to making important engagements in an unoccupied house, but one with which in the past—and he never forgets anything—the Doctor has *been familiar*; when, above all, he condescends to travel in a contractor's truck. . . ."

"It's all very funny," Gallaho agreed, "especially as Sir Bertram, according to his own statement, examined an ingot of pure gold which this Chinese magician offered to sell to him!"

Nayland Smith turned and stared at the speaker.

"Have you ever realized the difficulty of selling gold, assuming you had any—I mean, in bulk?"

"I suppose it would be difficult, in bulk," Gallaho admitted, "especially if the gold merchant was forced to operate under cover."

"I assure you it would," said Nayland Smith. "No further clues from Rowan House, I suppose?"

"Nothing. It's amazing. But it accounts for an appointment at half-past two in the morning. They just dressed the lobby and two rooms of the house like preparing a stage set for a one-night show."

"Obviously they did, Gallaho—and it's amazing, as you say. I remember the place very well; I was there on many occasions during the time Sir Lionel Barton occupied it. I remember particularly the Chinese Room, with its sliding doors and lacquer appointments. Those decorations which were not Barton relics were imported for Sir Bertram Morgan's benefit."

"That's where the light truck came in!"

NAYLAND SMITH dashed his right fist into his left palm.

"Right! You're right! That's where the truck came in! The missing caretaker?"

"He's just described by local tradesmen as 'an old foreigner'—"

"Someone employed by, or bought by Fu Manchu. We shall never trace him."

Gallaho chewed invisible gum.

"Funny business," he muttered.

"Rowan House has known even more sinister happenings in the past. However, I will look it over myself—some time today if possible. What about the truck?"

"I have seen the former owner." Gallaho pulled out a book and consulted some notes. "He sold it on the fourteenth instant. The purchase price was thirty pounds. The purchaser he describes as a 'foreign bloke.' I may say, sir"—looking up at Sir Denis—"said contractor isn't too intelligent; but I gather that the 'foreign bloke' was some kind of Asiatic. It was up to the purchaser to remove the truck at his convenience."

"How was payment made?"

"Thirty one-pound notes."

"Very curious," murmured Sir Denis. "Very, very curious. I am wondering what the real object could be in the purchase of this truck. Its use last night was an emergency measure. I think we may take that for granted. Have you traced it?"

"No, sir. Not yet."

"Has any constable reported having seen it?"

"No one."

"What about the car out of the yard in Limehouse?"

"I have a short report about that," Gallaho growled, consulting his notes. "It's the property of Sam Pak, as we surmised, and various birds belonging to his queer aviary seem to drive it from time to time. My own idea is that he uses it to send drunks home. But it's for hire, and according to Murphy, who has been on the job down there, it was *hired last night, or rather, early in the morning*, by a lady who had dined on board a steamer lying in West India Dock."

"You have the name of the steamer, no doubt?"

"Murphy got it."

"Did any lady dine on board?"

"The ship mentioned in my notes, sir," Gallaho replied ill-humoredly, "pulled out when the fog lifted. We have no means of confirming."

"I see," said Nayland Smith, his brier *bubbling and crackling* as he smoked furiously. "But the driver?"

"A man called Ah Chuk—he's a licensed driver; he's been checked up—who hangs about Sam Pak's when he's out of a job. His usual work is that of a stevedore."

"Has anyone seen this man?"

"Yes—Murphy. He says, and Sam Pak confirms it, that he took the car down to the gates of West India Dock and picked up a lady who was in evening dress. He drove her to the Ambassadors Club"—Gallaho was reading from his notes—"dropped her there and returned to Limehouse."

"Where is the car now?"

"Back in the yard."

Nayland Smith walked up and down for some time, and then:

"A ridiculous, but cunning story," he remarked. "However, Ah Chuk will probably come into our net. Anything of interest in the reports of the men who trailed customers leaving Sam Pak's?"

"Well—" Gallaho's growl grew deeper—"those that left were just the usual sort. Funny thing, though, is that some of the customers you reported seeing inside didn't leave at all!"

"What!"

"Murphy reported seven people, six men and a woman, in the 'Sailors' Club.' Only three—two men and the woman—had come out at seven o'clock this morning!"

"Very odd," Nayland Smith murmured.

"There are two things," said Gallaho, "that particularly worry me, sir."

"What are they?"

"That funny light, which I had heard of but never seen; and . . . Mr. Sterling."

He stared almost reproachfully at Sir Denis. The latter turned, smiling slightly.

"I can see that you are worrying," he said, "and quite rightly. He is a splendid fellow—and he was very unhappy. But an individual described by the hall porter as a loafer left this note for me an hour ago."

He crossed to the writing table, took up an envelope and handed it to Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho. The latter stared at it critically. It was an envelope of poor quality, of a kind which can be bought in packets of a dozen at any cheap stationer's. Upon it in what looked like a child's handwriting appeared:

NAYLAND SMITH
No. 7 Westminster Court
Whitehall

The inscription was in pencil. Gallaho extracted the contents—a small sheet of thin paper torn from a pocket book. Upon this, also in pencil, the following message appeared:

"To: Nayland Smith
No. 7 Westminster Court
Whitehall

"In hands of Fu Manchu. In some place where there is a deep pit, a furnace, and a tunnel below water. I know no more. Do your best.

"Alan Sterling"

By the same hand which had addressed the envelope, one significant word had been added below the signature: *Limehouse.*

Gallaho stared across at Sir Denis.

"Is this Mr. Sterling's writing?"

"Yes." Nayland Smith's eyes were very bright. "What do we know about *tunnels,* Gallaho?"

THE man with the claret-colored nose was becoming quarrelsome. His unshaven friend, who wore a tweed cap with the brim pulled right down over his eyes, was drunk also, but in a more amiable way.

John Bates, the landlord of The Blue Anchor, shirt-sleeved behind the bar, watched the pair inquiringly. The man with the claret nose came in at longish intervals, and was usually more or less drunk. Bates supposed that he was a hand on one of the coasting steamers which sailed from a near-by dock. His friend was a stranger, nor did he look like a sailor.

Bates lighted a cigarette, leaning on the bar and listening to the conversation of the singular pair.

"I bet you half a quid as it was above Wapping."

The claret-nosed man was the speaker, and he emphasized his words by banging his fist upon the table before him. John Bates was certain now that he was a sailor and that he had a good roll in his pocket. The other man stolidly shook his head.

"You're wrong, Dick," he declared, thickly. "It was somewhere near Limehouse Basin."

"Wapping."

"Limehouse."

"Look here." Claret Nose rose unsteadily to his feet and approached the bar. "I'm goin' to ask you to act as judge between me and this bloke here. See what I mean, guv'nor?"

John Bates nodded stolidly.

"It's a bet for half a quid."

"Put your money on the bar," Bates directed; "I'll hold the stakes."

Claret Nose banged down a ten-shilling note and turning:

"Cover that!" he shouted truculently.

THE other man, who proved to be tall and thin when he stood up, extracted a note from some inner pocket and placed it upon that laid down by the challenger.

"Right." John Bates inverted a tumbler upon the two notes. "Now, what's the bet about?"

"It's like this," said the red-nosed man—"we was talkin' about tunnels—"

"Tunnels?"

"Tunnels is what I said. We talked about the Blackwall Tunnel, the Rotherhithe Tunnel and all sorts of bloody tunnels—"

"What for?" John Bates inquired.

"We just felt like talkin' about tunnels. Then we got to one what was started about fifty years ago and never finished. A footpath, it was, to go under the Thames from somewhere near Wapping Old Stairs—"

"Limehouse."

The lean man, bright eyes peering out from beneath the brim of his remarkably large tweed cap, had imparted a note of challenge to the word.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Bates. "I never heard of such a tunnel."

"I thought you knew all there was to know about this part o' the world."

"I know a lot but I don't know that. The Old Man would know."

"Well, ask the Old Man."

"He's upstairs, having a lay down." Bates turned to a grinning boy who now stood at his elbow. "Keep an eye on that money, Billy," he instructed. "I shan't be a minute."

He raised the flap of the bar, came through, and went upstairs.

John Bates returned inside three minutes from his interview with the invisible Old Man. He was grinning broadly, and carrying a cloth-bound book.

"Which of you said Limehouse?" he demanded.

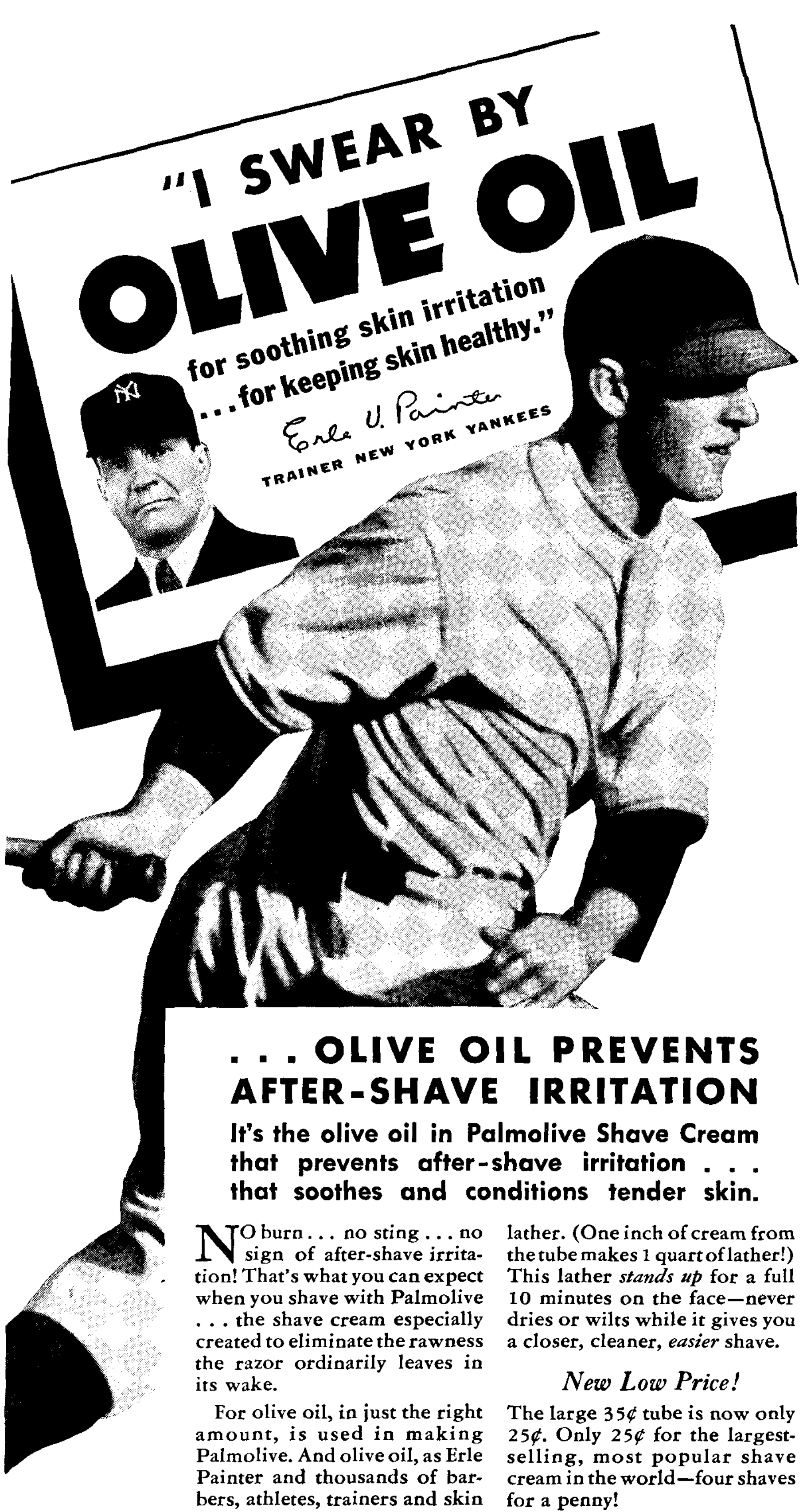
"I did," growled the man in the tweed cap.

Bates, stepping in between the two, raised the tumbler, and returned a ten-shilling note to the last speaker. "The drinks are on you," he said, addressing the other. "I'll have a small whisky-and-soda."

"Ho!" said the red-nosed one, "you will, will you? You will when you tell me where the bloody tunnel *was,* and prove it wasn't Wapping."

John Bates opened what proved to be a scrapbook, placing it upon the

(Continued on page 42)


"I SWEAR BY OLIVE OIL
for soothing skin irritation
. . . for keeping skin healthy."
Erle V. Painter
TRAINER NEW YORK YANKEES

. . . OLIVE OIL PREVENTS AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION

It's the olive oil in Palmolive Shave Cream that prevents after-shave irritation . . . that soothes and conditions tender skin.

NO burn . . . no sting . . . no sign of after-shave irritation! That's what you can expect when you shave with Palmolive . . . the shave cream especially created to eliminate the rawness the razor ordinarily leaves in its wake.

For olive oil, in just the right amount, is used in making Palmolive. And olive oil, as Erle Painter and thousands of barbers, athletes, trainers and skin specialists know, can't be beaten for preventing skin irritation.

Note how fine and fresh your face feels after a Palmolive shave. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect.* You'll find, too, this same soothing action tends to produce a *permanent* improvement in the condition of your skin, keeping it firm and smooth.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather. (One inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!) This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for the largest-selling, most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive today. Shave with it. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as it's the alcohol that makes repeal beer different, it's the olive oil that makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

• • •

Try the perfect finish to the perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.

PALMOLIVE shave cream
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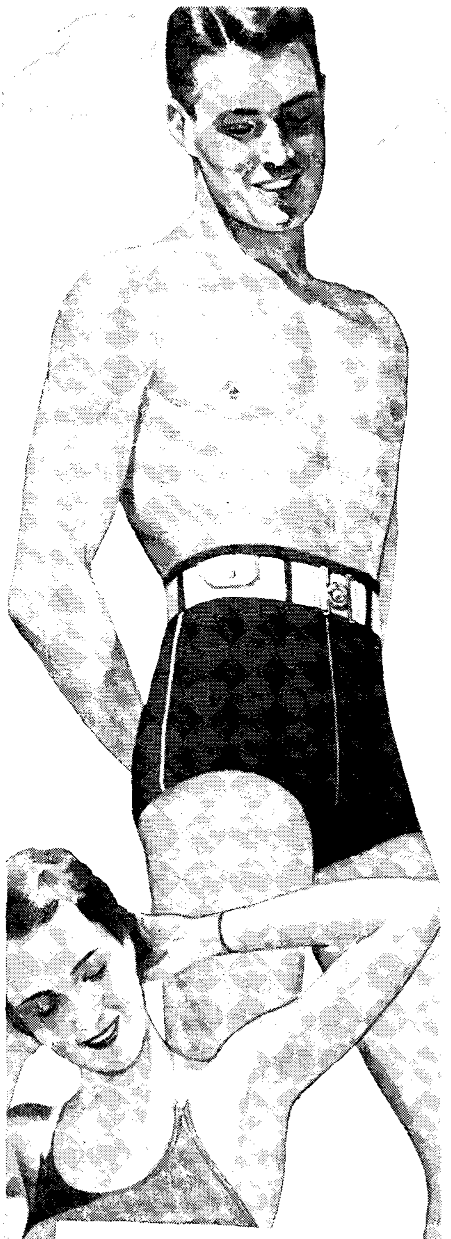
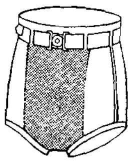
Only 25¢
(FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢)



Streamlined JANTZEN TRUNKS

● Real comfort, perfect fit, smart tailoring! They're here...*plus!* The new Jantzen trunks with the exclusive *Sunaka* support revolutionize all former design. Here's day-long comfort and smooth, perfect fit such as you have never known before—3.95. Shorties—the new beltless trunks—2.95.

Only in JANTZEN trunks will you find the SUNAKA support —silky, soft, lustrous— that assures complete comfort and smooth, trim front appearance.



Jantzen

MOLDED-FIT swimming suits

Jantzen Knitting Mills (Dept. 220)
Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1934 models. Men's ☐ Women's ☐

Name

Address

(Continued from page 41)

counter. He pointed to a drawing above which the words "DAILY GRAPHIC, June 5, 1885" appeared. There were paragraphs from other papers pasted on the same page.

"There you are, my lad. What the Old Man doesn't know about this district, nobody can tell him. Never mind about closing one eye, George"—addressing Claret Nose—"I don't think you could read it even then. It boils down to this: There was a project in 1885 to build a footpath from where we stand now, to the Surrey bank. A shaft was sunk and the tunnel was commenced. Then the scheme collapsed, so the Old Man tells me."

"Ho!" said the loser, staring truculently at the grinning boy behind the bar. "A small whisky-and-soda for the guv'nor, and take it out of that—" pointing to the note.

"What did they do with this 'ere shaft?" growled the man in the tweed cap.

"The Old Man doesn't know," Bates replied. "Everybody about here, except him, has forgotten all about it. But if you're in any doubt, I can tell you something else. He told me to tell you."

"What's that?"

The voice of the man in the tweed cap exhibited an unexpected interest, and John Bates glanced at him sharply; then:

"You know the old wharf"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"which has been up for sale for years—a sort of Chinese restaurant backs right onto it."

"I know it," growled the red-nosed man.

"Well, the one and only ventilation shaft of this tunnel comes out there, so the Old Man says; in fact, it must run right up through the building, or at the side of it."

"Ho!" said the man in the tweed cap. "Have another drink."

NAYLAND SMITH, wearing his long-peaked, large, checked cap, and Detective Sergeant Murphy, very red of nose but no longer drunk, stood upon a narrow patch of gravel. That mysterious mist which had claimed London for so many days in succession had already masked the Surrey bank. They were staring up at the roof of that strange excrescence belonging to Sam Pak's restaurant.

"The ventilation shaft which Bates referred to," said Sir Denis, "is at the back of the bar, for a bet. It accounts for the heat at that end of the room."

"Why *heat,* sir?"

"It is probably regarded as an old flue," Nayland Smith went on, apparently not having heard his query, "and it very likely terminates in that big square chimney stack up yonder."

"It's above there that the light is seen."

"I know, hence my deduction that that is where the ventilation shaft comes out. Unofficial channels, Sergeant, often yield more rapid information than official ones."

"But what's your theory, sir? I am quite in the dark."

"It wasn't a theory; it was a mere surmise until last night, when Sir Bertram Morgan told me that Dr. Fu Manchu had shown him an ingot of pure gold. I linked this with the phantom light which so many people have seen above the restaurant of Sam Pak; then my rough surmise became a theory."

"I see, sir," said Sergeant Murphy respectfully; as a matter of fact, he was quite out of his depth. "There is no sign of the light tonight."

"No," snapped Nayland Smith, "and there's no sign of Forester's party."

A stooping figure passed the lighted window in the wooden outbuilding which abutted upon Sam Pak's.

"They are on the down-stream side of the place, sir. Inspector Forester thought they might have been spotted, and so tonight he has changed his tactics."

"Good enough. I hadn't been notified of this."

They scrambled up the muddy bank, climbed a ladder, and entered a little shadowy alley. A figure showed for a moment in misty darkness.

"Gallaho!" Nayland Smith challenged.

"O. K., sir. Everything's ready."

"Has the light been seen tonight?"

"Yes. Two hours ago; it hasn't appeared since."

"From my memories of Sam Pak, formerly known as John Ki," said Smith rapidly, "he sleeps as lightly as a stoat. To penetrate a second time to the Sailors' Club is rather like walking into the lions' den."

"I have heard a lot about Chinese cunning," growled Gallaho, "and I have seen something of what this Dr. Fu Manchu can do. But you ought to know, sir, that the C. I. D. can put up a pretty sound show. I don't think for a moment that there's anything suspected inside there."

"In any event," said Nayland Smith, significantly, "don't waste time if I give you the signal. Several lives are at stake."

Two minutes later, he lurched into the Chinese delicatessen store of Sam Pak, Murphy close behind him. His make-up was identical with that which he had worn on his previous visit; but whereas in the Blue Anchor he had spoken Cockney, he now assumed that queer broken English of which he had a complete mastery.

The very stout lady was playing patience behind the counter. She did not look up. There was no one else in the shop.

Fourth wife of the venerable Sam Pak, sometimes known as John Ki, she had borne him two sons, bringing the grand total to Sam's credit up to eighteen. She knew something, but by no means all, of the life of her aged husband. He was an influential member of his Tong. He had secret dealings with great people; there was some queer business in the cellar, below the Sailors' Club; and the Sailors' Club, although it showed a legitimate profit, was really a meeting place for some secret society of which she knew nothing, and cared less. Sam treated her well—his affairs were his own.

"Gold Flakes, please," said Nayland Smith; "club price."

Mrs. Sam Pak looked up sharply, recognized the new member, grinned at the old and drunken one, and nodded.

"Get them inside," she said—and focused her attention upon her cards.

Nayland Smith nodded, and walked to the door which led to the "club." He opened it, went along the narrow passage, and presently entered the club room, Murphy following.

The place presented much of its usual appearance. One of those games disallowed in Chinatown was being played. A fan-tan party occupied a table on the left. Two nondescript sailormen were throwing dice. Old Sam Pak sat behind the bar, apparently dead.

Nayland Smith and Murphy dropped down onto the dirty settee, halfway up the right-hand side of the room. From the withered lips of Sam Pak a faint whistle was emitted.

A hunchback Chinese boy with a patch over his eye appeared from the doorway on the left of the bar and approached the new arrivals.

"Beer!" said Murphy, in a loud, thick voice, assuming his usual rôle of a hard drinker.

THE visible eye of the waiter opened widely. It was a long, narrow eye, brilliantly green, and dark-lashed. Automatically, as it seemed, the waiter bent over the table and swabbed it with a dirty duster.

"Sir Denis," came the soothing voice of Fah Lo Suee, "you are in danger."

"Blimey," muttered Murphy, "we're spotted!"

"Thank you," Nayland Smith replied in a low tone. "I rather suspected it."

"It is useless to attempt anything tonight. You would find nothing." She continued to swab the table. "I will join you if you say so. I mean it."

"I could never trust you."

"My life has been hell since something you know about. I am sincere—I don't wish *his* death . . . but I must get away."

"I wonder . . ."

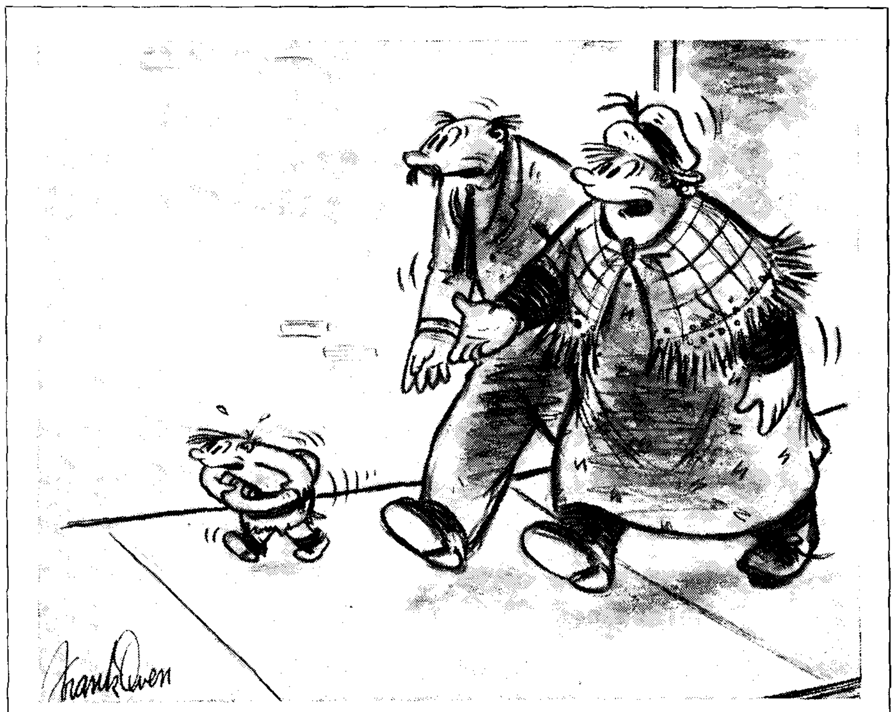
Old Sam Pak whistled again, this time more shrilly.

One of the fan-tan players deserted the party and crossed to the door which communicated with the shop.

"Oh, God!" whispered Fah Lo Suee. "He knows! If I can save *you,* will you save *me?*"

"Yes!" snapped Nayland Smith.

(To be continued next week)



"Never mind about your hat—he lost his safety pin, didn't he?"

Frank Owen

Diet Scientists Study 341 Children for 3½ years...

Reduce tooth decay 57%

WITH FRESH ORANGE AND LEMON JUICE...

Gum troubles lessened 83%, rate of growth improved as single change is made in feeding boys and girls at Mooseheart, City of Childhood. ***Facts not known about any other foods.***

PROGRESSIVE dentists and nutritionists have long known that *proper diet assists materially in combating gum troubles and tooth decay.*

Twelve prominent Chicago dentists gave unselfishly of their time and money for years on a cooperative study of the subject. They found that *fresh orange and lemon juice seemed especially effective.*

To submit their theory to a more complete checkup, a large scale 3½ year nutritional study was inaugurated. The results of this study, made under the direction of Dr. Milton T. Hanke, while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago, are now published in the monograph described below.

Proves need of citrus fruit in diets hitherto thought excellent

Mooseheart, famous City of Childhood, maintained by The Loyal Order of Moose, provided the ideal place for this study. Here, 1400 children of members are cared for and educated amid home surroundings.

At Mooseheart, 341 boys and girls aged 10 to 17 years were chosen. Boys and girls, remember, who lived an above average life; had plenty of outdoor exercise, regular sleep; diet and dental care beyond the usual.

Splendid American children! Receiving better than average diet and dental care. Typical of the 341 Mooseheart boys and girls who benefited from these new advances in health knowledge.

Fed liberally with fresh orange and lemon juice for a year, children made extra gains in height and weight.

Tooth decay and mild-to-severe gum troubles are found in nearly four out of five American children, records show. Addition of fresh orange-lemon juice to the diet of 341 Mooseheart children reduced the majority of these troubles.

Each child received a quart of milk, 1½ ounces of butter, a pound of vegetables, half a pound of fruit and averaged nearly one egg a day, in addition to meat, cereals and sundries.

Yet even this excellent diet—the first year's study revealed—did not prevent frequent gum troubles nor the development of new tooth cavities. The average 13-year-old boy gained 1-3/5 inches in height, 8 lbs. in weight.

But with fresh orange-lemon juice added—

Then to this diet was added two 8-oz. glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange juice with juice of ½ a lemon to each glass *every day.*

At the end of a year, more than four-fifths of the gum troubles had disappeared. Less than half as many children had new cavities. The average 13-year-old boy gained 2-4/5 inches in height, 15 pounds in weight—an improvement of more than 75%.

During the final eighteen months of study, the amount of fresh orange-lemon juice was reduced to three ounces a day. Although the improved rate of growth was maintained, gum troubles and decay reappeared.

What this means to you

Small amounts of fresh orange and lemon juice are extremely valuable in the diet. But even greater benefits are to be obtained by increasing the amount to as much as two full-sized glasses a day.

In combating dental disorders, neither your toothbrush nor your dentist can be neglected. *But diet is vital!*

Start your family today with two full-sized glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each. Since vitamin C, a valuable constituent of fresh orange and lemon juice, is not stored in the body, it is recommended that one glass be taken at breakfast and the other later in the day.

FREE—Send for booklet

Send coupon for new, free booklet, "World's New Dental Story" giving the complete, interesting story of the Mooseheart study.

Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

TO DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS and NUTRITIONISTS

"Diet and Dental Health" by Milton T. Hanke, Ph.D., contains the full scientific report of the study described here. 300 pages, with many reproductions of natural-color photographs made as case records. Tables give complete data (serum calcium, oral bacteriology, etc.) on every child. Remit $4.00 to University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

***Other* BENEFITS *from* ORANGES *and* LEMONS**

Oranges and lemons (and *fresh* orange and lemon juice) contain the four vital "protective" food essentials (vitamins A, B and C, and calcium) needed to balance the diet and promote youthful vigor.*

They help to prevent acidosis of both the acid-ash and acetone types.*

They stimulate appetite, and thus...

They aid digestion.

High in minerals and vitamins in proportion to calories, they are important in safe weight-reducing diets.*

** Free booklet, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous," has detailed chapters on Balanced Diet, Protective Foods, Acidosis and Safe Reducing (including normal weight tables). Send coupon.*

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Send the FREE booklets, "World's New Dental Story" and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

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Woman of Honor

Continued from page 9

"But it's done, Eric—"

He passed a hand across his hair.

"Oh, come, Sandra—this is nonsense."

"I'm afraid it isn't."

"Good Lord—now you've got me that way. What in high hell is it you've done?"

"I've told another man that I love him."

Eric sank his hands in his pockets and looked down at the tips of his shoes. "I've been a rotten husband to you, Sandra—in some ways, and a fairly decent one in others. I don't think the books balance by any means—the bad with the good. You can't ever balance the books of any marriage, I suppose, because you can't call in an auditor. They always remain as two separate accounts with each one knowing his own and not understanding the other. But I've seen a great many marriages far worse than ours has been. We might have had arguments and socked each other—we might have made scenes in public."

He walked across to the dressing table and drummed softly on the mirror with his knuckles.

"There are a lot of things in this world far worse than adultery, my friend. I'm offering no excuses for my past conduct. There isn't any use of talking about it or trying to explain it, for you wouldn't understand any of it if I told you. Whatever the law says—whatever the church preaches—whatever we are taught to believe at home, there still remains one law for the man and another for the woman. For it is possible for a man to have an affair with a woman and not involve his heart or his work or his life. I don't believe it is possible for a woman. Some part of her womanhood has to go as a sacrifice. That is what the law is based on. What are you going to do about this man you love?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Then," he said, "if that's all your crime amounts to I shall ask you to do something for me. Something very important."

"What is it?"

He laughed. "Look here, Sandra—you're my wife. I'm asking you to come back to the Avenue d'Iena and be my wife. I'm not going to make any silly promises to you—but for goodness' sake, don't let's break it up—don't let's go completely modern. We're trademarked together—we're liked together, by the same people. We've built up a background together, for the good of the service, or what you will. Don't let's smash us up. Let's take life on the cuff—and go on from there. I'm off now." He crossed to her and made to take her shoulders in his hands, thought better of it, bowed to her slightly and opened the cabin door.

"Sweet Child," he said, and he closed the door. And that was Eric Cleed.

LILA SASHE was on the quay—Lila in one of her eternal long cars, glittering in the sunlight of France until it almost crackled. She waved her pigskin driving gloves and shouted to a customs man. He came dutifully, as all men came to Lila, and stood waiting her commands.

There are a thousand grand stories people tell about Lila. Delightful stories that go splendidly with terrapin and mulled ale in conical iron beer heaters. Lila is fifty-six and dates. Lila is grand. Lila once brought four Russian sable coats across the Franco-Belgian frontier duty free, because the customs officer had no gloves on and she was glib enough to insist on regulations, and he couldn't find his gloves. She once long ago sobered up a certain blond Englishman with hot coffee and a cold bath in time for a speech to the Réunion des Officiers, for which service she has a very splendid thin cigarette case of tooled gold with his crest in one corner, which she never uses.

Lila has lived in Paris since the Second Empire, they say. Sashe brought her from Milwaukee on their honeymoon and dropped dead in the Crillon. Lila was eighteen and Sashe was sixty. The passage had been too much for him.

"*Attendez! Un des mes amis—en haut là! Pas des cigarettes.* Don't bring any cigarettes ashore, Sandra—I told him you didn't have any," she called through her cupped hands. "Don't make a liar out of me so early in the morning. My French hasn't warmed up yet!"

She followed her steward down to Lila's car. The customs man went through her bags, and they were dumped in the tonneau.

"Did you drive all night?"

"At my age?" said Lila. "Hardly. I stayed at the hotel here. Two—here. Steward. Take Mrs. Cleed's chits to that stupid looking imbecile by the pillar, and get his receipt. He's the check man. Tell him if the trunks are not in Paris tonight, I will have him drawn and quartered."

Lila settled to the wheel and whipped the Voisin around through the crowd.

PRESENTLY, the city left behind, they were in the open with a long white ribbon before them, and the poplars stretching ahead to the horizon on either side. Lila's foot came down on the gas until the dial quivered on one hundred and twenty kilometers.

"Sonja Bibescu apparently wants to marry your husband."

"Does she?"

"Look here, Sandra, is that all you can say after I have come all the way from Paris to tell you this before someone else did?"

Sandra smiled. "I'm afraid so, Lila. She was with him every day at Maison Lafitte and Longchamps. She followed him to London. But I suppose there are some people who still believe in platonic friendship!"

Lila snorted. "I'm not old-fashioned enough to believe in husbands living a life of bliss with their own wives, but I do insist on upholding dignity and position. It's the only important thing in the world. In my day there would be no question of the course open to you—but then in my day husbands never appeared publicly with their mistresses. That's one of the things the war has done for us!"

Sandra laughed. "You're marvelous, Lila!"

"My dear Sandra, will you kindly be serious about this? If you have no thought for the political complications in this matter, at least have some for your own position. We both realize that cheating has come to stay, but that is no reason why we should bring it into the home and make a parlor game of it!"

Lila Sashe drove savagely and quietly. Sandra lay back, her eyes closed against the glare of the morning sun, thinking. Fantastic things that happened to one at times.

"Isn't it awful," Lila said presently, "the one thing no woman can ever forgive is another woman."

"I wonder," Sandra said, "if that isn't formula. There can't be any thinking to it. It has just come to us down the centuries for us to accept or reject. Well, I reject it, and I resent its being in my mind at all."

"What did you marry Eric for?"

"Now look here, Lila—don't let's do things like this. No one ever knows the answer to that question. So let's drop it. And let's drop the other-woman angle, too. If a married man takes to drink or other women, his wife is always to blame, and that's an end to that. Just accept it and let it go. You see, Lila, each wife in this world has a different job. Some just have to be beautiful and wear jewels. Some just have to keep a house livable. Some have to be desired by other men. Some have to be their husbands' mistresses—they are the lucky ones. But my job has always been to help Eric out of his entanglements with other women. That sounds awfully funny and cold as I say it—but it has been my job. But now something inside me has stopped it automatically— I can't help it. It's been stopped for months. So I'm not interested in who those other women may be."

Lila Sashe looked at her out of the corner of her eyes. "Sandra—what kind of a person are you, anyway?"

"A very miserable sort, Lila. I think too much to be decent. From now on I stop thinking. That may help."

Lila shook her head. "I can't see you not decent, old dear—don't ever be that. It's always better for a woman to go on with her job, whatever it is, than to drop it. I don't know why that should be, but it is. Part of the tradition, perhaps. People expect it."

"I'm sorry for people then, Lila. My job is done."

"I wonder."

"Don't. For it is. You see, Lila, they were on the boat. They came aboard at Southampton last night. I saw Eric this morning."

"They did!" Lila said. "And you saw them? And you're here? Sandra Cleed—whom are you in love with?"

"Let's be rational, Lila. Is that little Bugatti following us, do you suppose? It was beside you on the quay, I remember, and it seems to have been behind us ever since."

Lila said, "I'd rather he'd eat my dust, than I his. So I have made my trip in vain?"

SANDRA leaned forward and lit a cigarette at the dash lighter.

"You wouldn't say so if you knew how I loathe fast French trains. What are the political consequences that you hinted at, darling?"

"With the Bibescu?" Lila snorted. "She only got out of Vienna by sharing with the pilot who flew her. That's known. Otherwise she'd have been shot—and there would have been no riots. You know whose inspiration she has been?"

"I've been told," Sandra said.

"Well, it's not only true—it's more than true, she has run the whole show there for months—run it into the ground."

There was a lazy drone—a whine rather, between their heads—a streak of soft humming sound drawn sharply across the twenty-seven inches of sunlit air between Sandra's right ear and Lila's left. And miraculously there was a burst of hoarfrost on the shatterproof windshield in front—an opaque oval of splintered glass with a little round hole dead center, through which a thin rod of cool, fast moving air struck.

(To be continued next week)

Gentlemen...

—you have put up with a lot, in what you wore, to conform to style.

But now—thanks to DU-ONS—fashion at last takes your feelings into consideration and gives you underwear that's *comfortable.*

DU-ONS—one-piece—no overlapping layers at waist—nothing to pull out, roll up, or crawl. Brief legs—no excess cloth anywhere. *And* a design that fits a *man's* requirements. No pinching. No binding. What a relief! *Now* it's a *pleasure* to wear what's in *style.*

You know where you can buy good furnishings. Get your DU-ONS there. Be *sure* to ask for DU-ONS. . . For you get *all* of DU-ONS' satisfying features *only* in DU-ONS. Their distinctive design is patented. Put up in individual packs—clean, fresh, unhandled.

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On with the New SPORT BELTS by PIONEER

Surprising how little is needed to pep a man up. A bright tie . . . new sport shoes, or, as a sure-fire tonic—*a swanky sport belt!*

Distinctive and inexpensive, a new Pioneer belt will give just the right touch to your business suit, sporting flannels or knickers.

Honestly, look over your old belts. *Aren't they* mostly rather shabby—some genuine antiques? Why not pension them off and add *dash* to your haber*dash*ery with a new one?

Most men's wear and department stores can show you a wide variety of Pioneer styles . . . Prices? For $1 to $2.50 you can rig yourself out in the smartest belt you have ever worn!

ZipClip, the sensational no-buckle belt . . . zips to 16th-of-an-inch adjustment . . . just a flip of the clip and it's locked. Comfortable and smart . . . $1

Genuine Palm Beach cloth with soft white leather back and trimming; pearl-finished buckle . . . For that summery appearance . . . $1

Finest cowhide, trimmed with calfskin. White lining of suede-like softness. The chromium plated buckle will never tarnish. . $1

Handsome double-tongue buckle distinguishes this smartly styled belt. Available, like the others, in brown and white as well as black and white . $1

Simplicity of styling marks this "twin-tone." Only choicest calfskins are used. Note welt piping on the edges. You won't find a finer belt at . . $1.50

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WIVES—DAUGHTERS—SONS!

Father's Day is coming, June 17. A new belt might please him as much as anything you could buy.

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"Look at that ball go!"

IMPROVE YOUR GAME WITH MACGREGOR'S NEW TRU-WHIP WOODS AND IRONS

Get 10 to 40 yards more distance—*with accuracy*

Just get hold of a new MacGregor Tru-Whip and swing it yourself. Instantly you'll feel that it's different from any club you've ever used. No club like it has ever been made before. It's built on an entirely new principle—built to give you 10 to 40 yards more distance *plus accurate control.*

Gives the Wrist-force of a Professional

Out on the MacGregor course our golfer-craftsmen experimented for months to develop the new Tru-Whips. They devised an entirely different shaft. One with extra whip—*and with all the whip concentrated between the grip and neck.* This gives a faster, more powerful snap at the instant of impact. It puts extra force into every shot. It gives that "extra wrist" which until now only expert players have had.

Two exclusive MacGregor inventions make this club possible. They make the Tru-Whip as accurate as a stiff-shafted club. You have better control. There is less tendency to hook and slice. This scientific and patented construction makes Tru-Whips the *only* whippy-shafted clubs *suitable for every golfer,* from beginner to par-shooter.

Woods and Irons at Popular Prices

The price of MacGregor Tru-Whip woods and irons will give you another surprise—they cost less than you'd expect to pay for these sensational MacGregor clubs. If you want to have greater confidence . . . if you want to put a new thrill into your game...try MacGregor Tru-Whips today. Meanwhile, mail the coupon.

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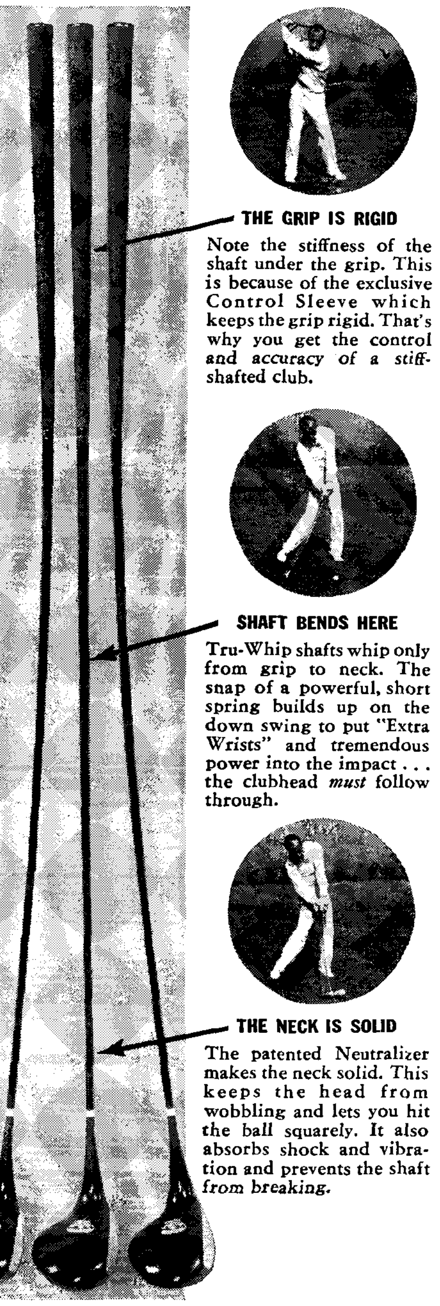

THE GRIP IS RIGID
Note the stiffness of the shaft under the grip. This is because of the exclusive Control Sleeve which keeps the grip rigid. That's why you get the control and accuracy of a stiff-shafted club.

SHAFT BENDS HERE
Tru-Whip shafts whip only from grip to neck. The snap of a powerful, short spring builds up on the down swing to put "Extra Wrists" and tremendous power into the impact . . . the clubhead *must* follow through.

THE NECK IS SOLID
The patented Neutralizer makes the neck solid. This keeps the head from wobbling and lets you hit the ball squarely. It also absorbs shock and vibration and prevents the shaft from breaking.

MACGREGOR
TRU · WHIP GOLF CLUBS

The Fair Digs in

Continued from page 13

capital, it somehow became confused in many local and most national minds as an official undertaking. Chicago was then in the deepest reaches of its tax morass. Teachers and policemen and other worthy public servants went unpaid, and people said, "Why doesn't Chicago pay its employees and forget the Fair?" When the year 1933 began, observers everywhere said: "This year we'll see the two biggest flops in history—the Olympic games in Los Angeles and the Century of Progress Fair in Chicago."

The First Twenty-three Millions

Officials of one of Chicago's largest banks—wherein more than sixty millions of the city treasurer's funds were on deposit—spread word among the delegates to the Bankers' Convention in Los Angeles that the Fair would never open. This statement caused resignations among the state committees which the Fair had built up throughout the country. Three months before opening day, the banks closed. Thirteen million dollars, which the Fair had raised, were tied up; much of it remained tied up. But those forget-me-not blue eyes of Charles Peterson never turned from straight ahead; and nowadays his pertinacity was matched by that of Rufus Dawes and Daniel Burnham and all the others.

Things were delayed a bit; confused here and there. Naturally. In the last week before zero, the combined sleeping hours of the executives of the Fair would not have satisfied your reporter for one night. When young Mr. R. E. Smith, in charge of placing the Hall of Science exhibits and without respite the last four days and nights, dragged himself to the Administration Building it was found that the soles had been worn from his shoes and his socks and partly from his feet. On the last eve the spent workers, homeward bound, looked at the disorder and said glumly to themselves: "This Fair cannot possibly open tomorrow."

They reckoned without the general manager, Major Lenox Lohr, Army man and engineer. At midnight—the Fair was to open at nine—he marshaled a fleet of trucks and a regiment of men at the far end of the grounds. Slowly, methodically, they moved forward—like a great vacuum cleaner. It was daylight before they reached the other end—the main gate—but behind them you could not have found a misplaced grass blade—and now, come on, you crowd!

The first customer to click a turnstile unwittingly put a period to a ten-year saga of courage abounding. He was followed by more than 23 million others, before the end—a million more than had visited the Columbian Exposition of 1893, which modern Chicagoans of little faith had said must always stand as the last successful American fair. That fair got a five-million-dollar subsidy from Chicago; this one not a penny. The St. Louis Exposition in 1904 received a ten-million subsidy; so did the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco in 1915. The Century of Progress stood on its own feet; and today figures from everywhere are available to show that it was like a great rock of good times, hurled into the very center of the pool of depression, wherefrom the waves radiated in circles that broke upon the Rockies and the Alleghenies, and drenched the plains between, and leaped over to the furthermost shores of the country so that few of us remained unlaved in some measure by their spiritual or practical influences.

Certainly the Fair speeded Recovery. It got people into circulation, which seems to be almost as important as getting money to circulate. Looking back upon it we see just a refreshing demonstration of good old-fashioned Yankee business acumen and plain horse sense. And lots of fortitude.

Still, if it took courage to plan and execute the Fair, I think it required more courage to decide to be an exhibitor there. The hundreds who signed up, from hot-dog-stand men through foreign governments and up to the great industrialists who ran fairs within the Fair, had naught but optimism to assure them of the wisdom of their course. All signs in the business heavens were unfavorable. Among them, the exhibitors and concessionaires gambled more than $25,000,000 on the construction, preparation and installation of their exhibits. Several exhibits each cost more than a million dollars. Once the Fair got under way it cost the management nearly five million dollars to operate and maintain it; and the governments, exhibitors and concessionaires paid out another ten million.

And yet, I like to believe that the *most* courage was shown by the out-of-town visitors to the Fair—by the Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pecks of Winchester Center, Connecticut; or Sauk Center, Minnesota; or Skull Valley, Arizona; or Salters Depot, South Carolina. These people, like every average family, had seen much of hard luck and even stark want since 1929: friends out of jobs, investments vanished, neighbors losing their homes, acquaintances ruined through bank failures. Some of their own savings no doubt had gone sour; and perhaps their own relatives were among the casualties of the four lean years. Few of us escaped the responsibilities of the depression; it is safe to say not one of us but saw evidences of it. No one felt safe; no one knew whether he might be next to lose his job or have another serious cut in earnings. Thus, it could not have been mere thoughtlessness that led all—or even one tenth—of the Mortimer Pecks to shut their teeth on probabilities, turn their backs on shadows, and head for Chicago—in the number of ten million, from near and far corners.

Saved from Despair

The greatest number of visitors—nearly fifteen per cent—quite naturally were from Illinois. Almost ten per cent—a round million—from New York; and but a fraction less from California. Distant Florida sent approximately as many as near-by Indiana. A registration of a million and a half visitors at one exhibit served as an index for these percentages. Fifteen hundred—.1 per cent—from Connecticut, and the same each from Alabama, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Vermont and New Hampshire—the lot put to shame by little Rhode Island, with .3 per cent, and not much bigger West Virginia with 2.5 per cent. More than two per cent, judging by this index, came from abroad; and almost as many from Canada.

Four million reached Chicago by rail; and 25,000 extra railroad and Pullman cars were required to accommodate them. Six roads among them put 5,000 extra men to work. Five million, or thereabouts, arrived in their private automobiles. Of these, one one-millionth did not bear stickers of the Century of Progress Fair. A million traveled over the bus lines, and thousands by air. The number of the latter, by the way, was restricted only by the number of air transports available. The undaunted ten million who dared the depression remain, after a year, a stimulant to general business.

"Back home," Rufus Dawes told me, "there are ten million salesmen for this year's Fair; and for all the good things that millions of people on the move stand for." Great rivers of people, washing across the country, depositing benefits on every town through which they flow. Americans love to travel. It's a blood inheritance; the United States is redeemed in her darkest economic hour by a modern version of the uneasy spirit that brought over her first white colonists; that gave her, later, the lush Mississippi watershed and a western empire.

Chicago, hard up and discouraged, was saved from despair. The Fair gave 22,000 jobs within its grounds—and led to the creation of 100,000 more in the city. The Fair-bound spent four hundred million dollars in the city, exclusive of what they spent in the Fair, en route and at home. Chicago's surface railways carried 18,000,000 more people than in 1932; her movie theaters, in August of the Fair year, had one million customers more than in August of the previous year. The great department store—the head of which, as an official of the State Street Association, had fought against the Fair up to the day it opened—climbed out of a *five million dollar* loss in 1932 to a handsome profit in 1933. It has learned its lesson, and is backing the 1934 Fair with spirit and dollars.

Success Story

One important automobile tire manufacturer, who staged an exhibit as interesting as it was beautiful and tasteful, said before the 1933 Fair opened that if he got a million visitors to his show he would feel repaid for the million dollars he was gambling on it. He got ten million visitors. In the corridor gossip of the Administration Building, his experience is credited with converting his intimate friend, a renowned manufacturer of automobiles who ignored last year's Fair, but is coming in this summer with an exhibit that has even the imaginative men who conceived the Century of Progress gasping because of its size, audacity and costliness.

He may have been influenced, also, by the experience of his two severest competitors. Last year these manufacturers spent about a million and a half each on their shows. Each said he would be compensated if he got one visitor for every dollar invested. "We figure," one of their officials explained to me, "that it costs us one dollar for each person we draw into our showrooms. Not all of them are prospects, mind you; certainly, not all buy our cars. Just folks who come in to look around. So we decided we would be more than satisfied with the same ratio at the Fair: because the average person remains in a showroom only a few minutes, whereas we had an exhibit fixed up that would hold 'em for two or three hours. We actually got about twelve million visitors at the Fair. It cost us, thus, only 12 cents to get a person in to see our show. You may be sure that the good business some of us in the motor industry had last year—the first good year in four—traces right back to the Fair. We'll be in this year, too—snappier, more hopeful, than ever."

But the Fair itself, the exhibitors and concessionnaires therein, were at the delta of the river of good cheer and benefits. Let us run up a few of the tributaries—of which there were as many, perhaps, as there are counties in the United States—down which all the Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pecks, and all the little Pecks, came. A small merchant in a small Minnesota town keyed the matter for me one bleak night last winter as we sat beside his stove. He asked me if I had seen the Fair, and then questioned me at length about it. Presently he said:

"I'm sure going to the Fair next summer. I'm making arrangements now for someone to take my place so I won't get stuck, like last year. If anybody should go to the Fair, I should—and I guess there are thousands like me all over the country. Because the Fair saved my business last year. Yes, away up here. Only for it I'd be bankrupt now, I guess, for I hadn't made a cent since 1930. Just had debts pile up. Last summer I got out of the red. Know how? Well, hundreds of folks from this town, thousands from this county for which we are the shopping center, went to the Fair. It wasn't just a matter of buying a railroad ticket or gasoline. I saw how it worked.

"First, they got to thinking about it. They listened to the radio more, in case anything should be said about the Fair. More current used; sets repaired and new tubes bought. They bought more magazines; read all the dope they could find about the Fair. The farmers hired more hands to get their work caught up; kept someone on to watch things while they were away, too. Some folks bought new cars; those who couldn't had the old ones tuned up. The garages hereabouts were that busy, with the home folks and those from other parts who were passing through, it was all a stay-at-home like me could do to get a flat fixed last summer.

"Nearly everyone who decided to go to the Fair bought some new clothes. That's where my store came in. A dress for Ma, and stockings; a couple of shirts and a straw hat for Pa; something cool and throwabout for the kids. The postmaster told me the parcel post from the mail-order houses was bigger than in many years; the letter business, too, for it seemed that everyone who decided to go wrote and boasted to a dozen people or more, and made dates to meet Cousin Axel in front of the Swedish Building at ten-fifteen on August 8th. A lot of fellows here moved off the town's charity list and onto some pay roll. It was just like a good wind, blowing all summer long hereabouts."

Order Your Own Village

Those are but a choice few of the consequences of the Fair, some of which spread far. A noted organist from South Africa, hearing the carillon in the Hall of Science, ordered a set of similar chimes for the city hall in Pretoria, and future Chicago visitors to the Transvaal might be unexpectedly and melodiously reminded of home.

The exercise of even profounder faith and courage than had been shown heretofore was necessary to reopen in 1934. There was no precedent. No city in the United States had ever dared to reopen an international exposition. The trial balloon sent up last November in the form of a two-weeks extension saw only empty grounds. Some of the most elaborate and expensive concessions had not been profitable; the skyride, for example. There had been powerful criticism in Chicago of certain naughty features; and by disgruntled visitors of items they called "rackets"—the pay toilets, run by a concessionaire; the scarcity of free seats; the cost to a tired mother and children of using the busses from point to point. The Fair company had been financed by a bond issue of ten million; by more than a hundred thousand memberships, sold at five dollars

(Continued on page 48)

SUMMER TIME IS PALM BEACH TIME

●

Don't wait for a hot day. Style doesn't wait for weather. The Summer Season is on...right now...So change over to the new Palm Beach.

The suits are tailored by Goodall... who are also the exclusive makers of the famous patented Palm Beach Cloth.

It comes in new weaves, shades and models...for business, sport, and formal evening wear...and the performance of the new 1934 Palm Beach is as noteworthy as its style.

Its porous weave is open to every breeze. It washes or dry-cleans perfectly. It resists wrinkling or mussing and sheds the dirt. (See test below.)

●

At your clothiers: in suits, ensembles, and slacks. (You'll like the SLACKS. They're smart, comfortable and cool.)

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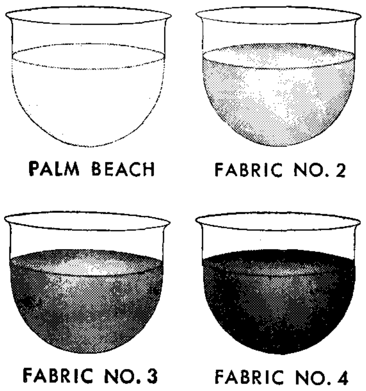


SHOWING DIRT RESIDUE AFTER RINSING

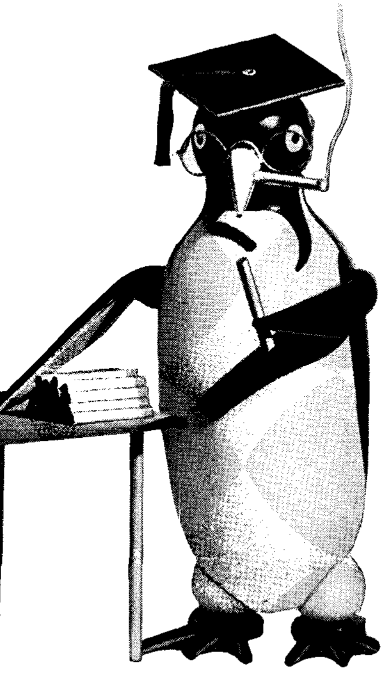
THE DIRT TEST...

Dust was blown over the face of various types of summer suitings. The suitings were then rinsed in clear water. The dirt that adhered to the fabrics is plainly shown by the color of the water after rinsing. Note that the water in the case of the Palm Beach Cloth tests is almost clear. Other fabrics tested retained *from two to five times as much dirt.*

Palm Beach Suits, because of the smooth yarns of the cloth and patented weave, shed dirt, keep clean longer and need less laundering.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



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Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually *is* cooler—your throat never gets dry. And KOOLS are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor. Last—not least—you get a FREE coupon per pack. Save them for gilt-edged initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other nationally-advertised premiums, too. (Offer good in U. S. A. only).

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Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 47)

each; and by earlier donations of $1,000 each by founders of the corporation. They might clear out now, and have a little to boot. Yet—

Well, if you did not see it last summer you may chuck away your regrets. Virtually all the old exhibitors will be there again, with gaudier faces. If you did see the 1933 edition, you will never recognize it in the new dress. The whole color scheme is different. In fact, the whole idea of the exhibition has been changed—to get away from the show feature, and toward the pure fair idea. More culture this year. "Few Americans can afford to go abroad this year," explained Mr. Peterson, "on account of the lower dollar. So we have brought Europe to America; and your trip to Chicago will be as good as a foreign trip. We think we are giving millions of Americans the only chance they will have to see the Old World."

When the Fair opened last year the Streets of Paris did the liveliest business; the Belgian Village the dullest. As the summer went on their graph lines met, and by October their original positions had been directly reversed. In consequence of this record, you will see a whole fairful of villages this summer—Swiss, English, Italian, Irish, Tunisian, Belgian, and if you miss the nationality you're interested in, tell Major Lohr and he'll build it for you pronto. The Spanish Village is the largest foreign town ever erected in the United States; and an exact reproduction of the one that bowled folks over at the famous Barcelona Fair several years ago.

The Bunion Bowl

The German Black Forest Village will give you snow-powdered fir trees and a skating rink, with beer tables handy, all summer long, though that eighty-foot thermometer down the line registers a hundred. The American Village will have the Old North Church, the House of the Seven Gables, and Mount Vernon, and other colonial high spots grouped with a disregard for time, space and the calendar that might cause faintness to a conscientious historian. Each village will have a restaurant with specialties of its nationality—drinks, too. Last summer you had to be content with beer; this year, the restaurants can do a complete job, and you will be refreshed as well as educated.

There will be far more free items this year—in deference to the lessons of last. There will be 100,000 seats on nice blue benches, if you are tired; a free concert wherever you turn your ears; grand opera constantly perspiring out in the lagoon—which, by the way, will be one of the most thoroughly built-up and colored sections this year, whereas last summer it was just a wet schism by day and a blank spot by night. The toilets will be free, bus fares lower, and a cheap ferry service across the lagoon will be maintained.

Also, gratefully considered by us old folks, there will be a "bunion bowl," a haven for overheated tootsies, wherein you may remove your shoes and socks and cool 'em off in one of hundreds of bowls of water at a temperature selected by attendant psychology Ph. D.'s to suit your temperament. The average visitor in 1933 expended $1.17 within the grounds, exclusive of admission price. You can have a better time for less money in 1934; and a greater number of visitors is counted upon to rectify matters. Signs are not wanting. On April 1st, this year, more than two and a half million tickets had already been sold—far more than were out upon opening day last year. The hotels report advance reservations and inquiries far ahead of 1933.

It will cost you less to reach the Fair this year too, for the railroad bargains are greater than last year. Travel agencies generally declare their prospects are cheerier than in 1933. By the way, they report comparatively heavy bookings from Europe. Throughout the country the sales agencies of automobile manufacturers and oil companies who are exhibiting form a great chain of amateur travel bureaus—perhaps 200,000 of them. You can roll up to the service station in your car and have a polite manager plot, plan, budget and reserve your trip for you—and load you up with maps and stickers.

"Sin" will be segregated this year. The Midway will be on Northerly Island, near the Planetarium and adjoining the bathing beach. It was discovered last year, by the way, that few people went to a World's Fair to swim. Right now the question of nudity is plaguing the Fair directors. They wish someone would tell them when nudity is wrong, and when it isn't. Venus on the Half Shell, for instance, who talked to you with a South Chicago accent while you admired her unclad figure, reduced by mirrors to a wholly unsuggestive diminutiveness, reclining in a glittery shell. Very arty, most folks thought.

And the fan dancers—who was to throw the first balbriggans? One judge, ruling on a Lady Godiva act, wanted to know whether the horse should have pants, too. But Little Egypt took a different view. Little Egypt put on, in the Columbian Exposition of 1893, the sensational cancan dance that raised hob with your grandpa's Sunday school training. She came down last summer to revive her show. But when she saw the fan dancers she packed up her petticoats and went home again, refusing to appear in the same fair with such hussies.

The most popular exhibit last year was the Hall of Science. No other building had nearly so many visitors. This year it will have hot competition from old and new exhibitors; but it expects to hold its own with a free theater of 10,000 seats, where from noon to midnight you can see the Siegfrieds of scientific research grappling with the dragons of ignorance and backwardness. The embryology corridor in the Hall of Science will be much larger, on account of something awful that happened on the first day last summer. This exhibit, showing you from the moment you were little more than an idea until just before an anxious father was told whether you were a boy or a girl, was put in timorously; a concession to adult education. It was tucked off in an unpublicized corner, and the directors hoped it would be observed by no one but medical students and clergymen.

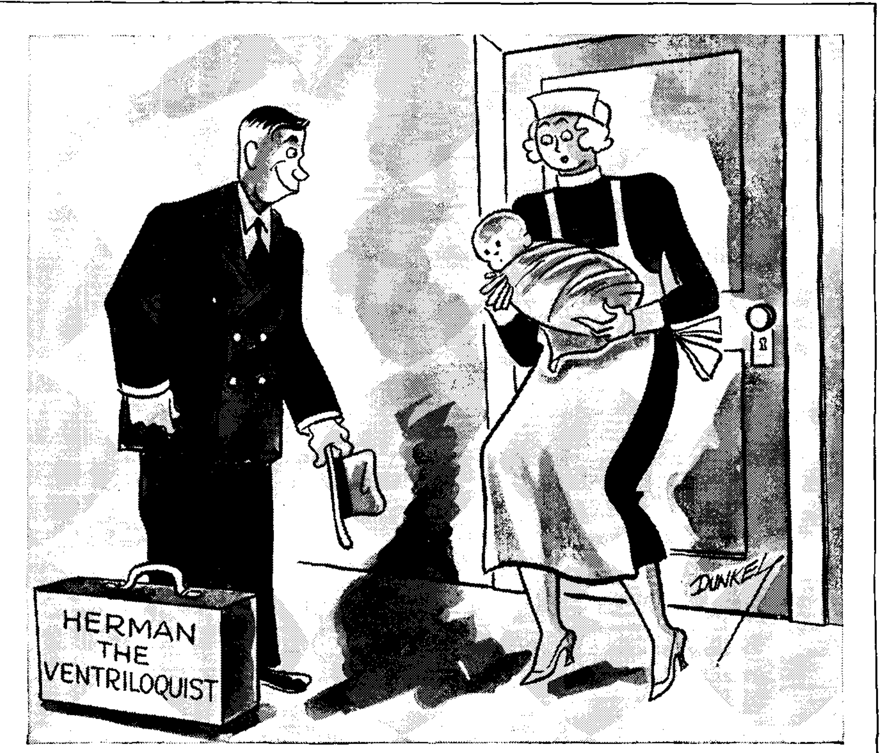
At two o'clock on opening day there was a riot call from the remote corridor. It took the courteous policemen two hours to straighten out the crush of women and children. The mothers of Chicago had discovered in the Embryology exhibit a ready and unembarrassing way to teach the facts of life to little Oswald and Evelyn. This year the embryology show will be right out in front—two hundred feet of it.

Behind the Fun and Bustle

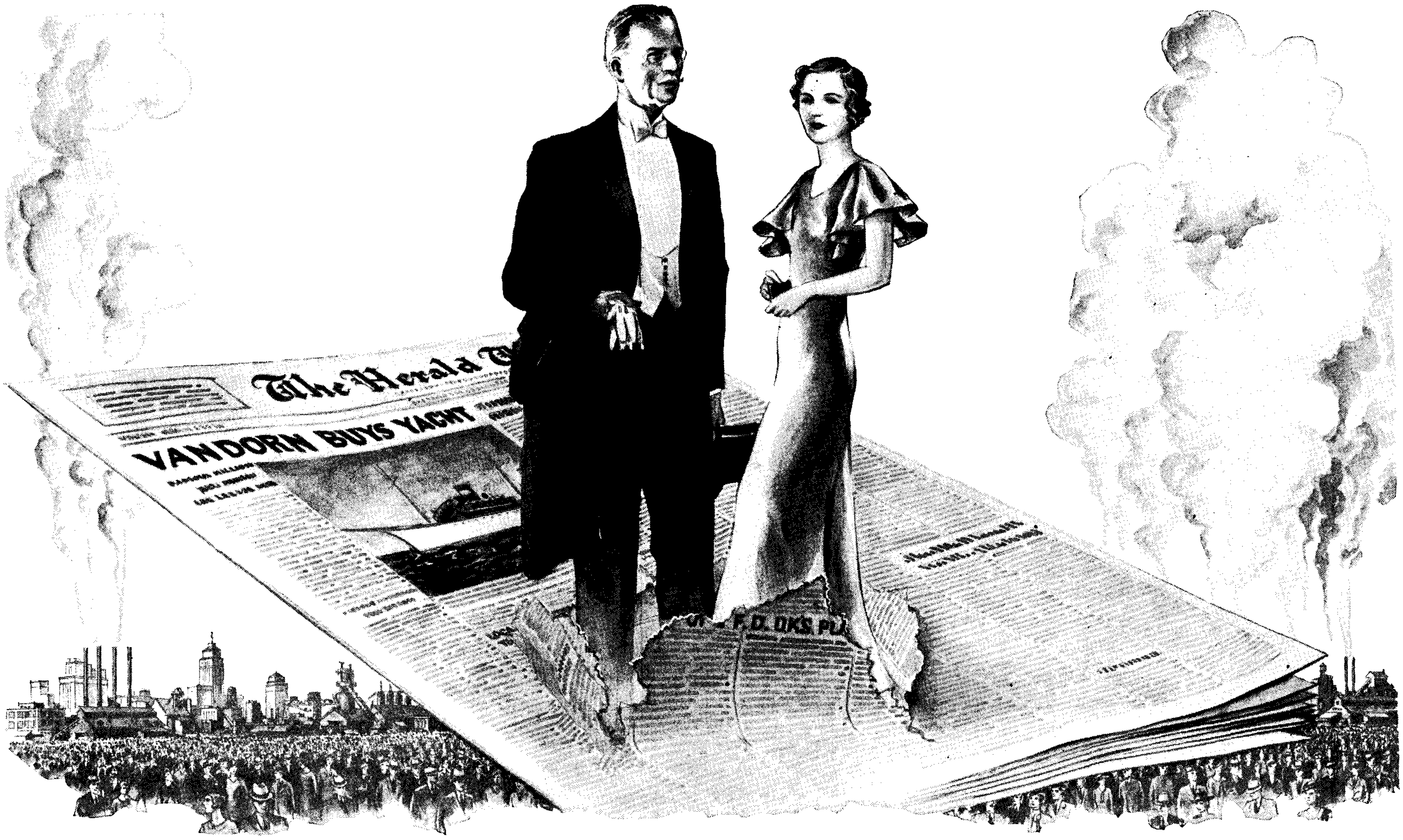
There will be other scientific tidbits to interest you. Paper nails that can be driven with sledge hammers; a plea to you to swat your flies, and save their wings and legs for the local paper mill, for it has been discovered these make beautiful designs in paper; prehistoric monsters with bigger and fiercer names; telescopes on the skyride observation tower that tell you what you are looking at; a dairy farm, where you can watch a glassful of milk you order being drawn with the coöperation of a well-behaved bossy, pasteurized and delivered to your parched lips. And, this year as last, the children's Enchanted Island will continue to draw more adults than children, and the Hall of Science will continue to draw more children than adults.

It will be a better Fair, just as this is a better year. It is, however, in my opinion an enterprise concerning which accurate statistics do not matter. What difference whether eight million or eleven million attended last year; or whether eighteen million or eighty million attend this year. The really important thing is that behind every person who actually sees the Fair, a dozen with shining eyes walk elsewhere. We may all take a cue of courage from President Roosevelt, who knows a bandwagon when he sees one. He took a look-see at the 1933 Fair and declared: "I consider A Century of Progress a symbol of my Recovery program."

And behind all the fun and bustle and excitement this summer, there will be a little group, led by a kindly man with forget-me-not blue eyes, dreaming that the Fair will go on forever.



"Hello, Papa!" *Courtney Dunkel*



Big Spenders Make the Front Page

. . . *but thirty million wage-spenders make business for the nation's factories*

MRS. ANDOVER GILTMORE spends $50,000 on a party to introduce her debutante daughter. *The society pages flutter in the hands of a million feminine readers* . . . Plain Mrs. John Citizen buys herself a brand new refrigerator—*and does not get a line on any page.*

J. Goldback Van Dorn's order for a $1,000,000 yacht rates big headlines on the front page . . . Ed Workingman planks down his cash payment and signs the papers that get him the long desired sedan. No one hears of it but his family and the neighbors.

Though the trumpets of publicity blare when the big, spectacular purchases are made, the nation's business doesn't thrive on what the millionaires buy. *The great army of average families, with their small, month-by-month expenditures for the modest luxuries of life,* are the ones who keep the life blood flowing through the arteries of commerce. They don't pay cash in full. They buy on their pledge of industry, integrity and thrift. They pay as they earn.

Instalment banking was planned and developed for these millions of families. For four years they have been holding back. This year, with skies brightening, and new hope arising, they are more than ever eager to take advantage of it. Industry must meet them half-way. Manufacturers and dealers who are making the credits available to them will reap the harvest.

Commercial Credit Company, founded in 1912 with $300,000 capital, pioneered in time payment financing. Today its companies employ 1700 people and more than $39,000,000 of capital and surplus. In the past twelve months it financed more than $250,000,000 of sales. Its charge for services is moderate. It carefully supervises collections to protect both buyer and seller, taking every care to avert loss to either. Its successful administration releases a great buying power for the upbuilding of America's business.

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

One Touch of Nature

Continued from page 30

hotel, but it became notorious during the Harding administration."

Tourists are extremely partisan and sectional. More Democrats visit Washington when a Democratic administration is on top, and more Republicans when their crowd is running the show. Mixing politics and fashions, some of the women even argue over the class of the gowns worn by Presidents' wives as exhibited in the National Museum.

While the women carry on this controversy, the men-folk, without petty or partisan disagreement, gather about Lindbergh's plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, or stand silently before the ragged flag which, still flying over Fort McHenry at dawn, inspired Francis Scott Key to write the Star-Spangled Banner.

But the men like their history to accord with their politics, too, especially when personalities of the Civil War are involved. Guides usually refer to the conflict as the "war between the states," taking no chances on Southern sensibilities.

Northern people are more tolerant, according to the guides, exhibiting no feeling when taken out to the battlefield of Bull Run and other places where Southern armies won the scrap. Old soldiers who took part in the Civil War are more sympathetic than their civilian descendants. Although Union men seek out statues of their old commanders, sloughing off the years as they doze on sunlit benches before representations of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and Confederate veterans likewise salute their enemies of long ago.

"So you're General Grant," soliloquized a Confederate colonel before a bust of the Northern commander in the Capitol Building. "Well, you old son-of-a-gun, you sure gave me hell a long time ago; you ran me ragged. But you were a good fellow just the same. When it was all over, you let us keep what we had."

All sectional and partisan differences vanish before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Even though a party may arrive at Arlington Cemetery in holiday mood, a hush falls over everybody when they stand before this simple, white marker to a man.

Cornwallis Remembers

Foreigners, even though they visit scenes boastfully reminiscent of their own ancestors' defeats, show no rancor. When the present Lord Cornwallis went through the Capitol Building, he listened eagerly while a guide gave a vivid picture of the Yorktown surrender as depicted in John Trumbull's famous painting. "Right you are, my son," remarked Lord Cornwallis. "That's the true story as our family papers have it." When the guide told how the awful British burned the Capitol, the White House and other buildings in the War of 1812, His Grace looked around the expansive rotunda, gazed through the great bronze doors toward the beautiful Congressional Library, and said: "Well, I can't say that we did a very good job!"

Patriotism becomes local rather than national as soon as the tourists have washed off the stains of the trip from home. They may be impressed by the winding, marble staircase of the Congressional Library, by the millions of books, by the size of the reading-room as seen from a fifth-story balcony, and they may stop to pore over original papers in the founders' handwriting, but there are more magnetic attractions. When the guides wonder why their warning that "only thirty minutes are allowed here" has not been heeded, and chase after their missing customers, they invariably find them bent over the home-town newspaper and devouring details of a church card party, or local bargains in dresses.

Almost every delegation, passing up Borah and Glass and Garner, want their own senators and representatives pointed out to them, no matter how unimportant these legislators may be in the national scheme. Friendship, or even a show of acquaintanceship with the men sitting down there below, they seem to feel, makes them akin to the government.

Whereas Washington Monument and the Capitol Building were once the most popular places, visitors now show equal or more interest in shrines of natural, religious and architectural beauty. They often go first to the Congressional Library, the Franciscan Monastery, the National Cathedral and Lincoln Memorial.

On to the White House!

The White House draws everybody, and they act as if it were their home. They are often shocked to find the East Room so small, until the guide explains that it is large enough for a President's "select parties." They like best to see the parlors and basement rooms, and they are extremely neighborly. They handle everything—furniture, pictures, statuary, flowers, rugs—and they would play the golden piano if permitted. Most of them go away disappointed because they cannot romp through the private apartments on the second floor, and they cannot understand why the man they put in the White House should want or have any privacy. The Chief Executive who will open the doors of his study, his bedroom and his dressing-room to the traveling public can become dictator for life as far as the tourist bloc is concerned.

The interest in personalities changes with administrations, although the capital also has campus heroes and heroines remembered through legends which have grown up about them, some true and some not. The older generations look for places associated with the great of their day, probably because they recall their own youth. Any list of people appealing to them would include Teddy Roosevelt, Admirals Schley and Dewey, William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Longworth, Woodrow Wilson and, of course, President Roosevelt. Neither congressmen or Cabinet members seem to make a deep or lasting impression on the national, wandering memory. The younger people prefer spectacular to statesmanlike figures. The only ones who interest both groups are Teddy Roosevelt, Alice Longworth and the President—three Roosevelts.

In recent years the fashion has turned toward men most often in the news, or to those who have developed or devised real or simulated personality in their political habits, their talk or even in their clothes. Though the tourists' ignorance of fundamental history is sometimes appalling, all seem to know about Huey Long's eruptions, Copeland's daily carnation, Harrison's squeaky voice, Joe Robinson's dyed hair, Lewis' faded pink whiskers, Blanton's mouthings and Speaker Rainey's windsor tie. And for the young innocents abroad in the Capital neither the lilies in the Botanical Gardens nor the panorama from the top of Washington Monument can rival these examples of home-made and touched-up history.

"Oh, Ted, we must never lose this snapshot!"

● Only a snapshot—a little square of paper. Yet it holds all the sweetness of the world's most precious baby. The baby as she is now—soon she will be different . . . Right! They must never lose it. How important it is that they have it—that they are not letting the days slip by without pictures. Snapshots are so good, so true, so lifelike now, made with Kodak Verichrome Film. Use Verichrome for your next pictures, see how much it adds. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

The pictures
you will want TOMORROW...
you must take TODAY

You've got to get Glamour

Continued from page 11

before the game starts but walk over to the box and hand her a bunch of roses and shake hands with her. If you think the news photographers missed that one you should stay out of the sun. They didn't miss it a couple of nights later when her new picture opened and there was York in a tail coat, and yes, by cripes, a tall hat, helping her out of her limousine and into the theater, like he was a duke or something, instead of a rookie batting .275.

We went on the road and mopped up and Kibby broke into some games as a pinch hitter and done well enough, though not well enough to win York's job away from him.

Then we come back home and there was Ansie Florry in the same box, with a new rig on each day, waving and smiling at Yorky. All this time Kibby went around looking like a hound pup lost in a blizzard.

Finally the Cardinals come to town for what they call a "crucial series." We met them in a double-header one Saturday, and they win the first game by getting to us for five in the ninth. We needed that second game bad. So the Old Man sent me to the mound. I ain't easy to beat any day, and this day I was more than hot. Working for the Cards was this big Dizzy Dean, and he may be dizzy, but he can make that tomato travel like a bullet. Going into the ninth nobody had scored. It was nothing to nothing, know what I mean?

THEN the grief begun. Pepper Martin hit a roller that, honest, your six-year-old daughter could of eat up; but Tony booted it, and they got a man on. Moore belts one out to Johnny York on a line and York tried to make a fancy catch and the apple oozed out of his paws. They got two men on. The Old Man was so sore at York he yanked him out of the game and put Kibby in right field. Ducky Medwick beat out a bunt, and the bases were jammed. I bore down and made Frankie Frisch foul out, and I slid a third strike across on Rip Collins. That brought up Davis. I worked careful on him, but the lucky stiff caught hold of one and it looked like goodby ball game. I never see a ball hit harder. It looked like it was going to knock a chunk out of the moon and fall somewheres in Spain.

Everybody held their breath, and then we heard out in right a voice bawling Sweet Adeline like you or nobody ever heard it bawled before. It was like foghorns and sea lions and about six rusty gates. It was odd to hear, and odder still because all that sound come out of Kibby. All the time he was bellowing Sweet Adeline he was tearing after the ball. He wasn't what you'd call a graceful runner. He moved like a bow-legged cow that's being stung behind by bees; but, boy, he did move. He moved so far and so fast that he crashed into the concrete barrier in right just as he got to "In all my dreams, your fair face beams." Down he went in a heap, stunned, and something hit him in the stomach and he clapped his hand on it and it was the old orange. Call it a fluke; but, anyhow, it saved our skin for the time being.

In our half of the ninth, Al popped out, and I hit one that by rights should ought to have gone for a triple but that Cardinal outfielder must have teethed on horseshoes, for he made the put-out. That brought up Kibby. It was a nice spot for him to become a hero by kissing one out of the park; but when we looked round for Kibby he was gone. It was the first time he had ever been looked for, and he was gone.

"Where is that dash-dot-dash dummy?" hollered the Old Man.

"I think I seen him slip out toward the clubhouse," said Mike.

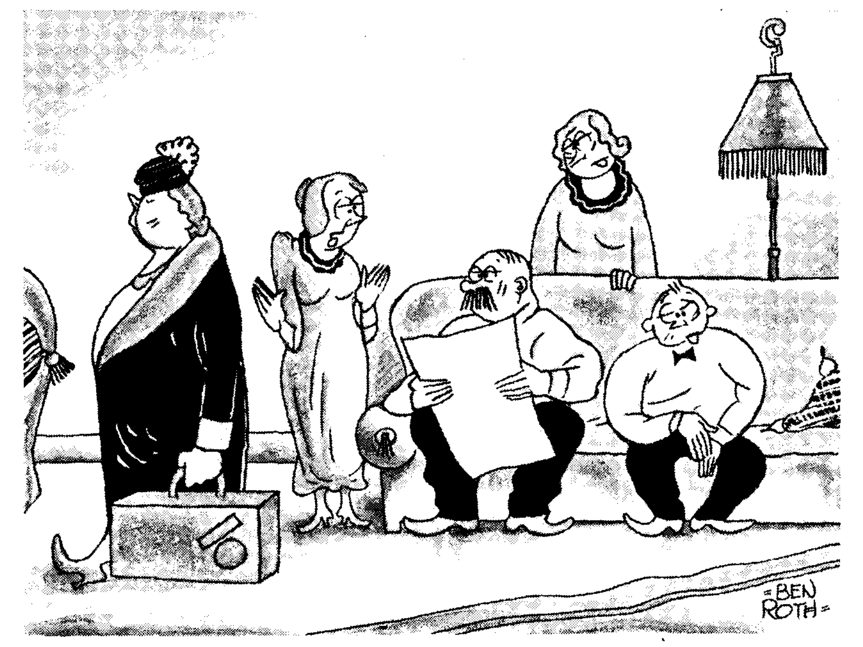
"Why in the name of this and that should he go to the clubhouse when it's his time at bat?" roared the Old Man.

"To powder his nose," said Mike.

"I'll powder his nose for him," growled the Old Man. "I'll powder that so-and-so right out of the league."

Then we saw Kibby come running from the clubhouse. We knew it was him by the way he run. We knew it must be Kibby, all right, even though he had on a big, black, bushy beard. When he got nearer we saw that he had on his cap and unie backwards. Over his shoulder was the biggest bat I ever see and it was painted red, white and blue.

Well, sir, I've worked for the Old Man many a long year and I never knew him to lack a word before; but now he couldn't open his yap. He sat there like he was frozen, or paralyzed or something. Before he could recover, Kibby was up there at home plate waving that red, white and blue bat like he was juggling an Indian club. Then Kibby pointed to a spot out in the bleachers and thumbed his nose at Dizzy Dean. Then he held up his hand to halt the pitch and turned toward the box of Ansie Florry and made a low bow; but Dean had already wound up and he couldn't stop his throw. He burned one down the groove and it hit Kibby right in the seat of his pants, and, since he was bending over, it knocked the poor goof sprawling on his face, whiskers and all. He got up and hobbled down to first, rubbing himself.



"I tell her I want her to be one of the family, and she ups and walks out"

Ben Roth

IT WAS a tight game, like I told you, and everybody was tense and had their nerves on edge because both clubs was wild to win this one because it might mean a chance to cut in on the world series coin. So Kibby and his actions and make-up just sort of broke up the St. Louis team and made them hysterical. They went up in the air like a toy balloon. So when Kibby took a long lead off first and Dean tried to catch him with a snap throw, the ball got away from Collins. Kibby started for second. He never did run good and having his britches on backwards didn't make him run no better. Collins raced after the ball, got it, and rifled it to Frisch at second. Kibby should ought to have been out by yards; but the throw hit him right where the pitch did and the ball bounced into the outfield, and Kibby set sail for third. He should ought to have been out at third, too, but Medwick's throw was low and hit a pebble and it squirted away from Pep Martin and, while he was playing tag with it, Kibby galloped for home. It was a close play at the plate, but the umps called Kibby safe, and there was our run and the ball game.

KIBBY jumped right up, ran to the field box where Ansie Florry was sitting, pulled off his trick whiskers, bowed, handed them to her, and then turned the poorest tumble-set anybody ever see. Then he run back to our dug-out and slumped down and buried his face in his hands and sort of blubbered and kept moaning, "Gee, what a fool I've made of myself!" One of the ushers come along and tapped him on the shoulder and said, "A lady sent you this note," and Kibby took one peek at the note and stopped blubbering and his eyes got very big and bright. . . .

Next day it was in all the papers. This is about what it said:

"The home team was lucky to beat the Cards, with Dean pitching superb ball. But the home team is a lucky bunch of clowns. Joe Kibby, sub-outfielder, was chief clown yesterday and gave a poor performance. It was disgraceful that a man should be allowed in a big league game when he was plainly intoxicated. For his silly exhibition Kibby should be sold at once to a zoo or a circus. He does not belong in baseball. Is the Old Man running a ball club or a booby-hatch?"

That's what it said.

Kibby was around next day looking sheepish. We was playing the Cubs, and Kibby was put in to pinch-hit. The crowd hardly give him a tumble when he came up. Even when he lined out a nice single, nobody cared much.

The Old Man kept Kibby the rest of the season, using him now and then, and Kibby done all right, just all right.

I was in my hotel room one night, packing up, when into my room comes Johnny York. Usually he sort of bounded into a room, slapped your back and pulled the "old pal, old pal, old pal" stuff; but this night he just drifted in and sunk into a chair.

"Got anything to drink?" he said.

I opened up a pint of Old Remorse Rye. We hoisted a couple.

"It's a queer world," he remarked.

"So I've heard," I said.

"I can't figure it," he said.

"Who can?" I said.

"You think you've got everything figured out," he said, "and then you wake up and find you got it figured out all wrong."

"That's right," I said.

"They claim I got color," he said.

"Sure, Johnny. You got color."

"He ain't got any."

"Who?"

"Kibby."

"No. Kibby's got no more color than gin," I said. "Or water."

"He looked pretty foolish that day he tried to grab himself some," said York.

"He sure did," I agreed. "I felt sorry for the poor fish, making a fool of himself and getting nothing out of it."

"What do you mean?" said York. "Getting nothing out of it?"

"Nothing but a pain in the pants," I said. "Well, I warned him that if you ain't got color you just can't manufacture none, no matter what you do."

"It seems he don't need none," said York.

"Why don't he?"

Yorky poured himself another snifter.

"Dames is nuts," he said.

"Sure they are," I said.

"She says to me," said York, " 'Johnny, you're a nice kid, but you ain't got freckles. He has. And I like a guy with freckles.' "

"You don't mean Kibby?" I said.

York nodded.

"I don't know what this is all about," I said.

"I don't understand it myself," said Johnny. "All I know is that Ansie give me the air and is going to marry the Unknown Outfielder. I tell you, Rusty, dames is nuts."

"Kibby's all right," I said.

"She thinks so, anyhow," said Johnny. "I said to her, 'But he ain't got any glamour,' and what do you think Ansie said?"

"I don't know nothing about blondes," I said. "What did she say?"

" 'That's one reason I like him.' That's what she said. 'And,' she said, 'anyhow, I got glamour enough for one family. I like the spotlight and I don't want a husband who'd steal it from me. Besides, Joe's got freckles,' she said. Now does that make sense? What the heck have freckles got to do with love?"

"I don't know, Johnny," I said.

"She don't either," said York. "She said to me, 'I love Joe, and I can't tell why. Maybe it's because he's so restful. Maybe it's because he's so crazy about me. But I guess it's chiefly on account he's got freckles.' Now, I ask you, Rusty, how can you figure that?"

I was a little stewed by now.

"Some folks has freckles; some ain't," I said. "It's part of the sweet mystery of life or something."

"I thought I knew all about dames and love and so forth," said York. "Yes, I thought that once. But promise me something, will you, Rusty? You're my pal. Promise me something."

"Sure, Johnny. What?"

"If you ever hear me say I know anything about dames or love again, will you crown me with a bat?—and it needn't be a red, white and blue one, either."

"Sure," I said.

I WENT to Kibby's wedding. It was a swell affair. The church was chock-full of cameramen, reporters, press agents and some friends. For a blonde, Ansie Florry looked sweet and cute. Kibby got to the church late. They wouldn't let him in at first. Nobody knew who he was.

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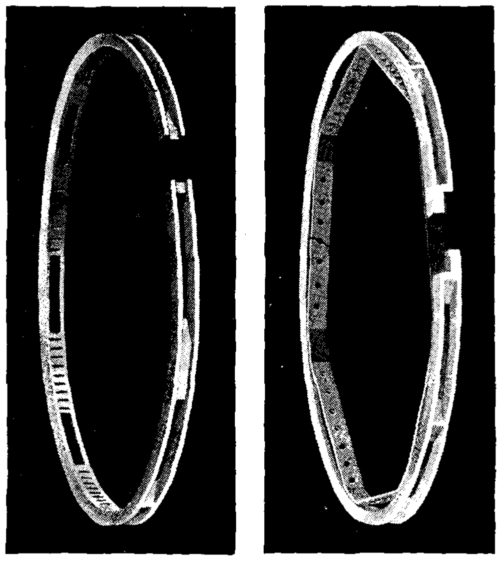
So—if you're fed up with buying oil—change to American Hammered Energized Piston Rings for a *complete change*, not a mere replacement. Remember that reserve energy in a piston ring means more power in your car and more money in your pocket. Remember, too, that *inner tension alone* produces it.

American Hammered Energized Piston Rings mean more power and less oil consumption for motor driven vehicles on land, on sea and in the air. And for *your* car—there is an American Hammered Energized Piston Ring to correct any condition of cylinder and piston. The American Hammered Piston Ring Company, Baltimore, Maryland.



» » » **There is an American Hammered Energized Piston Ring to Correct Every Condition of Cylinder and Piston**

American *Hammered*
ENERGIZED PISTON RINGS

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The world's before him

Your boy—dreaming of worlds to conquer—aggressive and shy by turns. A trying time, for him—this period of his fastest growth. Physical changes come so rapidly. Consult your physician about his diet, so that it will keep up with his body's need for the vitamins and minerals to build sturdy bones, strong teeth.

Double your watchfulness about the care of his teeth. Don't let him relax the early habit of brushing his teeth, after each meal, when convenient. At least, morning and night. Your dentist will explain how it should be done, how important it is for his teeth and gums—now and all his life.

Impress on him the need of periodic visits to his dentist. Make sure he uses only a safe and efficient dentifrice.

Into the making of Squibb's Dental Cream has gone all the knowledge that scientific research has learned about the care of the teeth. It helps in protecting the teeth from decay and preserving the health of the gums—and it cleans thoroughly and safely.

Every member of the family can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute assurance of safety.

●

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Food on Deck

Continued from page 34

with hot scones. Here is a recipe from the Berengaria for oven scones: 1½ tablespoons sugar, 2 rounded tablespoons butter, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of salt, and 1 to 1⅛ cups milk.

Cream the butter and sugar; then add the dry ingredients (well mixed and sifted) and the milk alternately to form a rather firm dough. Divide the dough into four equal parts and form into four balls. Flatten each dough ball by pressing lightly down on it, and then mark it into four equal portions with a sharp knife, letting the knife slash halfway through the ball. Brush over the top with a little beaten egg and bake in a hot oven. Serve at once, piping hot, with fresh butter and jam.

Another British matter-of-course that could be well grafted into American entertaining is the cheese board. Not to present it after every dinner, perhaps—as happens without fail anywhere under the British flag, whether you're on shipboard or at a country inn; in a duke's palace or a laborer's cottage—but just as a good, practical addition to the buffet-meal table. This is a plain wooden board, rather thinner and more polished than the ordinary bread board, with a cheese knife and a choice of cheeses set forth on it. Put it on the table with a variety of crackers. A well-balanced assortment of cheeses for a large gathering would be Gorgonzola, Camembert, Stilton, Cream and Cheshire or Old Blue Cheshire. Roquefort may be added with its own knife beside it if a stronger cheese is desired. People love to pick and choose.

Tidbits to Choose From

This love of choosing is also doubtless the reason why, as any dining-room steward will tell you, the most popular start for a shipboard meal is the assorted *hors d'œuvres* set forth so lavishly on their big divided platters, or covering the top of a rolling cart that can be wheeled to your side for an even wider choice. So adopt these, too, for any buffet occasion at home, since they are practical as well as festive, being prepared well ahead of time. The chief steward on the Ile de France suggests this assortment as being simple to obtain or prepare, and well-balanced as to color and variety: Sliced tomatoes, very red and firm, drenched in tart French dressing; a fish mayonnaise (shellfish meat or any flaked white fish served in a thin mayonnaise); a string bean salad (the smallest, greenest beans obtainable, not cut, but cooked whole and marinated for two hours or more in French dressing); potato salad with a sliced radish garnish, the potatoes cubed small or in thin, coin-size slices; prepared hearts of artichoke chilled in their own oil just as they come from the tin or jar; chilled sardines; and, finally, a meat *hors d'œuvre*—either an assortment of wafer-thin slices of sausage or wurst or, perhaps, that delicious French combination of boiled beef, onion and cucumber, sliced very thin, laid in careful layers, and well marinated together in a tart French dressing.

The starting point of a meal may be crucial, but it's the end—the dessert course—that is the bane of every housekeeper and the horror of every hostess. Well, then, how about that English trifle your husband raved about on the Mauretania? Why don't we ever have that? No reason at all—now! Here's the recipe from the Mauretania:

Slice a fresh sponge cake into thin slices. Put a slice in a pudding dish, sprinkle with sherry and cover with a layer of rich custard, cooled and mixed with a little whipped cream. Repeat this, layer by layer, until all the cake is used and then cover the whole with whipped cream (not too sweet) dotted with raspberry jam. The trifle is handsomer for a formal function if you lay on the whipped cream with a pastry bag or cone into a curly design, leaving holes and whirls that may be filled with the jam.

The quality of a trifle depends on the quality of the cake and the sherry. A mediocre one is just another cake veiled in custard, but a true English trifle is an epicure's delight.

Some Fine French Customs

These are only a few of the ideas that should float back to your mind from various shipboard feasts when you are facing the menu problem. If you are proud of your culinary skill and want to try it on a tricky French recipe, here is one from the Ile de France: It's fillet of sole with white wine—a dish for which Irene Bordoni demanded the directions on leaving the ship.

Have four fine soles cut into eight fillets (fillets are the thick, boneless slices cut, two to a fish, off the top of his backbone.) Set aside the fillets and simmer the bones and waste fish in water until it has cooked down to about a cup and a half of rich fish liquor. Strain and save this fish stock for your sauce.

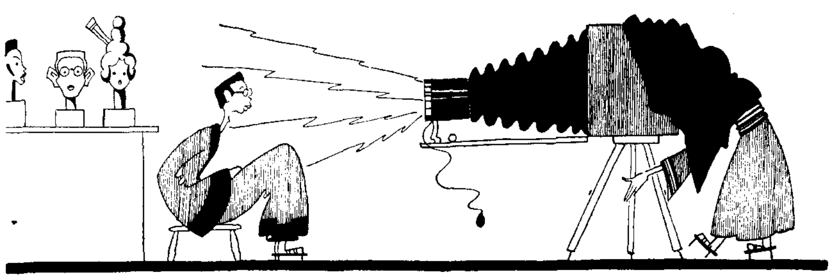
If you buy your sole already cut into fillets, as is usual in many markets, you can always get a good fish stock by boiling a pound or two of haddock with the bones, using up the haddock for scalloped fish or any other purpose you like, and cooking down the stock to the rich residue you need for this recipe.

Cover the bottom of a skillet generously with melted butter and slice in an onion in very thin slices. Over this lay the fillets of fish with some sliced fresh mushrooms on top if desired, and over all pour a wine glass of good white wine. Simmer gently over a low flame until the sole is cooked through. If necessary, add more wine and some of the fish stock you are keeping for sauce. You want some liquid left in the pan when the fish is cooked.

When the fish is done, prepare the sauce, which, being rather in the nature of a fishy hollandaise, is best made at the last moment and requires the hollandaise technique. Put a cup of the rich fish stock in the top of a double boiler and stir in about a third of a pound of melted butter. Heat slowly while adding gradually the beaten yolks of four eggs, stirring rapidly with a fork all the while to prevent curdling, until the mixture has cooked down to a runny sauce.

Pour the sauce over the already cooked fillets and mushrooms in the skillet, and stick the skillet and its contents under a hot, broiling flame just long enough to turn the fish a golden brown around the edges. Serve it piping hot with all its juices on a hot platter, and garnish with a few anchovies if desired.

With potato balls in parsley butter, a green salad, tossed French fashion in French dressing in a deep bowl, crusty French bread cut slantwise and a bottle of Chablis, you have a lunch that will carry you and your guests miles away from your dining table to the dining saloon of the Ile de France—or even as far as the sidewalks of the Rue de la Paix!



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Japan now has a new and remarkable photo-sculpture process. The sitter is only required to spend a few seconds in the chair, during which time 456 "vertical contour" photographs of his head are made. The process produces bronze busts in any size with startling photographic accuracy.

Undoubtedly the largest synagogue in history was the Basilica of Alexandria, Egypt, which was destroyed after the Jews made their great exodus under Moses. This edifice was so huge that it held several hundred thousand persons at a time and each trade guild had its own section. The responses of the congregation had to be directed by a flag signal.—*By Dorothea Myer, Clinton, Oklahoma.*

The value of adequate street lighting is shown by a survey made last year. In 1932, 20 large cities decreased their lighting cost 19 cents per capita and increased their economic loss through motor car accidents by 69 cents per capita. On the other hand, 22 other cities increased their cost 9.3 cents per capita and decreased their economic loss $2.07 per capita.—*By T. W. Rolph, Newark, Ohio.*

In the past SOS calls at sea have been missed by near-by vessels because the operator was off duty. Today when a ship needs help, its operator first sends a signal that actuates an automatic alarm on near-by ships, ringing a number of bells to warn the off-duty operator that a distress signal is about to be broadcast. A few minutes later, when these operators have arrived at their boards, he sends his SOS.—*By W. A. Tuddenham, S. S. Platano.*

Sometimes a newly-mined diamond explodes, a phenomenon caused by an internal strain brought about by its peculiar construction.—*By W. L. Starbuck, Denver, Colorado.*

Although many horses have been killed, only one jockey has ever lost his life in the Grand National Steeplechase, the world's most dangerous horse race, which has been held annually for the past 95 years in Liverpool, England.

At seven o'clock each morning a Vienna radio station broadcasts gymnastic exercises in which nearly everyone takes an active part. Right on the minute, according to the League of Property Owners, all houses—large and small—begin to "quiver and quake" and so much harm is being done that legal action will be started if the station does not stop this plaster-wrecking program.—*By Judy I. Morris, New York City.*

The Brownian Movement—which results from the bombardment of minute particles by the molecules of a liquid and which keeps those particles in constant motion and suspension—is well illustrated by a sealed jar of water in a London laboratory. More than 90 years ago very fine particles of gold were dropped into it. Today they are still diffused throughout the water.—*By Leonard Eckmann, Yonkers, New York.*

About 70 years ago, cattle "rustling" was one of the most profitable rackets of the West. Its extensiveness is shown by the story of the King and Kennedy Ranch in southern Texas. Between 1866 and 1869, this outfit had more than 108,000 head stolen from its ranges, an average of 3,000 a month for three years.—*By Don Maxwell, Chico, California.*

An important development in medicine is a process which preserves life-saving serums for an indefinite period without loss of their germ-destroying powers. Many lives will now be saved in the Arctic and the tropics where freshly prepared serums are not available for pneumonia, diphtheria, measles, typhoid and other bacterial and virus diseases.

There are at least 235,000,000 persons in the world who do not comment on the weather each day. They are the Mohammedans, who never remark about the day's atmospheric conditions lest they appear to criticize Allah's arrangements.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants*

"When GM does i

AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

better cars year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

you *know* it's going to click"

YOU'VE probably heard people express their trust in General Motors in just such words as those.

But what they're saying right now is even more emphatic:

"Look at No-Draft Ventilation. Look at Knee-Action Wheels Look at the way General Motors developed the idea of streamlining and did it in styles that say beauty as well as speed.

"That's sure calling the turns—and General Motors called all three."

The real admirers of General Motors will point to what's back of all this.

They'll tell you that General Motors built the first Proving Ground—in order to experiment at its own expense, not the public's.

Then they'll point to the "Proving Ground of Public Opinion"—more than a million question booklets sent out each year, to check General Motors' vast engineering knowledge against *what people want.*

And there you begin to see why people have such confidence in anything that General Motors builds. They know they're dealing with a pioneer willing to listen as well as lead.

HOW GENERAL MOTORS LEADERSHIP KEEPS IN STEP WITH YOUR DESIRES

FIRST—The vast and varied activities in research and experiment pursued by General Motors cover virtually the whole field of transportation. Its work in aero-streamlining over many years, for example, embraces airplanes, automobiles, even railway trains.

SECOND—Through the largest automotive dealer organization in the world General Motors is in close understanding of the public mind; and every year this understanding is verified and double-checked—last year *through more than a million questionnaires* mailed to owners of *all makes* of cars.*

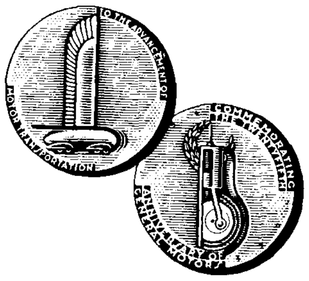
THIRD—It is a hard and fast policy of General Motors to suffer its own mistakes, to test and prove every innovation under conditions beyond those of normal use, to protect the buyer against any experiment of doubtful utility or value.

FOURTH—The balanced excellence of General Motors cars in 1934 as in other years includes ample and numerous features such as safe, smart, roomier Fisher Bodies, perfected No-Draft Ventilation, Knee-Action Wheels, smoother, more powerful motors, better brakes, to mention just a few.

**If you have not received your copy of the Automobile Buyer's Guide, based on these studies, write Customer Research Staff, General Motors, Detroit, Michigan*

GENERAL MOTORS

A Public-Minded Institution


TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MOTOR TRANSPORTATION
COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL MOTORS

This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation

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Smart Lines and Solid Comfort . . .

De Luxe Styles and Economy Prices!

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTS SHIRTS UNION SUITS PAJAMAS

● The "Sport Model"— and what a union suit! It's a sport model from the cut of its shoulders to the flare of its track man's trunks. Made of B.V.D.'s famous nainsook—a fabric as cooling as a cold shower.

★

● Burrowing under a bureau for a wandering collar button is a simple feat in B.V.D. shirts and shorts. B.V.D.'s are cut and tailored to guarantee life, liberty and the pursuit of freedom to active limbs and muscles.

"BUY B.V.D."—is the most profitable slogan and the most sensible habit you can adopt this summer! For in the face of a flood tide of rising prices, B.V.D. has scheduled underwear values that will go straight to your heart and pocketbook.

If you have the job of making today's miniature dollar do the purchasing it did last year—see the new B.V.D.'s! There's a model for every taste and for every build. There's a price and a real value for every purse. The famous red-labelled B.V.D. never offered smarter styles, more variety of fabrics or more economical prices.

You know B.V.D.'s name and reputation for style, for quality and for comfort. And now, one visit to your B.V.D. dealer, one brief review of the new B.V.D. styles and values will give you proof positive that your underwear and pocketbook interests lie best with B.V.D.

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"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE B. V. D. BEST!"

● Before Old Man Humidity starts cracking down on you, see the new B.V.D.'s in Feather Mesh and Q-cumber cloth, two of the newest, coolest fabrics that ever hung icicles on a heat wave.

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● You can loaf in B.V.D. pajamas because they're smartly styled and beautifully tailored. And when you hit the hay you can *sleep*—because they're cut to let you stretch, yawn, and completely relax.

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B.V.D.'s Special "Hot Weather" Values — May 25th to June 23rd

When the Public needs a Friend

Continued from page 18

to a basement tenement on Lexington Avenue between 103d and 104th Streets.

There was nothing sumptuous about this dwelling, and neither, as the family income earned by Father Wagner remained at the discouraging level of $3.75 a week for several years, was there ever any rich or indigestible food in the pantry. But this state of affairs didn't bother Bob much. As soon as his mother had gotten things straightened out she started him to school and immediately, even though he couldn't talk to them in their own language, he established himself as a leader among the boys. Having been trained in the *turnverein* in Nastätten, near Wiesbaden, where he was born, this eight-year-old youngster could walk on his hands just as well as he could on his feet, and could also do such marvelous tumbling trapeze stunts that one now wonders how it ever happened that, having two roads open to him, one leading to the circus on the Hill Top and the other to the glitter of the Big Show under the Big Top, he ever prevailed upon himself to follow the former.

But he did it. Deliberately turning his back upon the lure of the sawdust and the spangles, and thereby depriving America of the services of a great acrobat, he stuck his nose in his schoolbooks, and as he was determined to become an American, and knew he couldn't do so until he spoke the language, he soon mastered it sufficiently to go out and sell papers. All he earned he turned over to his mother, but even at that there were times, although not a great many, when he actually had to take a tin bucket and go out and *borrow* food from the neighbors.

A Change of Clothing

Then, when he was just turning thirteen, a great event came into his life. He had never had a holiday before; had never even been "downtown," and his mother took him to Coney Island! But it wasn't the island, with its slides and freaks and merry-go-rounds, that interested him. It was the people. As he rode past City Hall Park in the elevated train drawn by its smoky, old-fashioned locomotive and looked out of the car window he saw that a hundred times as many customers were passing the newsboys there as passed him at his corner up in Harlem and right away he made up his mind to move his business.

He did so the next day, and, of course, the first thing he ran into was a series of grand fights. He hadn't figured on that part of it but if it was really necessary for him to polish off a few of the downtown merchants before he could establish himself in their district he had no objection at all to being accommodating. In fact, he enjoyed the exercise and so preëminent was he in the use of his dukes that on the second day he was firmly installed at a post diagonally across from the historic spot at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge, where, until just a short time before, another bellicose kid named Smith had been conducting his newspaper emporium.

Prosperity now began to shower down. On one Saturday alone Bob Wagner made $3.18, and as he proudly handed the money over to his mother he casually remarked: "And if this keeps up, Mother, I'm going to buy me a suit of clothes." This was a thrilling announcement. Up to that time Bob's mother had met his clothing problem by merely visiting the raiment of the father upon the back of the son, but now, he said, he was going to change that system.

He did change it and the change wrought a change in him. After window-shopping for weeks he finally took the plunge, bought a "store suit" and began to lead a different kind of life. Instead of spending his evenings on the streets or in the basement tenement with his schoolbooks, he began to devote part of his time to visiting with his school friends; and through talking to their parents, who were good, substantial people, but not wealthy, he soon became imbued with the idea that if he ever wanted to amount to as much as they did he had to know as much, and that meant that he had to study.

No False Pride

Thus early in life he unconsciously set a level for himself. It was the level of the common people of his neighborhood who did not look down upon him just because he was a foreigner and the son of a laborer. That, and his new suit of clothes which had enabled him to enter a new atmosphere, made Bob Wagner. To this day, no matter to what heights he has been elevated—and incidentally he has gone the limit for a man of foreign birth—his viewpoint is still that of the average citizen to whose station in life he aspired when he was only thirteen.

BOGE
TRY
PPE
Jack Markow

"All of a sudden he got the urge to do a mural!" *Jack Markow*

As for himself, however, he was by no means an average boy. The very humbleness of his origin made him different. Feeling that his classmates were already, naturally, one step ahead of him, he reversed the ordinary process of youth, which is manfully to resist the acquisition of knowledge, by manfully learning all he could. Success crowned his efforts. When he was graduated from high school he was valedictorian of his class but even so the occasion was embittered for him because not a single member of his family came to hear him deliver his address. But this wasn't because they were not filled with pride at his achievement. They were; they were exultant, but they just didn't have the right clothes to wear.

And so it was that when Bob went home after the exercises it was with the thought in his mind that his student days were over and that from then on he would hit the ball and earn money. But something happened to prevent that: something noble. Two years before, Bob Wagner's brother Gus, who didn't care much for books anyhow, had quit school and gotten a job as a dishwasher in a restaurant. From that humble position he had risen to the post of assistant cook, and now, just as Bob was securing his diploma in the realms of thought, Gus was taking his degree in the world of caldrons and frying pans by becoming a full-fledged chef. It was Gus, then, who had just secured a job as a chef at the New York Athletic Club, who settled Bob's problem for him. "No, Bob," he said, "you mustn't quit school. You gotta go to college. I'll see you through."

In Senator Wagner's entire make-up there is no false pride. He likes to strut a bit, and frankly admits that in his wardrobe he keeps a special set of Sunday raiment for that purpose, but when it comes to discussing his own career he proudly hands over to his brother a very large part of the credit for his success. "If it had not been for Gus," he said, "I never would have gone to college, never would have come to the United States Senate, and neither would I have ever been a bell-hop. But I was; did you know that? Gus got me a job as hall-boy in the Athletic Club where he was cooking, and had it fixed so that I could work there and keep up my studies at the same time. I liked it. The members were all kind to me and in later years I came to know one of them very well indeed. Yes, when I was wearing a round cap and a completely cutaway jacket in the New York Athletic Club, Mr. Bartow Weeks was its president, and then, not so very many years after that, he and I sat together as associate judges on the bench of the New York Supreme Court."

Ready for Business

However, when Bob Wagner was graduated from the College of the City of New York he had no such high ideal as the Supreme Court bench. What he had planned to do was teach school, and so when he was given his B. S. degree in 1898 he applied for and received a teacher's certificate. But again, even as the country had previously been deprived of the services of a good acrobat, it was now to lose those of a worthy pedagogue. Thinking it would be a waste of good material for a man of young Wagner's ability to become a school-teacher, the father of one of his classmates came to him and voluntarily offered to lend him the money for a course at the New York Law School.

This was a godsend, the result of which was that two years later, in 1900, Mr. Jerry T. Mahoney and Mr. Robert F. Wagner, having rented desk space in a downtown office, and having entered into a partnership, were prepared to settle all legal difficulties for any clients they might secure.

In the meantime other things had happened. Bob Wagner's parents had gone back to Germany, while he and his brother Gus had taken a room up in Yorkville's German settlement. Here the young man felt perfectly at home. The atmosphere was clean, congenial and lively; their associates were of the average type to whose standards Bob had always aspired, while, last but not least, the Algonquin Democratic Club was just around the corner from their boarding house.

Up to this time, never having voted, young Wagner had no political faith, but now, just as everything else had happened to him without much premeditation on his part, he was about to become a Democrat. It was his pride that led him to fall into the party. It was 1898; the air was thick with the utterances of many campaign speakers and as Bob, still a law student, had always entertained the belief that he was a pretty fine orator himself, he boldly called on the secretary of the Algonquin Club and asked to be allowed to address one of the club's meetings.

Politics and Pinochle

"Of course," said Senator Wagner with a chuckle, when he told me about it, "it was an amazing proposition and I don't suppose I would have made it if I hadn't been loaded to the muzzle with the self-assurance of youth. But at any rate it went over and so did the speech, which I had carefully memorized and which, much to the disgust of my brother Gus, I had rehearsed for two whole days before the mirror in our bedroom."

The delivery of that oration marked the third turning point in Bob Wagner's career. He had rounded his first corner when he moved his newspaper business; his second had come when he bought his first suit of clothes, and now, with the applause of an audience ringing in his ears, and with the members of the Algonquin Club slapping him on the back, urging him to become a Democrat, and insisting that he join their organization, he knew at last just where he was going; his road lay straight ahead of him: it was marked *Politics*.

In those days the highway to political success for a young New York Democrat was a tough one to travel. The snarling Tammany Tiger, with one paw on New York City and the other on Albany, where a legislator could sell his vote to a vice panderer for $10,000 in the morning and lose the money all back to the same gentleman at roulette in the evening, was just beginning to come under the control of Charley Murphy, who as the proprietor of a long string of saloons had risen to great prominence, and—could a young man go along under such leadership and stay straight?

Obviously, if Bob Wagner ever asked himself that question he must have answered it with a very decided affirmative. His record proves it. During the

(Continued on page 60)

GRADE "A" mouth

You must clean BOTH SIDES of every tooth!

Grade "A" mouth! How can you be sure? Change to Tek. Shaped to clean directly behind your front teeth as easily and effectively as it polishes the outside surfaces. Compare Tek with the brush you are now using.

Tek comes in one quality — Grade "A". Bristles, laboratory-selected for purity, resiliency, long life. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed, Tek costs no more than old-fashioned brushes. Tek Jr. for children and smaller mouths.

CAN YOUR BRUSH DO THIS?

Tek cleans *all* your teeth—even behind your front ones, where tartar forms because misfit brushes miss.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Tek

(*Continued from page* 59)

next four years, while he was building up not only his law practice but also his reputation both as a good speaker and an exceptionally gifted pinochle player, he must have gotten wise to what was going on behind the flaps of the Wigwam, but what could he do about it? He was a very insignificant young man, whereas Tammany, without whose aid he would never get anywhere, was a tremendously powerful organization. Moreover, even though it was corrupt, Tammany's basic ideals were essentially his own. It believed, and so did he, that the masses and not the masters of the people should reap the benefits of government, and consequently, until he got politically big enough to do something to make the organization live up honestly to that principle, his only course was to ride along with it and wait for a break.

"Wurra-wurra" McLaughlin

Under similar conditions and with similar motives, other able, honest and *practical* politicians have often tried to do the same thing and too often have failed. But in Bob Wagner's case the achievement of his purpose began when, in 1904, the young men of his district went to the Tammany leaders and demanded that he be sent to the Assembly. He was, and no sooner had he arrived in Albany than he and Silent Al Smith, who had been seen but not heard around the state capitol for two years, began to be spoken of as "Murphy's boys."

Al and Bob made a good pair. Occupying a room together in a second-rate hotel known as The Tub, they soon found out that each one had something the other needed. Al was short on the legal learning and the endless flow of speech that Bob was long on, while Bob was shy on the legislative experience and the intimate knowledge of political wire-pulling that was Al's chief stock in trade. Add to these joint qualifications the further fact that they were both fearless, both honest and both deeply interested in the welfare of the common people, and it is easy to see why Charley Murphy, who was a keen judge of men and who right at that time was having plenty of trouble with public opinion, was glad to have two such representatives in the Assembly. They were a couple of young men to whom he could point with pride, and during the first year that Bob Wagner was in Albany there can be little doubt but that Murphy frequently silenced his critics by so doing.

In the following year, however, something happened that annoyed the chief no little. For some time the New York World had been hammering at the idea of a five-cent fare from any part of New York City to Coney Island and while of course the benefit that all of the people could derive from such an arrangement would be tremendous, still the emoluments which just a favored few could drag out of the traction companies in return for their non-support of the measure were so overwhelming that Mr. Murphy had never seen fit to endorse it.

Mr. "Wurra-wurra" McLaughlin, however, who was connected with the World, was suddenly seized with an idea. He knew Bob Wagner well. Together they had demolished many a platter of hasenpfeffer and chanted many a stein song, and so it was that there one day fell into the young legislator's lap a neatly prepared bill which needed nothing at all except to have him pose as its daddy. He read the measure over carefully, scratched his chin and, feeling pretty sure that by so doing he was starting something good, he introduced it in the Assembly.

He was not at all disappointed in the result. It was gorgeous. Great waves of profanity emanated from the Wigwam, within which an enraged tiger was vigorously chasing its own tail. There was nothing else it could do. On the one hand, as the big chiefs figured it out, if they opposed a five-cent fare they'd lose the vote of the people; on the other, if the bill passed with their connivance they'd lose cash from the traction companies; and so, grimly predicting that a mighty disaster would surely engulf that Wagner guy at the next election, they stayed out of the fracas and let him handle it.

It worked out magnificently, however. The bill passed, and then, to the unhallowed joy of Charley Murphy and all the rest of the gang, who suddenly wanted to kiss, not kill, the impudent Mr. Wagner, Governor Hughes vetoed it. This was lovely. For eleven years, although the organization had managed to do a bit of vote swapping in Albany, Tammany had not been in control of either the Senate or the Assembly. But now it saw its opportunity. A Republican governor had killed a measure that was for the good of the poor, downtrodden people, and with that as their war cry, the Democrats won a sweeping state victory, putting Dix in as governor, and promoting Bob Wagner from the Assembly to the Senate.

Nor was that all that the grateful gentlemen from Fourteenth Street were willing to do for the young man from the Yorkville District who had so openly defied them. They went much further; they actually pitched out the silver-tongued but servile Thomas F. Grady, who for more than a decade had been the party boss in the Albany Senate, and installed Bob Wagner in his exalted position. At the same time Al Smith came into his own as majority leader in the Assembly, and at once everybody knew that Murphy's boys were going to run things in Albany.

They did. *They* put the vetoed fare bill across immediately, thereby providing the resplendent Jimmy Walker with something that fifteen years later *he* could talk about, and then, following a year or two of comparatively unimportant legislation, along came the thrilling fight for factory reform and better labor conditions which grew out of the Triangle fire.

His Third Narrow Escape

This job, which as we have already seen was one that sentenced Al Smith and Bob Wagner to three years of hard labor on the vote pile, was so cleanly handled that at its completion one thing was apparent to everybody: This was that the two men, having outgrown the Wigwam, were having nothing whatever to do with the slimy business of providing provender for the striped cat. Hence it is not surprising that, in 1919, when the people sent Al Smith to the governor's mansion they simultaneously presented Wagner with a place on the bench of their Supreme Court.

This was gratifying but not satisfying. After fifteen years of turmoil in Albany the solemnity and seclusion of the courtroom were oppressive. Bob Wagner's is a restless spirit; he craves action and consequently in 1925, with his soul all set for battle, he resigned his judgeship with the announcement that he was going to make the race for the national Senate. And right here he had his third narrow escape. Earlier in life he had avoided becoming, first, a trapeze artist, then a school-teacher, and now, just as he had his eye on the goal of his ultimate ambition, his true and trusted friend Al Smith almost side-tracked and wrecked him by wishing off on him the job of mayor of New York City.

It was a well-intentioned idea, of course, and would probably have saved the City Hall from a good deal of the unsavory publicity it has recently enjoyed, but it didn't work. Firmly refusing a nomination which Tammany finally tendered to Jimmy Walker, Judge Wagner stuck to his determination to change his title to that of "Senator." He accomplished this by defeating James W. Wadsworth, who had been holding down Elihu Root's seat for twelve years, and no sooner did he find himself back among the lawmakers than he again renewed his fight for social legislation.

"But," he said to me, "it is much harder to accomplish anything along that line in Washington than it was in Albany, because what can a man do to convert a lot of traditional thinkers who get up, stick their hands under their coat-tails and dilate on the way their fathers and grandfathers used to live?" Obviously their line of thought is *not* Senator Wagner's. The gay nineties hold no pleasant recollections for him. During that period, when many of his Southern senatorial colleagues were enjoying the thrill of narrow-gauge buggies, fast trotting horses and pretty girls, he was battling for a living on the streets of New York.

A Vest-Pocket Veto

From that conflict comes his background and hence there is nothing either poetic or insincere about his sympathy for workingmen. With him it is all a matter on the one hand of cold-blooded justice and on the other of practical common sense. By the time he was old enough to be social-minded the world had come into the fast-moving machine age; and not because of Communism, Socialism, Marxism or any other kind of "ism," but merely through his own observation of the trend of industry, he came to the conclusion years ago that before very long provision would have to be made to protect the workingman against his own increased capacity to produce.

But how could that be achieved? There was only one way: Industry would have to be prevailed upon, by drastic legislation if need be, to take as much interest in men as it did in machinery. If it set aside reserves to replace obsolete equipment and kept its power plants fully insured and under cover during periods of idleness, it would have to do the same thing for its human employees. This meant social insurance, but, naturally, in 1926 when Bob Wagner reached the national Senate there was so much prosperity abroad in the land, with even the economists viewing the situation through leather spectacles, that nobody wanted even to think about what to do in case hard times hit us. Senator Wagner thus loomed up like a prophet crying in the wilderness. Mr. Hoover, when he came into office, even issued a proclamation abolishing poverty, and then, suddenly, the depression was upon us.

History now repeated itself. The Triangle fire had made New York State open its eyes and now a colossal, overwhelming disaster was about to cause this entire nation to realize that something was wrong with its industrial setup. Bob Wagner, who had seen the thing coming for a long time, tried to take advantage of it as soon as possible. Just as he had talked for compulsory compensation a few years earlier, he now began to talk for compulsory insurance. So did a good many other men. But not the man in the White House. As he saw it, it would be a dole, and for this country to go on the dole would be directly to undermine our magnificent rugged individualism. The line here was very clearly drawn.

Mr. Hoover's theories were in direct

opposition to Senator Wagner's. Both men were social-minded, perhaps, but with a very fundamental difference. Clinging tenaciously to the teachings of the traditional economists, the President believed that what would benefit the capitalists and industrialists would concurrently benefit the people who worked for them. Senator Wagner's vividly expressed notions were exactly the reverse. In his opinion the workers had to be considered first: benefits must travel up, not down, and thus the Gentleman from New York was provided with an antagonist against whom he was practically powerless.

But he did his best. For instance, as far back as February, 1931, at the very time that it was proper for us to prepare to meet a crisis, he opened the way by securing the passage, through both houses of Congress, of the celebrated Wagner Bill, providing for the establishment of nation-wide Federal Labor Exchanges. President Hoover killed this measure with a vest-pocket veto after Congress had adjourned.

Why? To this day nobody knows. Until Senator Wagner introduced the Labor Exchange Bill both President Hoover and his Secretary of Labor, Mr. Doak, who had actually assisted in drawing it, had strongly favored its passage. Suddenly, however, they turned against it, and the only explanation that even the friends of the late Republican administration have ever been able to offer for this strange procedure is that the President was unwilling to allow the credit for such a constructive law to go to Senator Wagner, a Democrat.

This was, of course, disheartening, but with the depression deepening there was nothing that Senator Wagner could do about it except, after freeing his mind in private to his friends, go to work to obtain relief for the people along other lines. In every direction then he put up a good fight—and nearly always a losing one.

Never was he able, although many times he tried hard, to get his traditionally minded Democratic colleagues, his Republican enemies or even President Hoover to go squarely on record as to whether they wanted to feed the jobless in this country or let them starve. As far as he was concerned his position was always clear. From the very beginning he advocated direct federal aid to the unemployed and on top of that a huge public works program. But with neither proposal could he make any headway. Instead of enlarging public works the Administration curtailed them, and as for allowing Uncle Sam to stick his hand into his pocket and from thence pass out help to the hungry, the White House just wouldn't stand for it.

Bankers and Workers

Nor was it until the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was created that he won even a meager victory. Comparatively speaking, it was an insignificant triumph. All it amounted to was that after a strenuous fight he succeeded in having the corporation clothed with authority to advance $300,000,000 to the states which they might use for the direct relief of human suffering. It was just a drop in the bucket: a mere lonely penny in the bottom of the huge tin cup that the needy of the country were shaking under the government's nose. And that Senator Wagner realized that such was the case became vociferously apparent to his adversaries when, a few months later, he arose in the Senate and liberated his views in substantially these words:

"When the railroad presidents came to Washington," said Senator Wagner, "we listened attentively to the story of their great need and in response to their touching plea we let them have uncounted millions from the Treasury. Nor did we preach to them about rugged individualism or sanctimoniously roll out sonorous phrases rich with the symbolism of self-reliance. It was the same way with the distressed bankers. When they came before us in their rags and misery we were not carried away with anxiety as to what would become of their glorious independence if we extended to them a helping hand. No, not at all. We merely aided them as they asked us to do by giving them almost unlimited access to our funds.

"But now when millions of Americans, foot-weary and heartsick, cry out, 'Give us work,' we suddenly are overwhelmed with the devotion to the idol of self-reliance. Thus while we glorify the virtue of individual effort the truth remains unchanged that about the only man in this country to whom we are unwilling to extend aid is the worker who created it. Has he no rights? Isn't this his government; didn't he build it; doesn't he sustain it; hasn't he defended it; in short, isn't it true that it was founded for his welfare?"

Loaded with Dynamite

Those two paragraphs are not merely a man's words. They are his portrait. They are Bob Wagner. He has arrived. At the age of fifty-seven he has achieved the height to which he aspired when he was fifteen. Being of, for and by the average citizen he now speaks for his class, and consequently ever since the present Administration came in he has had plenty to say. One of Mr. Roosevelt's first announcements was that he had named Senator Wagner as his chief adviser in a plan for: first, enrolling a huge army of workers for the federal government; second, granting direct cash relief to the states and, third, launching a colossal public-works program. Check those measures up against the ones that Bob Wagner had been proposing for three years and listen to the clicks. There they are: three of them.

Thus Senator Wagner's entire plan for temporary relief has become a fact. In fact, it has now become history. His permanent ones, though, are not having such easy sailing. As was to have been expected, this present Congress hadn't gotten its seats good and warm before it had before it two of his bills. Those two are still there, and so far as his ancient antagonists are concerned they are pretty heavily loaded with dynamite.

The first of these, his labor exchange bill, is comparatively mild, and so, taken by itself, will probably not create much of a rumpus, but the other, levying a tax of five per cent or less on pay rolls for the creation of an unemployment reserve fund is likely to stir up an unpleasantness fully as bitter as that started by his Workman's Compensation Act. And perhaps that war would already have been on had not another typically Wagnerian torpedo suddenly let go with an explosion which, via the radio, has literally been heard around the world.

This torpedo is known as the Labor Disputes Act. Now, what the employers are hollering about is that Senator Wagner doesn't agree with them as to what collective bargaining really is. Senator Wagner's Disputes Act has already justified its name. Mobilized solidly against it are the big employers: solidly for it are a large but undetermined number of workmen at whose head stands the American Federation of Labor.

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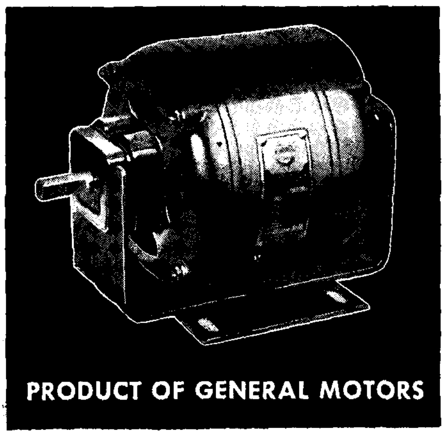


Barradine Intervenes

Continued from page 28

A *hoofbeat sounded. Shamelessly* Barradine took cover and watched as a rider leading a pack horse rode in from the trail. The rider appeared to be a boy of about sixteen who wore overalls tucked into cowboy boots and a vivid Mackinaw jacket. Hatless, the golden-brown face was crowned with a mop of sun-colored hair. With a calculating eye Barradine watched the nimble grace with which the boy dismounted, unburdened the horses, turned them into the corral and, picking up the pack baskets, disappeared into the house. That kid, he decided, would bear questioning. The house, he decided, would bear looking over.

Assisted by the growth of evergreen that pressed closely upon one end of the house, Barradine executed patient maneuvers which brought him so abruptly within hearing distance of an invisible but open window that he was startled by the unexpected sound of a fine baritone voice.

"You won't trick me again!" rang the voice indignantly. "This time I know you've seen him!"

"You're too bright at finding things out, Will," came the answering voice, crisp and clear and boyish. "It's dangerous."

"I'm not afraid of your thugs!" rumbled the baritone. "Where's he hiding?"

"How should I know?"

"I'll tell you how; you were in the store this morning, and I went over your purchases after you'd left. Then I rode after you, but when I got here you hadn't arrived. Where have you been?"

"None of your business."

"You've been to see Shearon and give him the things you bought."

"Lies, Will Cosgrove!" rang the clear voice. "You've got nothing to prove it!"

"Haven't I? Look here!" A movement of bodies scuffled within the room as Barradine poked one eye delicately beyond the window casing. "I took this from the ashes in your stove while I was waiting. It's badly burned, Doris, but the few letters that remain are in Shearon's writing!"

BEFORE he heard the name, Constable Barradine had seen for himself the girl he had mistaken for a boy. She stood so near the open window he could have touched her. As Barradine watched, Cosgrove laid the charred fragment of paper on the table and swung the girl around to face him.

"You've got to take your choice now, Doris," he cried. "I've got to know where he is, or—I'll have to take you in as an accomplice!" A hurt frown distorted his face for an instant, but he set his jaws tightly against it. "What do you say?" he cried.

"That!" answered the girl; and with her free hand she slapped him. Scarlet with fury, Cosgrove grasped her by the shoulders, shook her like a child.

"You will tell me!" he roared. "You've played with me long enough. I'll have it now! The truth!"

"An' strewth, you'll get it!" rang the voice of Constable Barradine. Entering through the window, he shoved Cosgrove aside.

"The truth is, you hulkin' misfit," he explained, "that ye're a disgrace to yer uniform. Don't stand there like a norse with the staggers! Stand up an' take wot you asked for, like a man!"

"Who is this?" demanded Cosgrove of the girl.

"Search me," said Doris candidly.

"But not without a warrant!" snapped Barradine. "I take it, young feller, that that's about the price of it. You was illegally questionin' this young lady an' enterin' her premises without a warrant. That the ticket?"

"That's it!" cried the girl. "His name's Cosgrove. He came here without a warrant. I don't want him here. He's a policeman. I hate policemen."

Constable Barradine smiled.

"You 'aven't met one yet, miss," he said. "Leastways, not a policeman as is a policeman." He turned to Cosgrove. "Now then," he snapped. "You 'eard the lady. Show your warrant or blinkin' well 'op it!"

Cosgrove placed a heavy hand on the charred paper.

"This is warrant enough," he declared.

Barradine stepped briskly forward, snatched up the piece of paper and submitted it to an expert scrutiny. It was all that a well-stoked fire had left of a fragment of cheap writing paper. Only a strip of the margin, decorated with quaint figures, and a triangle of the corner had escaped the flames.

"Rum form for a warrant," said Barradine, "I *don't* think."

"It's warrant enough," repeated Cosgrove. "There's a notorious criminal hiding in these parts named Shearon. This lady has been harboring him. I discovered that by the usual methods."

"Pretending to be my friend," scoffed the girl. "Flirting!"

"The police couldn't act," pursued Cosgrove doggedly, his face turning bright red, "for lack of evidence. But this paper has writing on it, and compared to specimens provided by headquarters, it's the handwriting of Shearon."

"Lor' lumme!" laughed Barradine, studying the charred fragment. "Call that evidence? There's only four words I can see, an' two of 'em's 'but'; the other two's 'meetin' ' and 'you,' which might 'appen to any bloke. Fer the rest, you carn't make evidence out of a blinkin' picture book."

"All the same," declared Cosgrove with increasing assurance, "I'm taking that paper as evidence; and I'm warning you not to interfere with the work of the police."

"Sort of a scourge o' Gawd, you are, ain't you?" grinned Barradine. "But you 'aven't got no warrant to be 'ere, so you better buzz off, if you ask me."

For a moment Cosgrove stood fingering the notebook he had taken from his pocket. He looked at the girl wistfully. Her eyes were clear and grave. With a sudden, unhappy exclamation, Cosgrove snatched up the fragment of charred paper and strode from the room.

Barradine turned to the girl.

" 'E wanted to tyke me name an' number!" he said plaintively.

She regarded him with cold displeasure.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded.

"Cuthbert Hentwhistle Barradine," he *announced.* "Travelin' *out of* Vancouver in the fish trade."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Left be'ind by the boat, an' walked up the beach for me figger," he explained. Then, abruptly, " 'Oo's Randolph Shearon?"

FOR an instant she stiffened; then abruptly her manner changed.

"Isn't it funny?" she cried with bright, friendly confidence. "I've never heard the name before in my life!"

Barradine regarded her thoughtfully.

"Now I've been introjuced," he suggested, "seems to me we ought to make it mutchool."

"I'm Doris Traynor," she said.

"Traynor?" he repeated. "Lumme, it don't seem 'ardly right for a young lydy to be stranded up 'ere among the 'eathen."

"My father—" She stopped short, a cloud seeming to descend upon her. "My father's in the fish trade, too," she said.

Again Barradine became thoughtful. He decided on another tack.

"An' this Cogglesgrove, 'ow does 'e come into it, then?"

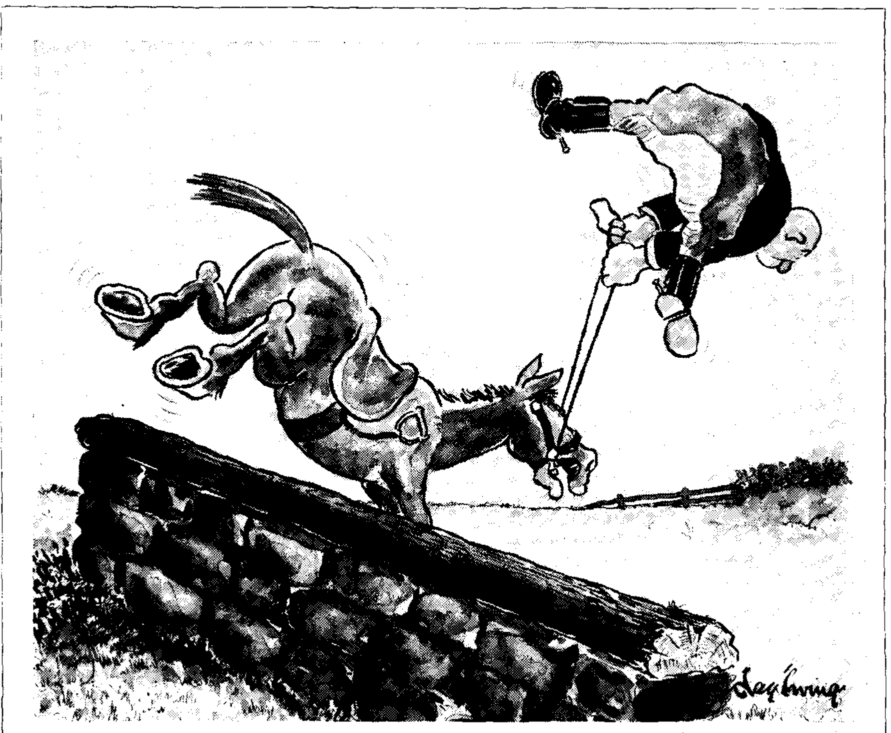
She smiled at him, moving with a bright, quick step to the door.

"Have you seen the totem pole?"

"Ah," said Constable Barradine, "the totem pole."

He was more than willing to see the totem pole; he was interested in totems; but why had she been so confused by the name of Cosgrove?

He was still considering the question while he talked about the totem pole—about all totem poles. For a policeman,



"Last one over is a rotten egg!"

Jay Irving

his interest in totem poles was astonishing.

"Telewasu," she explained gravely, "was the head of a powerful family. They built this house and Father took it over for a trading post when the old chief died." Again her face was clouded. "He's interested in—in the Indians," she said vaguely.

Barradine nodded, quite aware that she was lying.

"Rum figger, that totem," he said. "Looks like a fish dinner with the humans on the wrong end of the fork."

"It shows how Telewasu's ancestor was swallowed by a fish."

"Name of Jonah, by any chance?"

"I doubt it." She laughed, obviously glad to be on neutral ground again. "Then his old daddy speared a huge dog-salmon—you can see him doing it on top of the pole—and he cut the salmon open and found his son inside—see that figure at the bottom?"

"W'ereas now," commented Barradine, "we cut tins open and find the salmon inside. Sounds fair enough, don't it?"

Doris chuckled. Barradine watched her narrowly.

"Totems is funny," he remarked. "Take this 'ere figger of the bloke with a long nose. Rare funny one, that is."

IT WORKED. She flushed entrancingly. Her voice faltered.

"That—" she murmured. "I don't think I've ever seen that one."

"'Aven't seen it?" he cried. "Lumme! It's on the pole outside the store of ole Solomon Keeweedoo!"

"Mercy!" she laughed nervously. "That isn't a man with a long nose. That's a mountain eagle that kidnapped old Kweenu's great grandmother or something."

"Narsty, pushin' sort of bird, I'd call it," said Barradine. He was thinking over the catch in her voice; the flush which had betrayed her fear of his knowing about the man with the long, sharp nose. Again he changed his tack.

"Something o' that there mounting eagle in ole Cobblegrove," he said derisively.

She looked up sharply, with a sudden, bridling resentment.

"Mr. Cosgrove," she said in a slow, cold voice, "isn't a bad sort, really."

Constable Barradine assumed an elaborate insensibility.

"Not as a comic, no," he said. "But 'e's a rare funny sort of policeman."

The effect was startling. Doris drew herself up very straight. "I don't know who you are or what you came here for, but if you think—" Suddenly aware of how she betrayed herself, she stopped short, her eyes widening. She turned away from him. "You don't understand!" she cried. "I hate policemen! I hate them!" Constable Barradine watched her as she hurried into the house.

"Ho!" he repeated to himself. "'Ates policemen, indeed!"

Thoughtfully he walked away toward the trail.

Back at the village Cosgrove greeted him with more warmth than cordiality.

"I want to see you!" he beamed, placing himself between Barradine and the door of his small office. "I want your name and occupation."

"And the man calls 'isself a policeman!" scoffed Barradine. Grinning, he produced his badge and papers. "Regimental number 5395, Constable Cuthbert Hentwhistle Barradine, R. C. M. P.," he stated.

"A constable!" cried Cosgrove. "Of the Mounted! And you interfered with the work of the police!"

"You was exceedin' yer duty," said Cuthbert virtuously.

"But I tell you the girl's harboring a criminal!"

"Then why didn't yer swear out an information?"

"No evidence!" cried Cosgrove. "But I've got it now! She can't make a fool of me again to protect her jailbird!"

"Easy on," suggested Barradine.

"She's crazy about him!" insisted Cosgrove, his face drawn with despair. "She's afraid to let me come near her! She's protecting him—ever since I blundered into him there at her house!"

Barradine placed a hand on Cosgrove's shoulder. "Fair gives a man the pip to listen to you. Shearon's playin' a game with 'er. There's some 'old 'e's got over 'er; but it ain't the same as the 'old you've got. No fear of bringin' tears to 'er eyes by makin' fun o' Shearon. No. She'd laugh at 'is funeral, she would. But you—with you, it's different."

Slowly Cosgrove rose to his feet.

"You wouldn't kid me?" he rumbled threateningly.

"I've seen 'er!" protested Barradine. "Fair scratched me eyes out, she did, for as much as callin' you a fat'ead! No offense meant," he added quickly.

"You say she has no use for Shearon?"

"Why don't you prove it?" said Cuthbert. "Arrest the swine."

Cosgrove emitted a short, unhappy laugh.

"You saw me try!" he cried bitterly. "All I got out of it is the knowledge that she despises me. Moreover," he added with suddenly remembered resentment, "how can a man do his duty when a lot of damned mounties come crashing in, talking of warrants?"

Barradine tapped with one finger the fragment of charred paper that lay on Cosgrove's table.

"Use wot yer mother mistook for your head," he advised kindly. "Nobody wot sees Shearon needs a warrant to arrest 'im, an' this little bit o' paper tells you w'ere you can find 'im, an' w'en 'e'll be there. Work it out for yourself an' take 'im over. If that don't bring the girl around, then I'm the Prince o' Wiles an' ye're the ruddy blushin' likeness of my old uncle 'Enry, wot died of bein' made Hemperor of Japan. Only look alive, matey, cos I might take it into me 'ead to arrest the blighter meself."

He strode from the room, leaving Cosgrove to stare anxiously upon the charred evidence his desperation had procured.

Ten minutes later Constable Barradine was discussing totem poles again—this time with Solomon Kweenu. At the same time he sketched, at Solomon's direction, the map of a chain of trails that would lead him to the ruins of a burned Weerhae village up the Nass River. He then changed his clothes, hired a horse, packed provisions for a twenty-four-hour jaunt and rode off up the rugged pathway that invaded the wilderness of the upper Nass.

AN HOUR before noon of the following day the totem of the Sitting-Man stood solitary above the wilderness which had overgrown the burned village of the Weerhae tribe. The rudely carved likeness of a man which straddled the top of the pole stared blindly into the west. Below him a Weerhae crone fondled a wooden infant, while the great Glass-Nosed Person, demonic persecutor of the family, crouched at the base of the pole. The long, sharp nose of this fantastic monster marked by the length of its shadow on the rock how far the sun had rounded the totem pole, and Constable Barradine, who had kept watch since dawn from his camp in the shelter of the forest a hundred yards above the pole, noted with satisfaction the lengthening of that mark. It pointed to the end of a long vigil.

(Continued on page 64)

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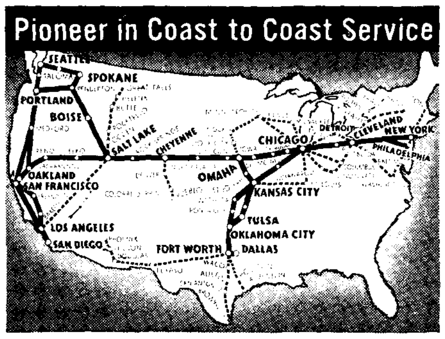

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MILWAUKEE

(Continued from page 63)

At a distance, iron clinked on stone. Barradine, hearing it, moved nearer the edge of the forest, his footsteps clothed with care. He was in full uniform now, for he had come to make an arrest. According to his calculations, Randolph Shearon was also watching that totem pole; Shearon, too, would have heard that sound of a horseshoe clinking on the stone, and it might be that Shearon was hiding no more than an arm's length away; so Barradine trod gently as he maneuvered for cover within earshot of the aspen grove into which he saw Doris Traynor ride on her brown pony.

Under the aspens, in the dappled shadow of the foliage, she seemed, as she dismounted, like a boy again. From behind a wall of rock, a man clad in boots and breeches walked toward her with an insolent self-assurance. He was dark, with a lean, sardonic face. It was Shearon.

BARRADINE could see his face as he spoke to the girl, but couldn't hear him. Standing close to her pony the girl took from inside her blouse a bulky envelope which she passed to Shearon, who stuck it in his shirt. Barradine was seeking for some cover which would let him hear them, when Shearon raised his voice.

"How do I know?" he cried. "Cosgrove's been watching you! You've been alone with him! If you play in *with him! If you've been blabbing . . .*" The voice fell throatily out of Barradine's hearing. Then Doris spoke, her voice clear and excited.

"You're crazy!" she cried. "There's—" she caught her breath. "There's nothing to fear from Cosgrove. Leave him out of it!"

Shearon said something in a low, persuasive voice. Barradine saw the girl stiffen and draw away, her hand clutching her pony's mane.

"Don't be a fool!" she cried. "If I say you're safe, you're safe! If you harm Cosgrove you'll have the Mounted Police on you!"

Shearon spoke again and there descended on the girl the cloud which Barradine had seen before.

"That's all you've got!" she cried unhappily. "That's all the hold you've got! You'll have nothing to count on when that's gone!"

Shearon laughed. He pressed more closely to the girl. A dark flush rose in his face, his voice fell throatily. Doris pressed back and back against the shoulder of her patient pony.

Suddenly she shoved the man violently backward with all her strength, then, turning, she slipped one toe in the stirrup as she urged the pony forward. The animal bounded for the open, but Shearon recovered himself in time to plunge forward and seize her about the middle before she was in the saddle. He dragged her free.

The pony trotted away, and Shearon, laughing, pressed the girl to the ground while she struggled furiously. Constable Barradine came pounding down the slope.

He was sliding and stumbling on the rough and slippery surface of the stone when a mounted man thundered forth from the forest. A black horse swept down upon the figures of the man and the struggling girl, to swerve away as the great form of Constable Cosgrove plunged from the saddle to bear Shearon to the ground.

THERE was a moment of terrific struggle, and Shearon was flung backward into the brush: a sharp scream from the girl as Shearon emerged, an automatic in his hand. Barradine was close now, freeing his own gun, but Cosgrove was a hurricane gone mad. With one great hand he had Shearon's pistol arm at the wrist, the other he swung over Shearon's shoulder, twined it through under the elbow and swung the weight of his legs forward, his great shoulders backward. Crying out with agony, Shearon was whipped about in a flying cartwheel. The pistol hurtled through the air. Shearon crashed down to the rock.

"Like a ruddy circus," remarked Constable Barradine, picking up Shearon's gun. He moved to the fallen criminal, who groveled on the stones, nursing one arm.

"You've broken it!" he moaned.

"You're under arrest, Shearon!" snapped Barradine sharply. "And anything you say," he added quickly, interrupting profanity, "will be 'eld against you." He manacled Shearon's wrists. "Come along, Cosgrove," he said. But Constable Cosgrove was standing very erect, obscuring the figure of a girl who stood very close to him.

"Why did you do it?" he was saying. "You've got to tell me now."

"Will," she said with clear candor, "you'll never make a policeman. You must give it up immediately. Anyway," she added, as if in afterthought, "it's too dangerous."

"I want to know why you did it," he pursued stubbornly.

"It was my father, Will," she said very softly.

"Your father!" cried Barradine. "Mixed up with 'im?"

"Not really my father—he married Mother when I was a kid. But I—he was all right. He got mixed up with Shearon in some railroad robbery—he was a telegraph operator, and he sold some information to Shearon about shipments of money. It was when Mother was dying—he needed cash." She gazed into Cosgrove's handsome, honest face and shrugged hopelessly. "Well," she sighed, "Shearon held it over him. If he went to prison, Dad would too. See?"

THERE was great anxiety in her eyes as she searched Cosgrove's face; and he gazed dumbly back at her, appalled by the depths of his misunderstanding. He frowned, with a darker thought.

"Lord, Doris," he said. "Your father—they'll arrest him, now." She shook her head.

"They'll never have him now," she said. "I took him down to Vancouver for an operation, and his heart failed. He died in the hospital last Thursday."

"Dead!" cried Shearon. He glared at the girl murderously. "That was all the hold I had—you said that! So you sold me out!"

"I didn't." She spoke contemptuously. "Will will tell you that. He tried to get it from me yesterday. But I wouldn't."

"Why not?" Cosgrove flushed fiery red. "Why did you protect him with your father gone?"

She was close to him, plucking at the buttons of his tunic.

"He said he would shoot it out," she murmured. "I was afraid to see you, Will. I was afraid to be near you. That's why."

The fear for him which throbbed in her voice was too much for Constable Cosgrove. Barradine turned on the prisoner.

"Now, then!" he snapped. "This ain't no blinkin' peep show! About face, an' quick step, march!"

"HOLD on!" cried Cosgrove. Moderately detaching himself from Doris' embrace, he turned to Barradine with one arm about her.

"If it hadn't been for Barradine," he informed her, "I'd never have found it out."

"That wasn't nothing," grinned Barradine, blushing prettily.

" 'It's on the paper,' he told me," pursued Cosgrove. "And I looked at that bit of burned paper till midnight before I saw the little pictures that made up the totem of the Sitting-Man. There they were, *all along the margin of the* paper, with a picture of the sun off to the south, marking the time you were to meet him. And Barradine had seen it from the first."

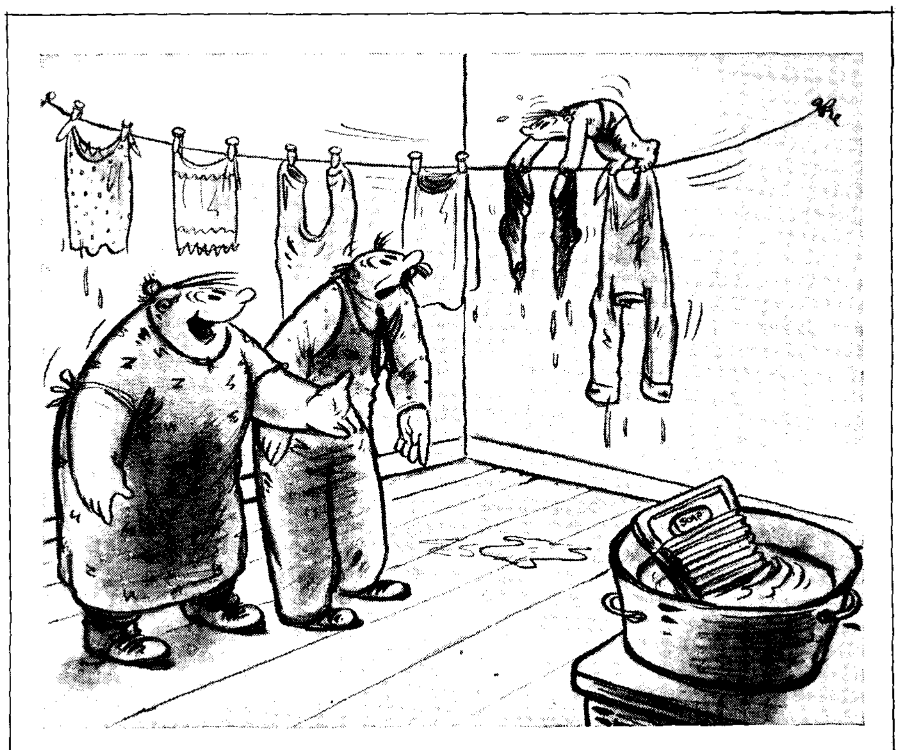
"I know," said Doris, surprisingly. "He as good as told me that he'd seen it, by asking a lot of simple questions. I hoped," she added shamelessly, "that he'd make the arrest himself."

"An' they talk of the gentler sex," said Constable Barradine. "Strewth, I wouldn't want to meet you, me lady, on a dark night with a warrant in me 'and for one of yer men-folk."

"You won't." She smiled brightly. "Will can take care of all the family warrants himself."

"For the present," said Barradine dryly, " 'e'd best look to 'is duty. I'll ride into town with the prisoner, Cosgrove, if you'll follow along with the witness."

"The witness," grinned Cosgrove gratefully, "will not for a moment be out of my sight."



"Well, I suppose you see how bad I need the clothespins I ask you for!"

Frank Owen

Doctors should Never Marry

Continued from page 17

"I can duck out after the dinner party and be back before they miss me."

"Why don't you let Dr. Walters take your calls tonight?"

"Walters take care of the Lucas kid? I should say not!"

"Is he worse?"

Much. I've shipped oxygen down there."

"Are you going to see him later too?"

"Naturally. You don't want me to neglect my patients, do you?"

"No, only aren't you going on someplace after dinner? I thought you said—"

"What if we are? I guess she can go to a show without me, especially a Junior League show. She may as well get used to doing it. Nine tenths of her life will be spent that way."

"Well, as long as she doesn't mind—"

"Of course she minds. Who said she didn't mind? Naturally she minds. She minds like the devil. But that's because she doesn't understand."

"Well, you can't expect her to understand," said Phyl. "She's not a doctor. You'd better hurry now—you'll be late for dinner."

"If I'm late again—" The phone rang. "If that's the girl friend, tell her I'm practically there."

IT WASN'T the girl friend. It was Mrs. Lucas in tears. Phyl could hardly understand her over the phone. When she did she looked up and said with a little catch in her voice, "You've got to get over there right away. He's very bad—his temperature is a hundred and five."

"What? Tell her I'm on my way."

"He's on his way, Mrs. Lucas. Don't worry, he'll be there as soon as he can make it."

Dick said, "Maybe you'd better come along too. You can help. No, you stay here and phone Paula, tell her what's happened, then, after you get her, grab a taxi and come over. Will you?"

Phyl nodded. She handed him his bag. "I'll be along in no time." She hurried back to the telephone.

A butler answered the phone. "Miss Van Ness is dressing. Can I take the message?"

"Yes, tell her Dr. Brainard's been called out on an emergency case. Tell her he won't be there for dinner." She hung up with a flourish. "And tell him, my good fellow," she said as she snatched up her cape, her purse, her gloves, "that if she doesn't like it she can lump it!"

By the time she got to the Lucases' she found Dick with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. There was no time to talk except for the order he gave her, "Fill the tub with water at a hundred and one."

The hours went by on wings. The Lucas boy was holding his own. His fever had come down five degrees. His delirium had gone, his breathing was no longer labored. Dr. Brainard straightened his shoulders with a little jerk. "He seems better now," he said. His own face was white and drawn. "He'll sleep," he said to the boy's mother. "If he wakes, try to get in as much milk and custard as possible." He pulled down his sleeves and slipped on his vest and coat.

Outside a moon was shining clear and white and still. The air smelled sweet and earthy. Phyl took a long breath of it. Dr. Brainard came down the steps and helped her into his car. "Narrow squeak, that one," he said. "Nice little kid. I'd have hated to lose him."

He pulled out his watch, struck a match and examined it. "Holy mackerel, it's 2 A. M.!" He stepped on the starter. "What did Paula say when you phoned?"

"She was dressing. I gave the message to the butler."

"Oh, well, she won't care, not when she hears we saved the boy."

But she did care and there was an air of forced cheerfulness about Dr. Brainard for days afterward. Once he said, "It's a funny thing, Miss Curtis, but believe it or not, Miss Van Ness was all upset about the other night."

"It probably spoiled her party."

"No, that's not what got her. It was the fact that I never called her up all evening to explain. Can you imagine me leaving that boy's side long enough to locate her?"

"Oh, she'll get over it."

And she did. . . .

The wedding day approached.

Two days before the wedding a dinner was scheduled for the bridal party and after that the church rehearsal.

"I've got a swell seat reserved for you on the Great Day, Miss Curtis, so you can see the whole show."

She bent over her reports. "I'm sorry, but I won't be there."

"Not there? Not at my wedding?" He looked genuinely hurt. "What's the idea? Oh, yes, I remember, you said weddings made you weepy."

"Yes, that's it; that's why I thought I'd take the whole day off."

"But you'll be on the job here at the office while I'm away on my honeymoon, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be on the job."

"The decorators come in the day after the wedding to do the house over. They'll want supervising. That'll be your job too."

She nodded briefly. "I'll attend to everything."

The phone rang. It was Paula. She handed him the instrument and went into the library. After a time, she heard Dr. Brainard shout, "Hey, where are you?" and went back to the office.

He grinned at her. "I've been read the riot act. I've got to be on time tonight. No excuses acceptable. If I'm late, she's all washed up with me." He glanced at his watch. "Well, here's where I go and array myself in all my glory."

"Is there anything I can do for you before I go home?"

"Not a thing. Oh, yes, stay here till I get dressed and tell me if I look presentable, will you?"

"Well—if you don't take too long."

"Why? Got a date with the Parker boy?"

"Yes, but it's not until later."

"He's pretty gone on you, isn't he?"

"No, we're just friends."

"You'd make a swell doctor's wife. He's lucky if he gets you."

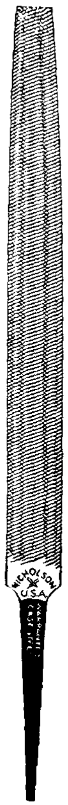
"Thanks. I'll tell him you said so."

"Don't go yet. I won't be a minute."

WHEN he was gone she went back to the library and sat down in a deep arm-chair. Beside her, on a small table, was a picture of Dick when he was a boy. She picked it up and studied it intently. He had not changed much. The same eager, sensitive face, a little younger, a little softer; the same deep-set eyes, the same laughing mouth. Suddenly she tucked the picture, frame and all, in her blouse. She had no sense of guilt, only terror lest someone wrest it from her.

Then she heard him calling her and stood up to greet him. In his immaculate evening clothes, the white carna-

(Continued on page 66)



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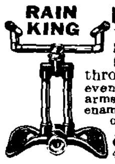

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(Continued from page 65)

tion in his buttonhole, he was the best-looking man she had ever seen.

"How do I look? O. K.? No shirt tails sticking out?"

"You look all right."

• He came toward her and took her hands in his. "Miss Curtis, I want to tell you what an awful peach you've been—I want to tell you—"

The phone was ringing. "That's Paula checking up on me. No, don't bother, I'll answer it."

Phyl brushed her sleeve across her eyes, patted the front of her dress to make sure the picture was there, and went toward the office. He met her at the door, his face grave.

She said, "What is it? What's the matter?"

"A phone call from somebody named Donello—Tony Donello. Never heard of him. He lives out in Georgetown, on the other side of the tracks. His wife's having a baby."

"I'd better call Dr. Walters and get him to go right over there."

"Yes, call him." But he said it slowly. "The poor fellow sounded half crazy. I wonder where he got my name? If the baby's nearly here it wouldn't take long—"

"You're not going to be late tonight," said Phyl firmly. "Here's Dr. Walters' house." But he was out on a case. So was Dr. Walsh and Dr. Field.

"Gosh, they can't all be out!"

"We'll call the hospital at Middleburg. They'll send an ambulance P. D. Q."

Dr. Brainard shook his head. "It would take them too long to get there. Miss Curtis, I'm going. Get Miss Van Ness on the phone."

"Yes, Doctor."

He was walking up and down, his face stern and set, his hands locked behind him.

"Here's Miss Van Ness, Dr. Brainard."

WHEN he took the telephone from her she saw that his hand trembled. "Darling," he said, "this is Dick. I can't get there for dinner. . . . Wait. Don't talk yet. It's a woman. It's—a woman who's going to have a baby. Her name is—oh, you wouldn't know who she is anyway. It's an Italian woman across the tracks. . . . Of course I've tried everybody else, but they're all out. I've got to go, you see that, don't you? . . . But Paula . . . But . . ." Then he spoke in a new tone, "I can't help how you feel about it. How you feel at a time like this isn't important. . . . Yes, I said how you feel at a time like this doesn't count for a damn. I've got to get there and get there quick. I'll go on to the church as soon as I'm through. . . . What's that? Say that again. . . . Paula, you don't mean that, you can't mean that—Paula—" He stood looking stupidly at the receiver in his hand. Then he gave a short laugh. "Hung up on me. . . . Well, come on, we've got our work cut out for us."

He drove the car at breakneck speed across the tracks and down the badly gutted roads of Georgetown. They drew up at a tumbledown shack set back on a piece of moth-eaten lawn.

They went up the rotten, sagging steps of the porch. Dr. Brainard knocked. After a minute a bolt was slipped back and a man's face, pale, unshaven and distorted with fear, was thrust out. "Come quick, she dying."

He led the way upstairs. By the flickering rays of a lamp which he held before him, Phyl could see that he was not old as she first had imagined, but young. They entered the darkened room and Dr. Brainard went directly to the bed. The man stood beside him and by the lamplight Phyl could see the flushed face on the pillow, twisted with agony, the lips drawn back over the teeth like those of an animal.

Dr. Brainard took off his coat, rolled back his sleeves, and made an examination. He straightened up. "We've got to get her to the hospital immediately, otherwise it will be too late."

Phyl nodded.

"Stop!"

Dr. Brainard whirled, so did Phyl. It was the dark, unshaven young man, the husband. He stood between them and the closed door and in his hand he held a revolver. "No," he said. "She no go hospital. Bad place. They killa you there. You bringa the bambino here. You no taka my wife to hospital. You do it here."

"You're crazy," said Dr. Brainard. "I can't do it here. She'll die sure, and soon if we don't get help. Get out of the way!"

But the man shook his mane of hair, his face was as white as death and his eyes like red flames.

"She no go hospital. You do it here. If my wife she die, *you die too.* I *shoot* you dead."

Dr. Brainard said, "By God, he means it!"

Phyl said quietly, "Don't argue with him. It's no use. Do as he says."

"But I can't, it's impossible!"

Phyl took a step toward the man. "All right," she said, "Dr. Brainard will do as you ask."

The man lowered the gun an inch or two. "My wife no lika go hospital," he said.

"No," said Phyl, "I don't blame her."

Dr. Brainard said, "What the—"

She broke in with, "It will be hard to do it here. You understand that, don't you, Mr. Donello? We will need help. Dr. Brainard will need help. Do you think you can help us?"

He looked suspiciously from one to the other and then nodded.

"Now the first thing to do while I set out the doctor's instruments is to wash your hands. Your hands. They're dirty. You can't help with dirty hands."

He went toward the wash basin in the corner. He laid the gun on a chair beside him and plunged his hands in a basin of water.

The instant he did this Phyl stepped swiftly behind him and caught up the revolver on the chair.

"Now, Mr. Donello," she said, "if you don't do exactly what the doctor tells you I'll blow your brains out!"

He swung around with a snarl. "Give me that gun!"

She shook her head. "I don't care anything about you. I care about your wife and your baby. They're going to have a chance to live if I have to drill you full of holes to give it to them!"

He stood staring at her, his fingers opening and closing convulsively.

Dr. Brainard said, "I'll carry your wife downstairs and you can come along if you behave yourself."

The young man growled, "Leave her be!" He took a step forward, and Phyl advanced too, covering him with the revolver.

"Go ahead, Doctor," she said. "I'll take care of him if he starts anything."

DR. BRAINARD, without another word, went to the bed, picked up the woman and carried her from the room. As he went down the stairs he called, "Are you all right? Are you sure you can hold him?"

"I'm all right," said Phyl. And even as she said it the man sprang for her.

His fingers gripped hers. His strength was colossal. She felt his fingers like iron bands closing on hers, battling to get possession of the gun. "You won't get it!" she ground out. "You won't shoot him, you won't get it!"

His breath was hot in her face. He was breaking her arm. She could not stop him. There was nothing to do but to shoot. She pressed the trigger and as she did so he bent her wrist so that the gun was pointed at her, directly at her heart.

Dr. Brainard heard the shot. He had just lifted the patient into the car. He sprang up the steps of the house, shouting, "Phyl, Phyl, are you all right?"

There was no answer.

When he reached the top of the stairs he saw the young man standing over her, the smoking revolver in his hand. "I shoot her," he said, dully, staring down at her. "She still alive."

Dr. Brainard knelt beside her on the floor. She was alive. He ripped the blouse of her uniform open. He said, "Look at this, will you?" and lifted out a twisted picture, the glass shattered, the photograph blackened. The bullet was imbedded in the center of the brass frame.

Phyl opened her eyes. "I must have fainted," she said.

Dr. Brainard lifted her to her feet. "Yes, *you fainted and I'm going to* carry you down to the car and take you to the hospital just to make sure you're all right. Shut up."

The young man followed as docilely as a lamb.

DR. BRAINARD came into the hospital room where Phyl lay.

She said, "I'm not much of a help, am I, fainting all over the place?"

"By all the rules you ought to be dead."

"I don't seem to be. How's Mrs. Donello?"

"She's fine. She has a bouncing baby boy and Tony's in there with them." He went over to the bed and took Phyl's hand in his. "Phyl, when I thought you were dead I wanted to die too."

She smiled up at him and said, "I'm *all right and you'll feel better* when you've made it up with Paula Van Ness. She'll forgive you, you needn't worry about that. She'll never let you go, with the wedding only two days away."

"Yes, she will," he said, "because I want to go. We'd never be right for each other. I know that now. She'd have a miserable time of it and she'd end up hating me and my profession. I can never marry her now."

"Why not?"

"You know, don't you? It was when I saw you standing there, so little and straight, pointing that gun at that lunatic. You were cool as a cucumber. You were 'there.' "

"I wasn't so cool," she said, "or he never would have tried to rush me."

"Yes, he would. He was just crazy enough to. Scared off his base, and when I heard that shot I felt almost as if it had gone through me. I wanted to kill myself for having left you alone with him even for a moment. And when I saw you lying there so still and white I knew I loved you, Phyl, I knew I loved you more than anything in the world, that I'd loved you all the time and that you loved me."

"How did you know that?"

He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her without a word. It was the battered photograph.

She looked at it gravely for a moment. "Poor little boy," she said. "He looks all bashed up." She laid it beside her. "I took it from the table in the library today. I hope you don't mind too much. I hadn't anything else to remember you by."

"You have now," he said, "if you want it. Oh, Phyl, please stay with me always. Please marry me—"

"But I thought doctors should never marry."

"We'll revise that," he said. "We'll add a few words."

"What words?"

"Outside—of—their—profession."

Behind the Veil

Continued from page 15

tree. I felt the dampness of tears down her face-veil. "I love him so," she whispered. "I shall always love him now, and never—never in this world—will I go away from him again."

She might at least have let me kiss her instead of vanishing in the darkness toward her house, leaving the fragrance of rose water in the night.

So ended the exodus. The prayer rug was returned mysteriously to its accustomed nook, and Lalli reigned in the garden like a small queen wordlessly content with her domain. Until the letter arrived from Paris.

Lalli always distrusted the batches of mail that came to Royce from time to time. The newspapers she did not mind, but she was jealous of the letters and it got so she would hide them for days. This particular note was from a well-known art critic in Paris, who praised a sketch Royce had sent him and urged that he hold an exhibition of his work there. I suggested that he send a shipment of the new pastels, but Royce worried about the customs, and put it off.

I WAS called away then on another mission, and several months passed before I returned to the hotel on the Chahr Bagh. Rather to my surprise I found Royce there, knocking the overweight balls around the one billiard table, and the first thing he said to me was that he was fed up with Isfahan. He was going to Paris.

I knew exactly how he felt, because most of us get that way at times. It's the isolation, the dust and the blank walls, the strange talk and the strange minds. When the fit comes you would chuck everything for a dish of breakfast food, and a morning paper that was not six weeks old. Royce was in a fever to be gone. Really, he said, the exhibition couldn't be held without him.

"Is Lalli going?" I asked toward the end of the evening.

You couldn't, he said, take a girl like that to Europe, any more than you could take a nightingale out of its wood. Could I, he asked, imagine her in a sport suit drinking an apéritif on the Boulevard des Capucines? Outside the garden of the cypress tree Lalli did not exist, and he would be back by early summer at the latest. . . .

Women like Lalli can't very well play the part of Penelope—Oriental suitors are not to be deceived by sewing on a cloak. Lalli was without the protection of a husband, and even the shadowy safeguard of "those others" had turned into a menace—my servant Hussayn, who had the gossip of the town, told me that "those others" were determined now to make Lalli eat shame. So Lalli was besieged in her house.

It was all decorous enough, but inexorable. General Sadik passed the house during his sunset hour rides and although they would not admit him he always left his visiting card. And the governor's secretary sent her presents, which she sent back by Zobeida. Lalli herself never ventured outside the garden wall.

Once Zobeida brought me a card from Royce in Bagdad, to translate so that she could memorize it to retell to Lalli, and there was another card from Jerusalem with the picture of a steamer on it. But I wondered how long it would be before the prestige of General Sadik or the persistence of the governor's secretary opened the door of the castle she guarded so jealously. In Asia no girl of Lalli's charm can live alone without a protector for long. It can't be done.

I returned from a long visit to the southern oil fields to find the veiled Zobeida sitting at the door of the room the hotel people always keep for me. The *khanim*, she said, wished the distinguished honor of my company at the House of the Cypress.

Lalli was waiting at the pool, afire with excitement. She had tea brought out right away and fidgeted with the cushions until I finally asked what had come upon her. Then she unearthed two letters from under the prayer carpet and handed them to me with inarticulate triumph.

I wondered all the more. The letters were from Royce, in English; she had opened them, of course, and, judging by their condition, she had been handling them by the hour. Imagine having those letters without being able to read a word, and then waiting for weeks until someone she trusted could read them to her.

"The big one first," she demanded.

It proved to be from Paris. Royce's exhibition had been a success. The newspapers—he quoted examples—had praised the Persian studies and especially Lalli's portrait (the French, I knew, had a weakness for such things). Now he had an offer to exhibit in New York.

Lalli chuckled. "Are there many lovely women in Paris?" she asked.

"Very many," I assured her.

Into the clear gray eyes came a gleam of triumph. "Now read the little one," she whispered.

Then I knew what had stirred her so. The short letter had been written at sea and at the top of it was the picture of a steamship smoking majestically. Lalli had recognized it for what it was. "See," she pointed, "he has gone from Paris. He is on the ship of steam that will bring him back, over the black water—"

And she stopped as if someone had struck her, because she had seen my face. She must have pored over that letter until the accursed transatlantic liner drove everything else out of her mind.

"But he went away on such a boat," she whispered. "And I thought surely, surely, if—he—"

It was quite useless to pretend. She could read my eyes too well.

"He is going now to New York," I tried to explain, "but he says some time—"

"*Newyuk*. That is his own country—where he lives?"

I nodded, and every flicker of expression left Lalli's face. Her eyes closed. "I knew," she said finally, "from the beginning, he would not come back. Then—then there was this picture of the ship coming toward me. . . ."

AND all at once she asked me politely to drink my tea, and she went into the house. I waited there by the pool, by those confounded letters and the little rug, while the blue swallows flashed overhead, until it began to grow dark. Then I went away, too—back to the hotel to pack. A cable had summoned me to Bagdad as quickly as possible.

But it was written that I should not go to Bagdad at once. Oh yes, these things happen, and finally you get to thinking you can't escape them.

I had forgotten Muharrem. The black time, you know. The anniversary of something centuries ago. For ten days all the real Moslems step back a few hundred years. They put on green and black and do nothing except mourn. That is, nothing is started in the ten

(Continued on page 68)

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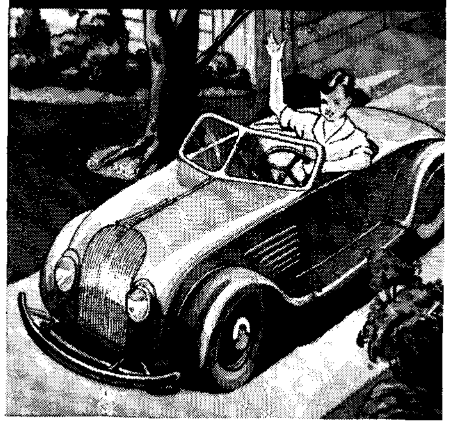

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(Continued from page 67)

days, no cars set out, no one is heard to laugh; the cinemas and cafés are shunned, while the women wail in remembrance, and at the end of it all the men have a kind of pageant. During Muharrem religious feeling runs high in a place like Persia and we foreigners take some pains to be invisible, especially that last evening.

So I had to wait in the hotel for a bad nine days and a half. No car could be chartered for any amount of money. A curtain of silence had fallen over Isfahan—you know how you become accustomed to the ordinary sounds of life, the *clong-clong-clong* of a camel train coming in, the wailing song of a boy, the *jing-jing-jang—jing-jing-jang* of a belled pack mule trotting under its load, or the everlasting cries of the beggars . . . all that had stopped. I thought often enough of Lalli, pent up in her house.

THAT last evening she sent for me to come. My man Hussayn brought the message unwillingly, and urged me not to go. It was on account of the Muharrem parade in the Maiden, he said, but I could not get at his real reason. When I started out on foot—no carriage could be hired, of course—he followed with the hotel porter and the son of the proprietor, all three of them looking as if they were going to be fed to the lions.

It was hard work to get through. We found the Maiden square packed with men carrying torches and black banners. Some of them had torn their robes. Others were beating their chests and stamping in cadence. One blind chap was chanting the holy name of the Koran, the *Allah illahi—allah illahi*, pounding his fists against his bare chest, to drive the sounds out into the night. Before long they would be using knives and maddening themselves by sight of blood. Along the flat roofs veiled women wailed in cadence.

Mind you, these were the very chaps who would bargain or gossip with me by the hour at another time. Now not one would make room for me; I had to thread my way through, while they spat at my feet. I had left my hat and stick at the hotel, or they would have been snatched away from me. The sight of anything European was anathema that night.

I was surprised to find the door of Lalli's garden standing open. But I had learned not to wonder at anything she did—even at finding her castle dismantled. At least the prayer rug and the orange bed cover were missing. The great Ferghana carpet was spread on the roof, with a half dozen lamps standing around it, and perched on the parapet smoking cigarettes was an array of young men of the type you find wearing European suits by the hour in the cafés. No doubt they were surprised to see me with my bodyguard as I was to encounter them. One of them had started a cheap phonograph going.

Then I saw Lalli, and I heard Hussayn gasp. She had never discarded her veil like that before strangers, or rouged her cheeks. She wore a dress with a skirt much too short.

"It was good of you to come, Kendall," she said. "Now I will try to amuse you."

And she chattered away in a voice almost as monotonous as the phonograph. It was as if she had wound herself up. She told the story of General Sadik and Marie's pet dog, and the modern swains laughed in spite of their uneasiness.

How she did it, I don't know. But it was a new Lalli who poured out glasses of wine for us, and pushed sugar cakes into our mouths. And then she said she would dance for us.

I had not realized she could dance like that. In spite of her grotesque get-up she was lovely. I remember the jazz that machine ground out, something about hot babies. And Lalli danced.

"Come away, please," Hussayn whispered to me.

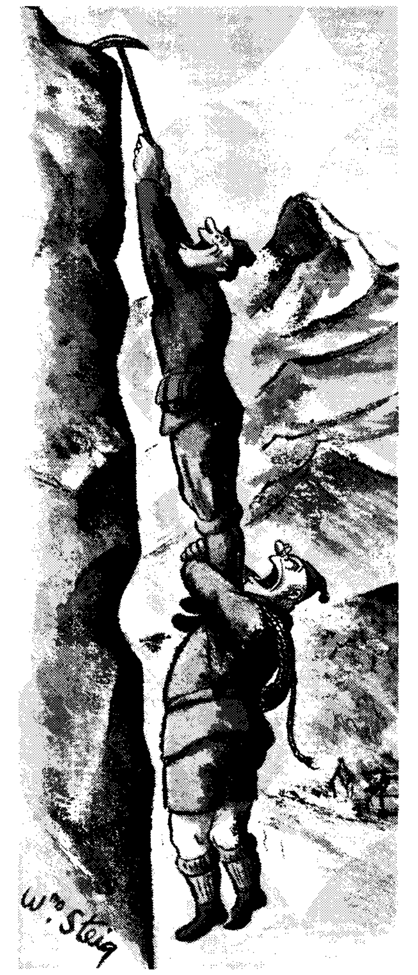
I hadn't an inkling of what he meant until I caught the murmur of the Muharrem parade approaching our street. The sight of anything European, that night . . .

"Stop it, Lalli," I cried.

She looked at me with dilated eyes. She looked up at me as if trying to pierce through bones and flesh—as if she were crying out, *"What are you? What kind of man are you? What is happening to me?"* And then she flung herself again into that stormy *tourbillon de la morte*, as if seeking refuge. Her loosened hair whirled about her slender, bare shoulders. The chant of the Muharrem marchers came nearer.

Hussayn was tugging at my arm. "Mr. Ken-dall, you must go, or it will be worse for her."

I told him to put out the lights. All the young men had vanished. But, instead, Hussayn threw himself on me, with his two companions. They thrust me down the stairs, and we all rolled through the darkness. I remember how they pushed me into a room that smelled of turpentine, and how the crowd outside roared suddenly, like animals. . . .



"I wish I had your sense of humor!"

William Steig

But the worst was in the morning, when the car waited to take me away and everyone came to the hotel to say goodby formally. They couldn't have been more polite. The governor sent his secretary with his compliments, and General Sadik cantered up with a troop of cavalry to escort me as far as the gate. Hussayn actually wept when he kissed my hand, saying that it was all finished.

It was finished, of course. Except for the change in John Royce. I saw him only once, a year after leaving Persia, and even before I met him I heard about his success; about the reputation that had followed him from Paris, and the enormous check he had received for his portrait of Mrs. Ott and daughters.

His studio that evening was full of people and cigarette smoke and talk. Newly finished portraits hung on the walls. Royce had made the most of success, and he greeted me with his usual good-natured ease, and the inevitable question.

"How did you leave Lalli?"

With all those people looking at us and listening I didn't want to say anything. A young thing with a miniature hat came up and shook her head at me. "You must tell us, Mr. Kendall. We know there was an affair with an odalisque, and we must have the details."

"An odalisque?" I repeated stupidly.

"The odalisque," she nodded.

She flicked a switch somewhere, and the half-darkness of the studio was lightened. Light flooded Lalli half lying beside the garden pool, the shadow of the cypress tree across her body.

You know how something you take from the bazaar seems to look real and different when you see it for the first time at home. The square of the portrait stood out from the dark wall, as if we were all looking through a window at that garden. But there was an unfamiliar detail, a new brass nameplate on the frame. I went over to it and read it:

THE ODALISQUE
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"Well," someone announced, "we're waiting."

"There's no story," I blurted out. "She died, just before I left Isfahan."

In the moment of curious silence that followed Royce flushed and looked perplexed. "But how—it can't be. I got a letter from her only three months ago. Then her things came. And I—we've been half expecting her."

He pointed at the table. Its covering was Lalli's familiar prayer rug. Over an empty easel hung the familiar orange cover of her bedding. And I had a queer feeling. In the air of the studio I caught the scent of rose water.

"No one has been able to read it," Royce said presently. He was holding out a sheet of paper to me.

I LOOKED first at the postmark on the envelope. Oh, that Persian post! The thing had been mailed more than a year ago. But I did not wonder that they had not been able to read Lalli's letter. It must have taken her days of pondering and labor to trace all those scrawls and almost meaningless smears. The most expert Orientologist would have given it up after a glance.

But I made out a word or two. And then I understood what it was, because I knew it by heart:

"May the tigers and the djinn—the dark angels and the sickness of the Devil keep away from Yahya. May the blue doves and the light angels and peace and wealth and the protection of God come to Yahya."

Yes, Lalli had been stabbed to death that night by the maddened Muharrem worshipers. Her body would be lying in one of those shallow women's graves without a tombstone down by the river. Perhaps Zobeida had visited it at first. Probably by now nobody in Isfahan could tell you which one it was.

But all she had ever had in the world, even to the scent of her body and the very words of her mouth were here, under that face bending over the pool, with John Royce.

"Sounds to me," ventured the lady beside me, "like a child's 'Now I lay me.'"

"Yes," I said, "it does."

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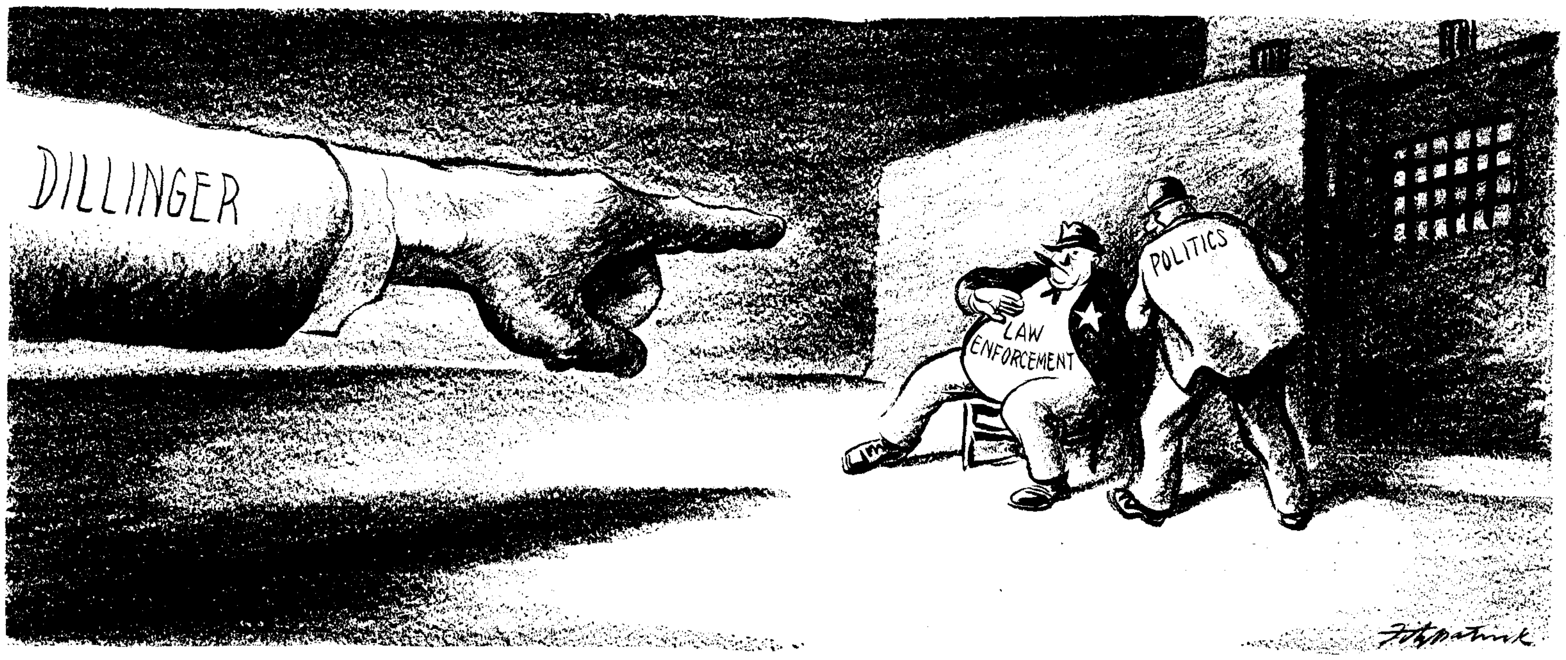

Stop Encouraging Bandits!

ONLY in our own United States among the great nations could a career such as that of John Dillinger have been possible. In Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, the murderous farm boy would have been stopped far back on his chosen road of reckless crime. Again and again our law-enforcing machinery proved to be too weak, too clumsy, too contemptible —to use no harsher word—to hold him.

Our criminals are not more reckless, resourceful or daring than the bad men produced elsewhere. Human nature, good and evil, does not vary greatly. In our country, more than anywhere else, however, the criminally inclined are given the opportunity to display their talents and to indulge their proclivities for evil. Our law-enforcing institutions in too many places favor criminals.

Just why the son of this Indiana farmer first showed criminal impulses is one of the riddles of human nature which all our science has not answered.

Out of the same environment and the same family came ambitious, honorable men and women as well as the black sheep. Why one goes on to honor and usefulness and the other turns to crime we do not fully understand.

We do know, however, generally, that very early the first wayward tendencies appear. Then, if ever, is the time to cure or to restrain.

John Dillinger first went to prison as a relatively minor thief. He was released on parole from the Indiana State Prison last June after serving a sentence for robbing a store at Mooresville near which his father still lives on a farm.

If our prisons were intelligently managed, Indiana authorities would have known whether this farm boy was fit to be liberated. Subsequent events proved tragically that prison had served only to teach a petty thief the technique of major crime.

The cost in human life as well as in money of liberating this killer has been appalling. At least thirteen men have been killed because of him. The money loss must run high into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

If the Indiana State Prison had been operated on the skilled basis of a modern school, a hospital, or an efficient technical business, Dillinger would probably not have been set at large last June to rob, murder and to terrorize the countryside.

Last September he was arrested after stealing $82,000 in three bank robberies. He was put in jail at Lima and was quickly released by confederates who killed the sheriff. This sort of thing simply does not happen in other lands. The very fact that three gangsters could capture a city jail and free a prisoner indicates vital weakness in the penal system.

After more bank robberies and more murders Dillinger was arrested again last January at Tucson, Arizona. He was flown to Indiana and placed in the Crown Point jail. His escape from that institution was one of the most shocking episodes in our criminal history. Imagine a desperate murderer being allowed to whittle a wooden pistol with which to intimidate his guards and effect his release from prison!

American local government has never appeared in a more ridiculous or contemptible light than in that event. If the thing had been presented on the stage, the audience would have rejected it as incredible. Still it happened.

If as a people we are capable of taking seriously the miserable exposure of the weakness and ineptness of our local governmental machinery, John Dillinger by his very reckless audacity may prove highly useful.

Every country produces criminals, but fortunately not every country regards its law-enforcing agencies as the mere perquisites of minor politicians. In most states, politics, not fitness, selects sheriffs, jailers, prison guards and the entire aggregation of law enforcers.

We seldom ask if a prison warden is qualified by education, character, prior experience or any other relevant factor to manage the institution we commit to his care. We ask if he needs the job and has the right political endorsement.

At Crown Point, Indiana, the sheriff was a woman, chosen because her late husband held office. The voters elected her because it seemed an easy way of providing for a widow. A male candidate selected in such circumstances would probably have been no more fortunate. The point is that the voters of Lake County, and Lake County is not unique, had a cheap regard for their law-enforcing agencies.

The end result of all this is plain enough. Congress is passing laws vastly extending the police power and the police operations of the national government.

Historically the police power has been exercised in this country by local authority. It is far better where honest and able local government can be maintained to keep the police under local control. In this world, however, when we cease to be fit to exercise authority, soon that authority is lost. Self-government belongs only to those capable of exercising it.

John Dillinger was able to run from state to state because in various places he knew refuge would be afforded even though he was a murderer and a thief. Refuge was available because local government here and there was weak, complacent. Not for nothing did our police tolerate crime and criminals during the fourteen dreadful years of prohibition.

So we shall have more federal laws and more federal police to remind us how poorly we managed our affairs. Maybe the shame of this will arouse us to rebuild our local government so that it may honestly, courageously and intelligently perform the functions demanded of it.

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GIVE Old Dutch a trial on stair treads, window and doorsills, etc. You'll be amazed by the ease and speed with which it removes deeply imbedded dirt and grime.

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KITCHEN utensils of enamelware, glass, iron and aluminum are preserved and protected . . . kept healthfully clean and bright with scratchless Old Dutch cleaning.

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MEN, too, find Old Dutch useful for cleaning fishing tackle, tools, golf clubs, automobile wheels, etc.— and for washing greasy, grimy hands. Keep some in the garage.

NO other cleanser can do so much at so little cost, nor so well at any price. Use Old Dutch for everything from floors and kitchen ranges to glassware, china and metals.

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UNUSUAL uses for Old Dutch that have been reported to us include such varied things as false teeth, felt hats, light kid shoes, gloves and rubber goods, etc.

VALUE — you always get your money's worth from Old Dutch because you get a *full* package containing billions of the finest and most effective cleaning units.

WOODWORK— either painted or natural finish — is quickly and easily cleaned with Old Dutch. Try it for the soiled places on doors and door frames . . .

XENIAL customs are customs of hospitality. Nothing contributes more to hospitality than the cheery brightness of a home kept spotless with Old Dutch Cleanser.

YOUR hands will appreciate the gentleness of Old Dutch. It contains no caustic or acid to irritate the skin . . . no sharp, hard gritty particles to harm the fingernails.

ZINC, brass, bronze, copper, nickel, pewter, monel and other metals are readily cleaned and polished with Old Dutch . . . It's the largest selling cleanser in the world.

Doesn't Scratch

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

NRA

BECAUSE IT'S MADE WITH PURE
*SEISMOTITE

*(PRONOUNCED SĪS'-MŌ-TĪTE) A PERFECT CLEANING AND POLISHING MATERIAL OF VOLCANIC ORIGIN

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